Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
DECEMBER 1991

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

THE POLITICS OF HATE
INSIDE THE AUSTRALIAN NAZI MOVEMENT

FALLEN ANGEL
A QLD EVANGELIST'S FALL FROM GRACE

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 12/December 1991 Black Label Edition

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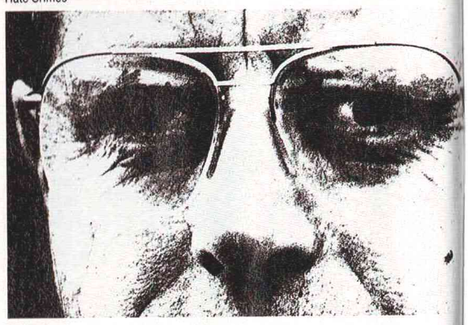
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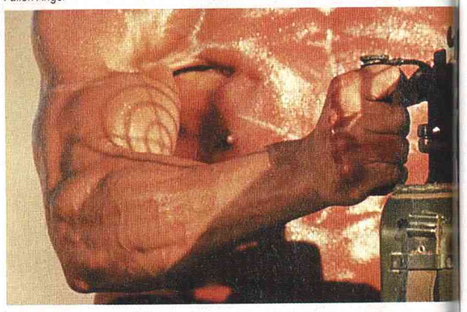
Movie Muscle

Dangerous Lives

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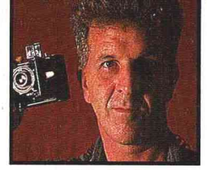
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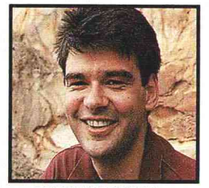
ROBERT PURNELL

housecall

HATE CRIMES
Australia under the jackboot. Lynched non-whites hanging from every street lamp, *Mein Kampf* on every school syllabus, skinheads in The Lodge. Impossible? When former Australian Nationalist Movement Treasurer Russell Willey squealed on his fascist mates, WA police uncovered a deadly serious, extreme-right, underground movement hell-bent on taking power nationally. Some of the movement's leaders are now behind bars, but such is the nature of their fanatical following that Willey has had to flee the country, take on a whole new identity, and forget about ever coming home. In this tale of murder and betrayal beginning on page 26, **Tom Morgan** documents the undoing of WA's Nazis.

FALLEN ANGEL
At the height of his power, right-wing fundamentalist leader Howard Carter drew on the support of tens of thousands of Christian souls, influenced the course of domestic politics and controlled vast sums of money. But the straight-and-narrow path Howard stipulated for others proved too tough for him, and when a guilt-ridden lover confessed her sins, Howard crashed in flames. Join journalist **John Birmingham** for a roller-coaster ride through the life and times of Australia's most notorious Bible-basher, starting on page 34.

BROKEN RECORDS
Australia's record industry is worth more than $550 million annually, has spawned a clutch of internationally successful performers and currently employs around 60,000 people. What's more, it contributes mightily to the public purse and has never needed government support. Yet all this is under threat from recommendations tabled by the Prices Surveillance Authority, which says that Australians pay too much for their music. To remedy the situation, it wants to see no-holds-barred competition between imported and locally manufactured product. And if the PSA has its way, argues **Glenn A. Baker**, we can kiss goodbye to Ozrock. Join the debate which begins on page 48, accompanied by **Robert Purnell's** illustration.

MOVIE MUSCLE
Something strange is happening at the movies. A whole generation of pectoral pumpers has emerged from the gym and they've muscled their way on to the big screen, taking their cue from pioneers like Schwarzenegger and Stallone. And if they can't remember their lines, who's going to argue? Certainly not the movie moguls, currently wallowing happily in the enormous profits generated by their large-chested leading men. Starting on page 74, **John Baxter** takes a light-hearted look at the rise and rise of today's action heroes.

DANGEROUS LIVES
Some you see swinging at the end of cables high above our cityscapes, some you read about in newspapers, others you never know about at all. Yet, every minute of every day, someone somewhere is doing something absolutely crazy simply to earn a crust. Why do they do it? Maybe it's the adrenalin, maybe it's the money, but whatever it is, once bitten by the danger bug these people are hooked for life. **Bronwyn Phillips** profiles just a few of society's riskaholics, accompanied by **Jim Sheldon's** photographs. Turn to page 102.

DECEMBER

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feedback

On slippery ground

The sport of rock fishing, outlined in "Fatal Shores" (*Australian Penthouse*, September 1991), is indeed a highly dangerous activity. Unfortunately, the article does not cover all the dangers the rock fisherman faces.

Your "average of 50" deaths per year are drownings. While this figure is a bit rubbery (available figures indicate much fewer than this), it takes no account of the deaths and injuries caused by falls while anglers are climbing to and from their "fatal shore."

Having seen, first hand, the fatal results of a fall on to rocks, I can assure you that rocks are far harder than the human skull, and far more dangerous to humans, than water.

Why, then, was there no mention of the hazards of climbing about on cliffs loaded down with fishing gear? As your article was based in the Sydney Metropolitan area, surely some mention of the dangers of climbing its soft, thin sandstone ledges would have been mandatory.

Correct footwear is essential, as stated, but it is in no way correct to recommend that sandals or sandshoes with metal cleats are best, and that sandshoes are definitely out. Shoes fitted with cleats give a sure grip only on weed or slime covered rocks. On dry rocks, which comprise 99.9 percent of the areas where rock fishermen operate, those same cleated shoes are deadly. They catch on any projection and throw the wearer off balance. Sandshoes, or joggers with a similarly grippy tread, are the BEST footwear on dry rocks. — *Gil Schott, Editor,* Fishing World

In the dark

There are a couple of things I would like you to clear up for me, as I am confused about the difference between *Australian Penthouse* and its Black Label variant, and don't know how much the Black Label edition costs or where I can lay my hands on it. The questions I would like answered are as follows:

(a) Are the girls featured in any one month of *Australian Penthouse* the same girls who appear in the same month's Black Label edition, only more explicitly? For example, I loved the April pictorial of Lucinda Foster. Did she appear in the April Black Label, but with more explicit shots?

(b) I can get one year's subscription to the US edition of *Penthouse* for US$46. How does this compare with your Black Label edition? — *Name and address withheld*

Jody Boyce . . . mindblowing

The Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse, *available only to subscribers, offers much more than the regular newsstand edition. Unbound by Federal and state censorship regulations, it features explicit couples pictorials, two extra girl sets in an extra 16 pages, and far more revealing photographs of the models who appear in the standard edition. More explicit shots of Lucinda Foster did appear in April Black Label. The subscriber edition also includes exclusive extra Forum letters. A 12-month Black Label subscription currently costs $74 (about US$58).* — Ed

Dynamic Jody

Jody Boyce (*Australian Penthouse*, September 1991) was absolutely mindblowing. I have been subscribing to *Penthouse* Black Label now for nearly two years and after reading this edition I was impressed with this pictorial.

I've noticed that you haven't had a great variety of Kiwis, at least, not since Stacy Burford in the January edition.

But Jody — well, what can I say? She's definitely the hottest contender for Pet Of The Year. Full marks, *Penthouse*, once again. — *D. Parkinson, Collaroy, NSW*

About Zimbabwe

After reading the back page of your May 1991 issue (which I found discarded in the car park at work) I had to turn to the cover to check the month of issue.

I can only hope that not too many people like the author of the article about Zimbabwe are moved to travel there. The last thing the wonderful people of Zimbabwe need is more white arseholes like him. They fought long and hard to rid the country of patronising bastards, failing, unfortunately, to eliminate them completely. They are still suffering at the hands of the rich whites who continue to exploit them. The staff at the vile Meikles Hotel are paid [the equivalent of] around $115 a month while the (white) management car park is full of new Mercedes 300E cars. And don't invite anyone to your room for drinks in the evening if they are not white.

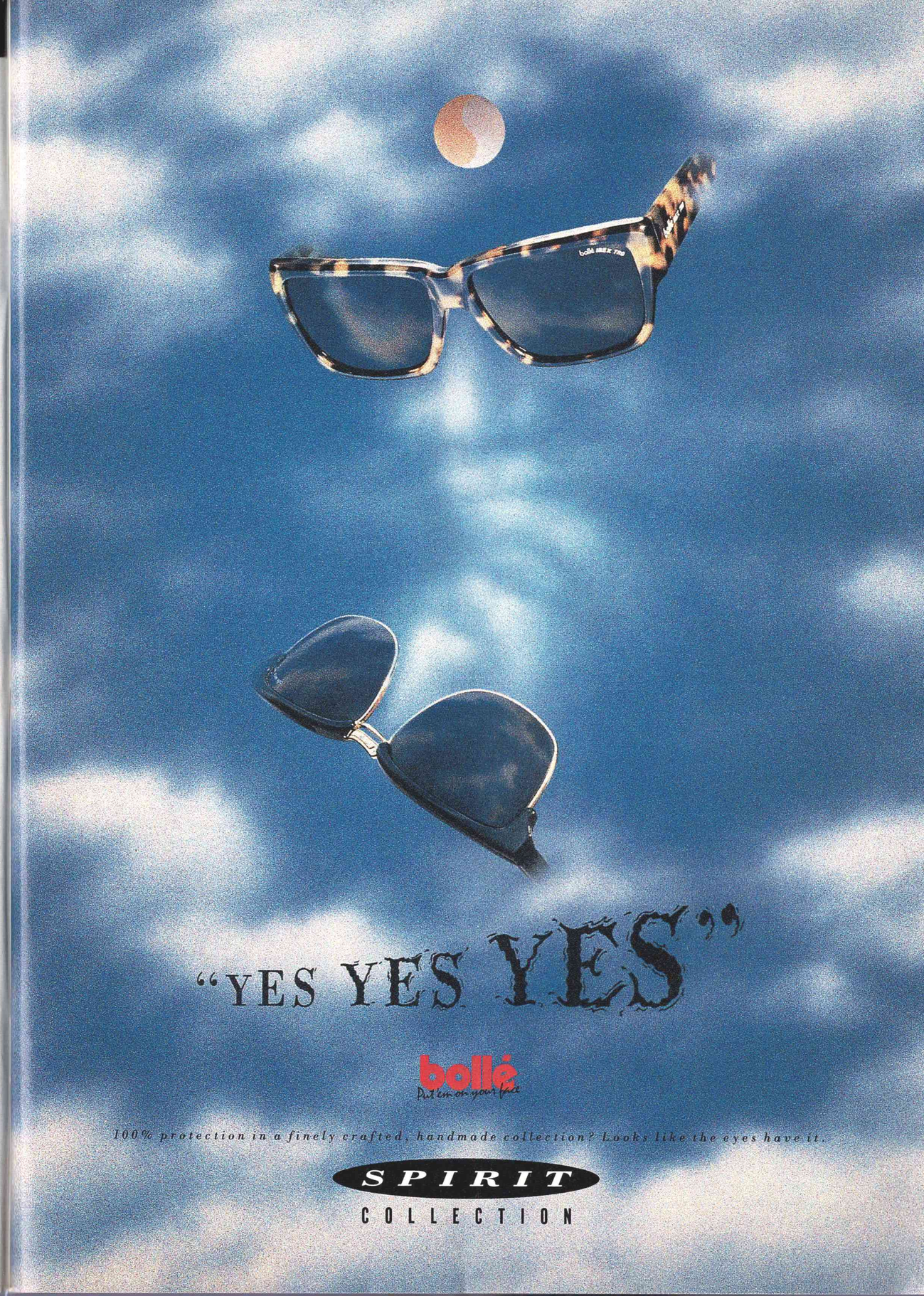
As for the author's observation on *sadza*, this staple of the local people is no more stodgy than mashed potatoes or steamed rice and, being rich in complex carbohydrates, would be an ideal food for athletes.

I've only been there about 25 times, so I'm no expert, but I will be showing this article to some of my friends when I arrive there on Thursday. Maybe they will find it more amusing than I did. By the way, the reason I had to check the date of issue is that Qantas has been flying to Zimbabwe twice weekly for over two years.

As for political correctness, most Zimbabweans are aware of the rumors that their "beloved" President owns several hotels in Switzerland and that their First Lady was the highest bidder at an art auction in London, but they are at least no longer victims of the Smith regime.

"Soothing comforts of the bygone era of British rule" — words fail me. I am very much a royalist but even blind Freddie knows that the British screwed every country they ever colonised.

By the way, there are four "top-ranking" hotels in Harare: the Sheraton, the Monomotapa, the Holiday Inn and last, a long way last, Meikles, which the *Sydney Morning Herald* described as having "all the charm and warmth of a Victorian mausoleum." Too kind. The Sheraton is infinitely superior. Get it right. — *Name and address withheld*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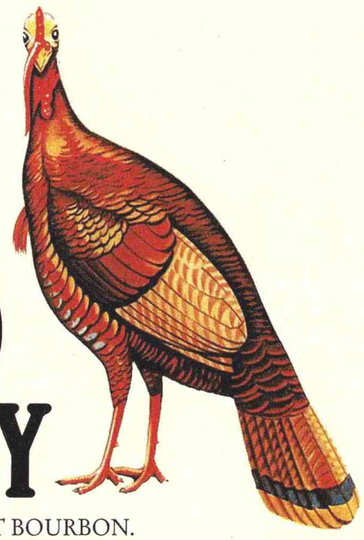

WILD TURKEY

WILD TURKEY. AMERICA'S FINEST BOURBON.

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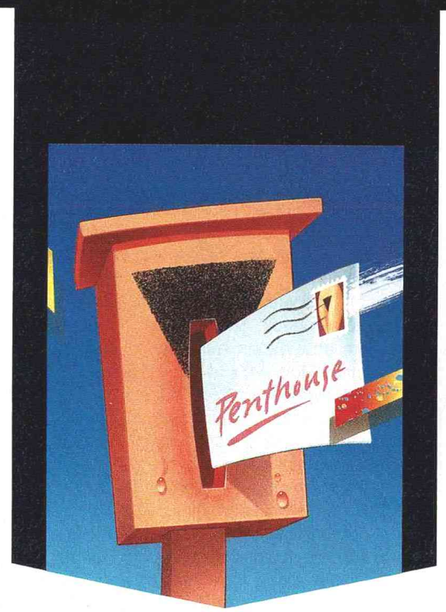


forum

Bullseye

My relationship with Karen began badly. I was driving up one of the steeper and narrower streets of Wellington one day when a young woman on a bicycle swung in front of my car from a side-street. I noticed two things about her before I hit her. First, she was not wearing a helmet. And second, she *was* wearing a pair of tight-fitting black-and-white striped trousers. The stripes highlighted a nicely rounded pair of cheeks and curved slightly around both sides of her crotch so that, from behind, the effect was rather like that of a target. Perhaps these thoughts dulled my reflexes. Whatever the case, I could not stop in time. The girl went sprawling into the gutter and I screeched to a halt.

As I drove her to hospital, Karen and I took note of the damage. Her bicycle had lost a bit of paint, but not much else.

There was a bruise on her head the size of a large strawberry. (Her helmet had been stolen the day before, she told me.) But, worst of all, she had suffered a serious knock to one knee, and some nasty cuts to her thigh from some broken glass which had been left in the gutter. Her tight striped trousers were covered with blood and were torn in several places. Karen, whose pleasant face and youthful body were beginning to have an effect on me, claimed that the accident had been all her fault, but I was keen to get to know her a bit better and insisted that I should pay for the damage to her clothing. She wanted to pay for any damage to my car. I assured her there was none.

This argument continued at the hospital, as a doctor examined her injuries behind a screen. I had given up the idea of paying for her damaged clothing; she was too stubborn. I did, however, ring her flatmate for her to ask for some clothes to be brought to the hospital (making sure that I got her address in the process). I returned to Karen's bedside to tell her that her flatmate and spare trousers were on the way. As I was leaving I noticed her striped trousers, torn and bloodstained, lying on a chair by her bed. I quickly snatched them up and, over her protests, shouted to her as I left that I would find her a new pair.

After a two-hour search of women's clothing shops the next day, I found an identical pair of trousers, and, in a fit of generosity, I also bought a brand new bicycle helmet. That night I rang her number and got her flatmate on the phone. She told me that Karen was healing fast, but would be taking the next day off work.

Karen laughed when she opened the door to me the next morning. I begged to be let in and produced a bottle of champagne to mark a truce between us over who should be held responsible for the accident. I presented my gifts as we drank the cool champagne and began to relax. I decided to drop a hint.

I began to describe my first view of her, swinging in front of my car, and how I was dazzled by her tight pants. She said nothing, but her smile began to broaden and I thought I detected her eyes wandering over my body. I decided to continue with the bit about how the curves at her crotch formed the stripes into a kind of target. There was silence for a while. Karen took another sip from her glass and then said: "Well, you seem to have identified the bullseye."

I looked into her eyes and said: "I hope nothing was hurt." I took out the original pair of trousers, still stained red and torn.

Karen reached over and took the trousers from me. "Maybe we should check them out," she said, and left the room. I took a large swig of champagne and took my jacket off. Karen returned with the torn trousers on, and, I could not help noticing, seemed no longer to be wearing a bra under her T-shirt. "Check me for scars," she said, and turned her rear-end towards me. I leaned forward and tenderly pulled aside the material at one of the tears. Sure enough there was a small cut. I gingerly touched it and felt for the first time the firm flesh of her thighs.

"Does it hurt?" I asked. She shook her head.

"How does it look?" Karen asked. I said it looked great, and that there was no swelling. "None at all?" she said, twisting around. "How about that swelling there?" She motioned at the bulge in the front of my trousers.

"What swelling?" I answered. "I can't see any swelling." Karen looked down at me, and then with one quick movement lifted her T-shirt over her head, revealing her beautifully-shaped breasts. They were like two rounded tear-drops, tanned evenly, with nipples already hard and erect. "That swelling there," she said, and quickly pushed me back on to the sofa and began to undo my belt. Karen released my pole and began to caress it with her hands.

Then she looked up into my eyes as she moved her face down and kissed my member on the loose skin on its head. She then proceeded to nurse it into the biggest erection I have ever had, pulling back the flap of skin to reveal the glans, enclosing the head in her mouth and sucking more height and girth out of my loins. She followed the bulging veins down the side of my penis with her tongue and then took it so far into her mouth that I felt the tender skin of the tip pushing against the back of her throat.

Karen helped me undress and then lay back on the sofa while I took each breast in turn and massaged it with my hands and mouth. Karen moaned with pleasure and began to feel around in my crotch with her toe. As I sucked her tits, she tweaked the tip of my rod with her toes. It was all I could

do to stop myself coming all over her foot.

I began to work my tongue over the soft skin of her belly and began pulling at the striped trousers. Karen pushed me back and said: "No, try for the bullseye." She picked up a pair of scissors from a coffee table nearby and spread her knees so that she could carefully cut away three inches of the seam of the trousers which corresponded to where her love tunnel was. I knelt down and, pulling the two sides of the seam apart, dipped my tongue into the folds of delicious flesh, already wet with juices. Holding the material apart I ran my tongue around her labia, pulling at her pubic hair (producing squeals of delight) and gently coaxing out the little flap of skin nestled between them. I felt Karen's hands on the back of my head and heard her gasp with pleasure as I pressed my tongue deeper into her body.

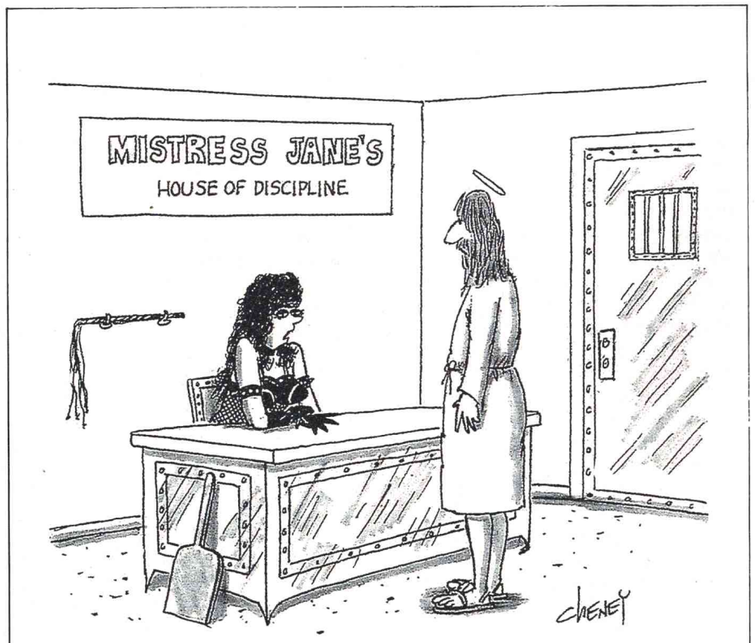
I turned Karen on to all fours and was faced again with the "target", except this time in the middle I could see the glistening red lips of her vagina. She shifted her legs wider so that her tunnel entrance was pulled open, and as I slipped my throbbing penis into the warmth and wetness of her entrance she called out: "Good shot!"

I began to rhythmically pump myself into the hole in Karen's trousers, reaching forward to take her breasts in my hands. She tightened the muscles of her cunt around my member to accentuate the pleasure of each thrust. After a while I looked up to find Karen grinning at me and wearing none other than her new helmet on her head. "Protection," I said. She nodded, and then drew in a sharp breath as I pushed my pole deeper into the passages of her nether regions.

Suddenly Karen yelled: "I'm getting too hot. Flip me over." I obliged, keeping myself buried within her organ as I helped her on to her back. She took up the scissors again and began hurriedly to cut down from the top hem of the trousers to the slash in which I was embedded.

"Not so fast," I said, as the point of the scissors raced towards my groin. With a wicked grin Karen made the final snip but in doing so dug the point of the scissors into the skin at the base of my penis. I shouted in pain and looked down to find a tiny trickle of blood mingling with our pubic hair, enmeshed together at the entrance to her hole. Meanwhile Karen was cutting down each leg of the trousers, releasing the torn garment from her thighs without my having to withdraw. She tossed it aside, pulled off the helmet, shook out her auburn tresses and pulled my buttocks to her.

We humped madly for the next couple of minutes, her breasts lolloping up and down with each of my thrusts, her nails biting into my cheeks and a trickle of my blood adding to the general wetness at the point of her connection. We both reached the peak of the roller-coaster at the same time, and headed over the top. I felt as if I was nothing more than a red rod of flesh pummelling the inner surfaces of her lithe young body. I shouted with delirium as I emptied a flood of semen into her body, and she shouted with triumph too, arching her back with pleasure. She pulled me down on top of her and shouted in my ear: "Bullseye!" What could I add to that? — *Name and address withheld*



"Sorry, honey, but those are the rules . . . No cash, no crucifixion."

The older generation

I am a 25-year-old Melbourne woman with a face and figure that has enabled me to participate in a number of sexual escapades. I have a couple of boyfriends who give me what I need but there are certain times when even their big cocks aren't enough to satisfy my libido. It's this libido that often gets me into some interesting situations, one of which occurred a year ago while I was on holiday in Brisbane.

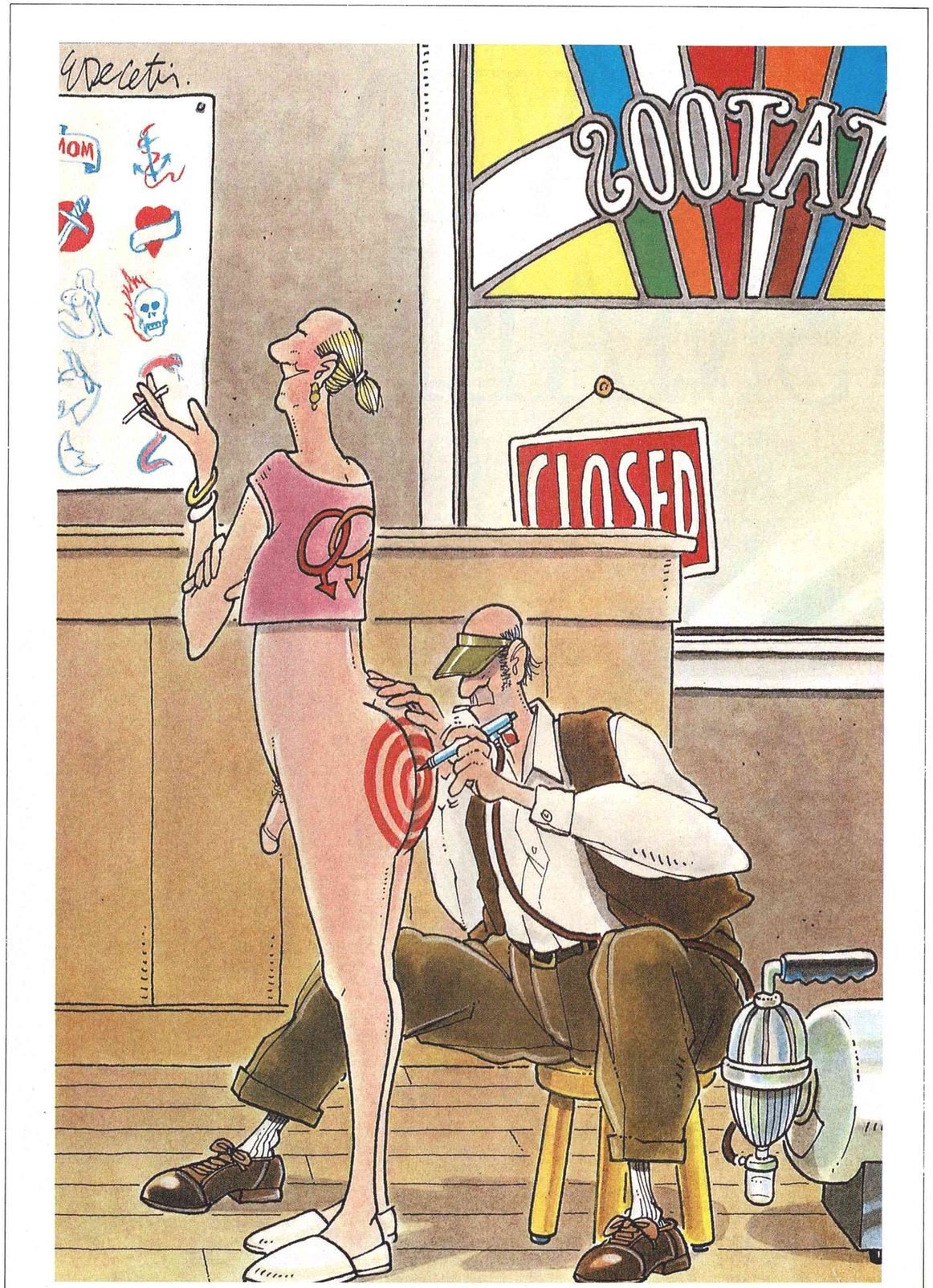
It started in a city club when I struck up a friendship with a girl about my own age. We had a good time talking and drinking and at the end of the night exchanged addresses. I didn't really think much of it until a couple of days later but as I was at a loose end I decided to make an unannounced visit.

Gail's house was located in one of the more fashionable areas of Brisbane and I was greeted at the door by her mother, who explained that Gail had gone out for the day. I was about to turn around and leave when her mother, whom I'll call Mrs B, invited me in for a drink. Not being one to refuse an offer of free booze, and since I had plenty of time on my hands, I accepted. Once inside I was introduced to Gail's father, who handed me the first of several Scotches I was to have that day.

After one hour of solid drinking Gail phoned to say she wouldn't be coming home until later that night. Looking back on it now, it did seem strange that Gail's mother didn't mention to her on the phone that I was waiting there. As the day turned into the night, our conversation began to get quite raunchy and my interest in these two oldies began to pick up. Mrs B was a statuesque, tanned brunette who possessed a body that looked rock solid. Mr B had particularly broad shoulders. They were in their mid to late forties.

After our evening meal Mrs B excused herself from the table and returned a few minutes later dressed only in a black lace teddy that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. It must have been the alcohol, but her explanation that she felt more comfortable in that skimpy outfit seemed to make perfect sense to me. I still remember looking through the bottom of my glass in amazement at her large, firm boobs resting perfectly on the dining room table

Continued on page 136



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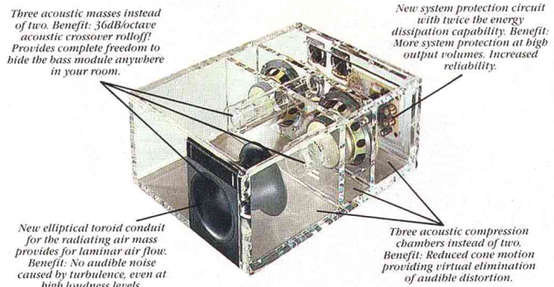
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LOVE DRUGS

A hard-nosed report on chemical hard-ons

Feeling a little sad and flat? Girlfriend poring over the "Why your man can't get it up" sections of the women's mags? Inadequate in the crotch-thrust, bear-hug grope? Total failure in the back-seat quickie? Sounds like you've got a problem, bud. Sounds like you need a helping hand.

The modern man faces some strange pressures from the Nineties woman. He has to converse in relationship pop-psychology all day and still perform at night. He has been press-ganged into sharing, caring, mutual, symbiotic 12-hour mental foreplay and still has to produce the Real Thing on critical cue. It's a tall order for the average bloke. And some modern guys just ain't cutting it. Because the modern woman may want you to show interest in HER, as a person, until the cows come home, but a soft-on is not part of her program.

But don't despair. The modern man need not wilt in the face of this pressure. There is no need yet to turn a few pages forward to this month's centrefold; the all-loving hand can retain a respectful distance from the root of the problem. Because real relief is now available — an aphrodisiac that actually works.

This may sound a little suspect. The mainstream media has bombarded us with magazine articles, newspaper features and television documentaries totally ruling out the possibility of a viable aphrodisiac existing. Oysters, rhino horns, panda paws, alcohol, cannabis and ecstasy have all fallen to negative reports at the hands of doctors, scientists and other health quacks. And the straight press have faithfully reported on such findings.

But they never spoke to the Gold Coast's Love Doctor — a Gene Wilder lookalike and self-proclaimed Love Drug Guru-cum-chemo-neurological explorer, who, for reasons you may guess at, shall here remain anonymous. The Doc's adventures in the world of brain-enhancing pharmaceuticals have resulted in the discoveries of some effective, cheap and legal aphrodisiacs. Libido-enhancers available across the counter in some countries, and already in wide prescription-only use in this country, but for entirely unrelated reasons.

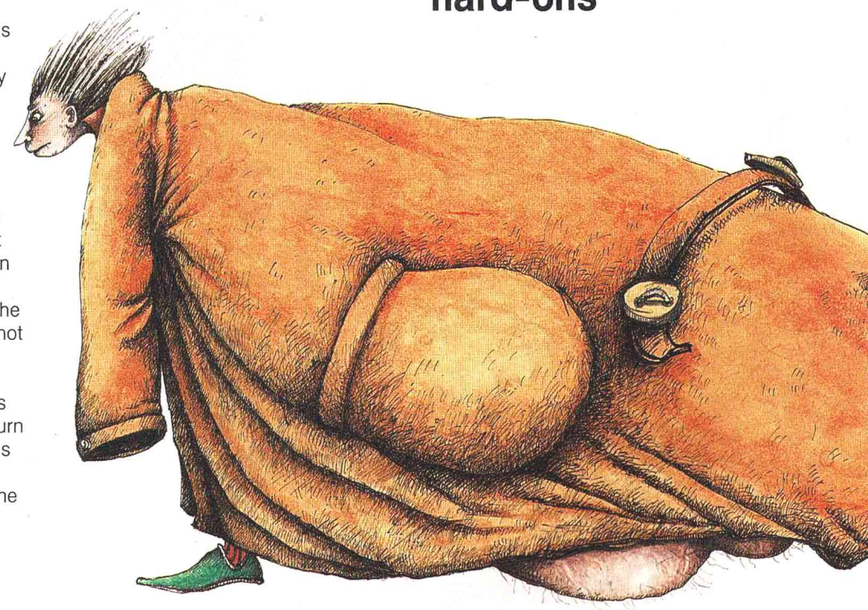

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Deprenyl and Bromocriptine (aka Parlodel) are drugs used in the treatment and supression of Parkinson's disease. They work by increasing the levels of a brain substance that PD sufferers lack: dopamine. Dopamine is a neurotransmitter that accounts for emotions, aggression and, yes, libido. The two drugs work differently. While Bromocriptine stimulates the production of dopamine, Deprenyl kills an amino acid in the brain that breaks down existing dopamine. It doesn't take a huge leap of the imagination to realise that a mixture of these drugs in a normally healthy person can, and does, lead to an increase in horniness. And not just horniness. American journalists are now unearthing studies on the combination of these drugs that show an increase in the life-span of lab rats, and a restorative effect on post-menopausal women that could allow them to become pregnant again.

Another study reported in American magazine *Mondo 2000* concerned the side effects of Parkinson's disease drug and aphrodisiac, L-Dopa. L-Dopa is an amino acid that the brain converts to the libido-enhancing dopamine. The study of the Parkinson's disease

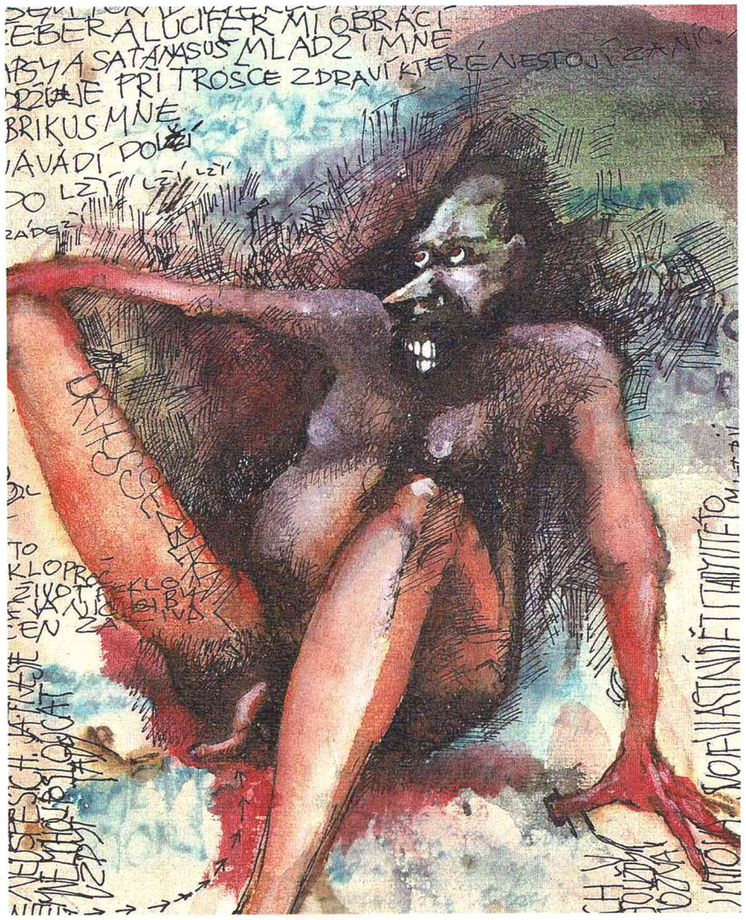

Illustration by Drahos Zak

sufferers taking L-Dopa showed most of the men, with a mean age of 59, increased their sexual activity, with one poor bloke, aged 80, having wet dreams. One trial (that the magazine admits is unattributed) involved the combination of Bromocriptine and L-Dopa. The trial had to be cancelled, it is alleged, when the elderly patients began having sex with each other, with two women over the age of 60 falling pregnant.

So, the Fourth Estate demanded to know, if this kind of thing was happening to patients who *needed* dopamine top-ups, what would happen to a healthy young journalist in the prime of physical turgidity, if the same drugs were taken?

The Love Doctor prescribed a trial of the aphrodisiacs under strict clinical conditions. I was to take a seven-day course of Bromocriptine, starting with half-tabs to avoid nausea, and easing into the full 2.5 mg dose. Full 5 mg tabs of Deprenyl would be taken in the last two days of the week's trial, with top-ups of 8000 mg doses of the Smart Drug Piracetam (covered in Oct '91 *Penthouse*) to get the synapses happening.

Alcohol may be a hazard with these love drugs, if my first trial night at a local disco was anything to go by. After several hours of iced waters, and feeling as primed as a cornered badger bitch with her young, I chanced a small beer. Halfway down the beer, much

"Where the love drugs succeed is in attitude."

nausea, hot'n'cold sweats and passing-out occurred, luckily under the supervision of a totally unqualified professional. At first we thought the turn was a result of the drug-induced police-torch in my pocket draining blood from the head, but that wishful thinking theory was passed-over in favor of the explanation that my brain probably couldn't handle the alcohol — something that highly-strung males lend credence to in bars all over Australia every night.

On the second trial night, at the same nightclub for reasons of clinical accuracy, I went teetotal with the same amount of drugs in my head. The trial proved the love drugs work, and work well. But you can't help wondering, to what end? Because the drugs make you more confident, aggressive and horny. The trouble is, they don't stop girls telling you to "fuck off", successful wet towel test notwithstanding. The results may have been different if I had worn a Johnny Weismuller loincloth, but I doubt it. Where the love drugs succeed is in attitude. On these drugs, the brain has a high, joyful and very clear sense of purpose. One rejection is not enough, and merely provides the incentive to try again. And again, and again . . .

The love drugs work on women, too. Two women in their late twenties who have used Bromocriptine and Deprenyl spoke of the vivid horniness that the drugs bring on. One of the females said the drugs were so effective that "Quasimodo would have looked the goods" while under the effect of the pharmaceuticals.

Before you consider asking your doctor to bump you up from your macro-E and pulverised reindeer penis tablets to a course of these love drugs, be warned of all possible side-effects. Read all about the drugs themselves in either the *British National Formulary* or its American counterpart, the *Physician's Desk Reference*.

These handy and readily available books are a must for the modern guy who wants to come to grips with real aphrodisiacs. Nasty reactions to Bromocriptine or Deprenyl include nausea, fainting spells, constipation, dryness of the mouth and shaky hands, but check for yourself before taking anything. — *Mark Abernethy*

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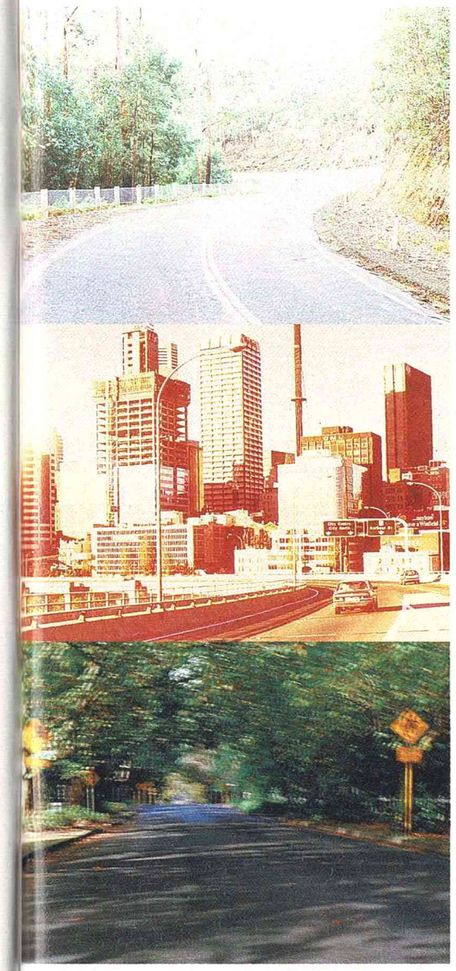

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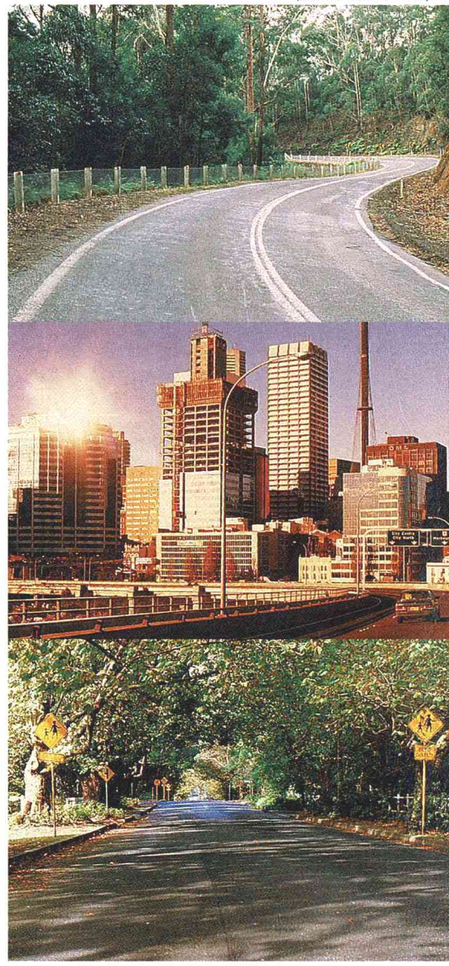
minimise glare



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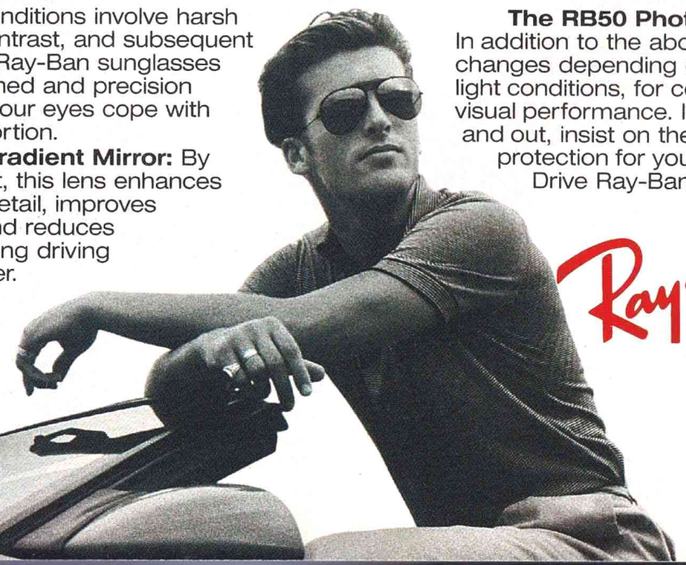

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JUST CRUISIN'

In the late Fifties Chuck Berry recorded a song that went, "Ridin' along in my automobile . . . Cruisin' and playin' the ray-de-ooh With no particular place to go . . ."

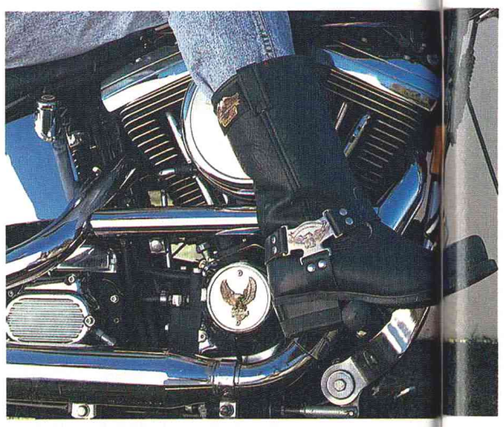
When he wrote these lyrics, you can bet a whole lot that the car he had in mind was nothing like your average, anonymous Nineties commuter special. For one thing, it was most likely a convertible. Not a drop-top, rag-top or Targa-style sports car, but genuine six-seater, V8-engined sedan car with the roof down. It had real leather bench seats you could stretch out on, doors that latched shut like an old fashioned bank vault and a paint job as bright as a neon sign with a shine a mile deep.

The sad thing is that you can't buy cars like that any more and the even sadder thing is that the feeling that went with them has almost disappeared too. What feeling is that? Well, it's hard to put a finger on, exactly, but it's all about cruising around on warm summer afternoons with your head in the breeze and "no particular place to go." Relaxed, in control and just doing it in style.

While the right sort of car for genuine cruising has gone forever, the feeling is still there for the taking in a motorcycle. The Harley-Davidson Springer Softail has all the ingredients of the ultimate cruiser, including chrome, leather, real metal and the right sort of low-growling motive power.

Let's start with the look. The Springer's front forks, headlight and "buckhorn" handle bars are completely chromed. The forks themselves give the Springer its name because they are styled the same way they were in the Thirties with external springs and shock-absorbers mounted high above the front guard in plain and proud view. Although completely re-designed with modern technology, the Springer forks are a deliberate middle-finger gesture to the "black-box" or "you-don't-need-to-see-it-and-wouldn't-understand-anyway" school of automotive design.

The chrome continues on down through the engine's valve, air-cleaner and crankcase covers to the horseshoe-shaped oil tank, picking up other details along the way,



including the tank-mounted speedo, twin petrol caps and brake and gear levers. Then it sweeps to the back of the bike along the "staggered shorty" dual tail-pipes and around the traditional lace-up wheel hubs.

Paint finish has always been a Harley specialty. In fact, Harley is the only motorcycle maker that offers custom paint jobs at the factory. There are 50 candy and pearl colors to choose from as well as hundreds of standard automotive colors. Commitment to the look doesn't stop with the bike. Harley has the widest range of accessories and clothing in the business. We grabbed a bag of goodies for our run on the Springer, including full-buckled H-D riding boots, "windjammer" sunnies, Cycle King Brando jacket, snake-skin-trimmed leather saddlebags and gen-u-ine "Willie G" gloves. Willie G is of course the one-and-only Willie G. Davidson, grandson of the firm's co-founder and, as H-D's styling chief, the principal keeper of the Harley tradition. The Springer is Willie G's most extravagant excursion into custom styling yet.

Custom styling refers to the basic layout of this type of motorcycle. In the Sixties and Seventies riders were taking stock Harleys, lengthening the front forks, raising the handlebars and moving the foot pegs forward. The whole effect was to stretch the bike out and make room for the sort of relaxed riding position that said you weren't interested in hurrying up for anybody. Yes, you got it, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper were early devotees.

The style was so popular that the factory decided to build it in from the outset to save their riders having to modify the bikes themselves. Custom motorcycles have now become a classic and uniquely American design. It's a design which suits the power characteristics of Harley's massive V-twin engines

which put out big, lazy lumps of power at low revs. They are the motorcycling world's V8s and, true to tradition, measure their size in good old cubic inches. Eighty of them, to be exact. With pistons about the size of a clenched fist, and nice long strokes to see the power all the way down to the crankshaft, the Springer lets you feel a twist of the throttle straight through the seat of your pants.

While the feeling is old-fashioned, the engine itself is not. It was re-designed to the last bolt in 1984, which means it has new-fashioned reliability. It fires up easily and warms up quickly. Harleys used to have a reputation for falling apart, but the factory got its act together during the Eighties and now produces one of the best built and finished bikes on the market.

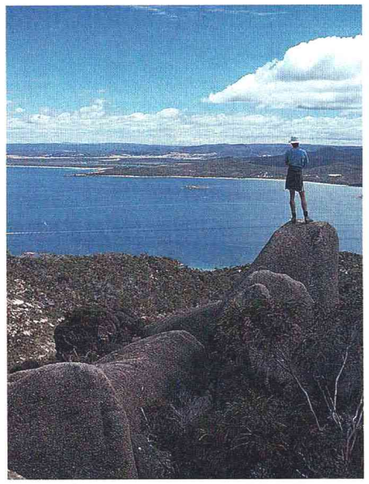
It's on the road that the Springer gets it all together. Punchy, low-down torque means you pull away from a standstill cleanly and smoothly and at low speed it's easy to handle because most of its weight is carried low. Tip-toeing through the traffic is no problem, despite its size. As you move on to the highway, the engine picks up a nice, steady, full-throated beat and the long wheelbase keeps the bike tracking straight and rock-solid. This is no twitchy, hang-on-for-dear-life mode of transport, just a cruise, relax and enjoy motorcycle that makes you feel that the good ol' days might have been pretty good after all.

The Springer costs $16,795 so motorcycling in this sort of style doesn't come cheap. But then no style worth having ever did. — *Onno van Ewyk*

The inimitable Harley Softail breathes classic style

Photography by Hoagy van Ewyk

THUMBING THE APPLE



It's hard to imagine how small Tasmania is until you actually visit it. To drive around the island takes around 21 hours, covering only 1130 kms. But as any Tasmanian will tell you, they have packed a lot into a little space.

Because it is so small, many tourists don't take their own cars across on the ferry, the *Abel Tasman*, preferring to hire a car for a week or two. Others like to try something new. With stories of how safe and easy it is to hitchhike, many people of all ages are initiated into hitchhiking in Tasmania. It's easy to get around Tasmania on the thumb. It might be because nowhere is very far from anywhere that locals are prepared to offer a ride, unlike the Mainland where it's possible to get stuck with someone for six or eight hours through some remote areas.

For the uninitiated, it is perhaps fortunate that the Midlands Highway between Launceston and Hobart is the easiest road in the state on which to hitch a ride. As this is the first stretch of tarmac most hitchers head for after disembarking from ferry or plane, the transition from stranded to moving is generally not too traumatic. There are horror tales of people being stuck for over an hour, but evidently this doesn't happen often. A local who does this run up to twice a week even finds it possible to get a ride at night, a rarity anywhere else in the world.

The best part about hitching, apart from the savings, is the opportunity to meet the locals. They range from executives in flash new Fairlanes to local farmers in utes or radical escapees from the rat race of the Mainland driving beaten-up old cars. They all have a tale to tell, although normally the questioning is directed at the passenger.

The favored hitchhiker is from overseas, if only because the driver can ask lots more questions about where they come from and what they do. For common old Mainlanders, the interrogation lasts only 70 percent of the trip. Locals may well be bypassed in favor of an obvious tourist. This means that appearance and baggage is very important to the hitcher's chance of success. A backpack is like a flower to a bee. Just to make sure, dressing as if it is cold on a mild day will convince the driver you are not a Tasmanian. They don't seem to have enough warm days to miss the opportunity of changing into shorts and T-shirt.

The east and west coasts present a different problem to the hitchhiker. Often the ride is only going part of the way, leading to strandings at turn-offs in the middle of nowhere. Sometimes it is necessary to have seven or eight rides a day to get to where you want to go. This, of course, means an equal number of interrogations.

Strangely enough, hitchers can be at their most successful when they're not even trying to hitch; when, after hours of despairing thumbing, they've given up the ghost and are plodding despondently along the road.

Hitching is always a bit of a lottery when it comes to the abilities and driving speeds of the drivers. West coast residents could be the unrealised gene stock for the world's future racing car drivers, judging by the way they rise to the challenge of the twisting and generally wet roads of the west coast high country.

Just as the roads and drivers vary, so does the standard of accommodation. Backpackers' lodges and youth hostels provide cheap overnight stops and a chance to meet other travellers from around the world. The New Norfolk youth hostel, a building no bigger than the average lounge room, is reputed to be the smallest in the world. Understandably, there is little option but to meet people. Hotels are dearer, but have the added advantage of having a bar on the premises after a hard day on the road. Price is not always an indication of quality. Bed and breakfast for $20 a single at the Dover Hotel is like stepping back in time to Twenties-style opulence and value for money. Other establishments at higher prices have rooms and plumbing that could generously be called quaint.

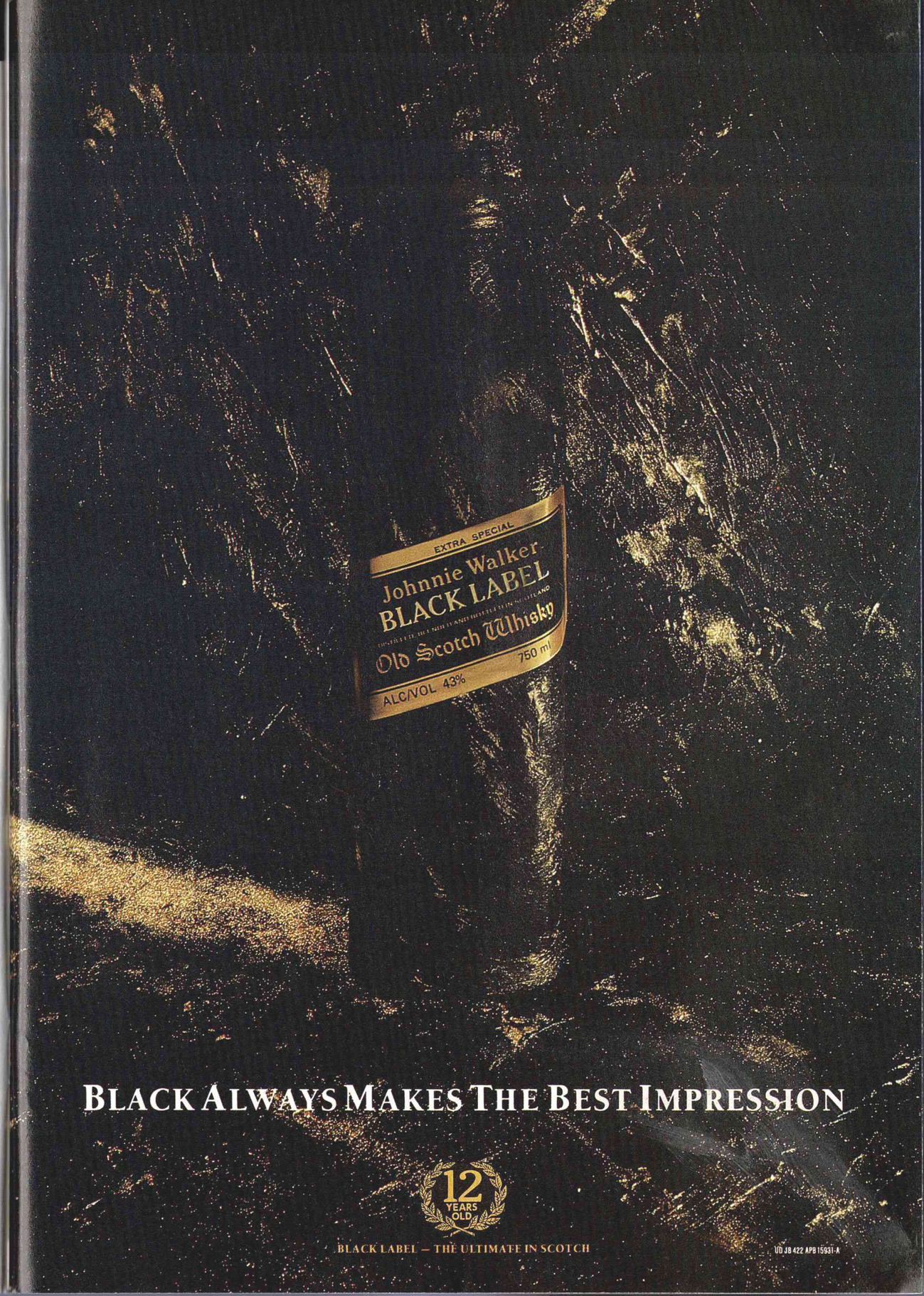
But the well prepared hitchhiker can eschew accommodation altogether. Dehydrated food and a tent enable the adventurous to undertake the five-day return hike to Frenchmans Cap in the south-west wilderness or the easier walk in the Freycinet National Park on the west coast.

Besides, tents come in handy for those nights when drivers don't feel sorry for you 25 kilometres from anywhere.

On Tassie's roads, the rule of thumb still holds sway

Tasmania is definitely an ideal place to see by hitchhiking. The hours spent wandering the roadsides are a form of mutated bushwalking for the children of the bitumen age. The sense of isolation is only shattered by the occasional gust of air as yet another car speeds by your outstretched thumb. Happily, salvation is normally only a few cars away. — *Matt Eliason*

Photography by Matt Eliason



TO YOUR HEALTH

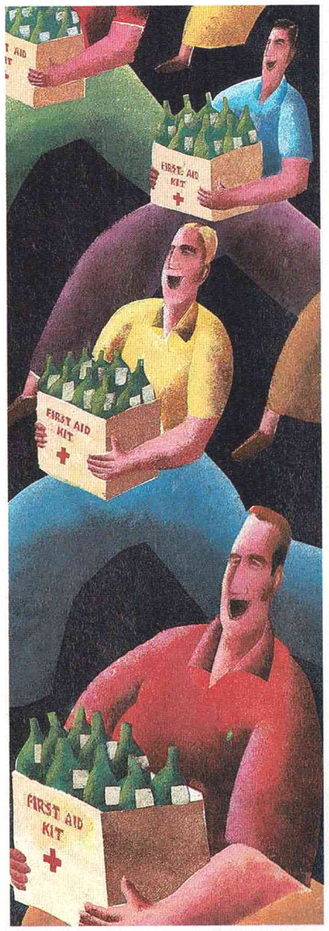
At last, some good news about booze

Forget the gym. Throw away the footy boots. Lose the healthy crowd. It's official, gentlemen — boozing is good for you. And not only good for you, but so good for you that four beers a day can prevent gallstone problems and decrease the likelihood of strokes in later life. Sydney University research staff said so, so it must be true.

Sport and exercise in general have been the villains in all this. With any luck, the contemporary male will be forced to re-evaluate his attitude to liquor with the revelation that drinking it will give him something to live for. But the current wisdom has it that sport and exercise actually develop character and spirit, something that most boozers would dismiss as patently untrue.

It's all well and good for Greg Norman to hit 200-yard three irons that land beside the pin with enough backspin to throw out a lump of turf the size of an egg. This is character building stuff — it verifies the ability and, therefore, the man. But what good is it to the weekend hack who hooks, slices, under-shoots, over-hits, tops and just generally fucks-up every second shot he plays? This is not good for the soul, and most golfers know it, which is why any self-respecting clubhouse bar is three-deep at the counter by 11am on weekdays, and filled to overflowing at opening time on the weekends. These people know the balance. They know sport doesn't build character, but merely provides the need for more of it.

Jeff Harding gets a high, purposeful feeling of endeavor by jogging to the gym and going a few rounds with someone either foolish or murderous enough to get in the ring with him alone. But what if you're the type of once-a-weeker who turns up through some misconceived need to be part of the Fit and Green generation? All you wanted was a gentle lubricating of the cardio-pulmonary process. What you end up



with is a smiling Tongan who's lived all his life on a diet of coconut milk and pig meat — a wiry bloke with fists the size of shoe boxes that invade your personal space with a shattering regularity. This hurts the spirit, as well as the ribs, the head and the solar plexus.

If Sydney Uni had released its finding on the purifying properties of vodka in a blazing television advertisement, you could have left the Tongan on his heavy-bag and taken a lunch that left your spirit soaring and given traffic patrol something to do with their otherwise uneventful afternoon. And you could have taken that lunch righteously, with the knowledge that your fourth vodka was just another way of telling your body, "Thanks for all the good times."

Football, too, does nothing for the soul. It breaks it. Which is why football clubs have huge bars and are sponsored by grog companies. It is hard for club officials to bullshit about the Great Game building character when their young charges are skulking around with cracked pelvises and broken collarbones. It takes a minor contortionist act to take a shit with a cracked pelvis; you can't sign a cheque with a broken collarbone. But the bar is always there, not to drown the sorrows, but to lift the spirit — to make you happy and get a few extra miles out of the old body.

Sadly, no matter how many tinnies you and I put under our collective belts, it seems sports freaks and exercise Nazis will always be here to haunt us, drifting towards unhappy, early deaths with cute bottles of French tap water clutched to their Country Road-shirted bosoms and the dirt of the jogging track clinging to their Reebok Pumps.

It's clear that the pursuit of Greek ideals of manhood (ie, fitness of the body, spirit and mind) have left a few contemporary folk laboring under some gross misconceptions. But the news from the boffins at The Lab might just set a few people straight. Life is about BALANCE. There are thousands of punters around the country at this very minute, hooking into their ninth pot of VB, who could tell you exactly what the Sydney University quacks spent a sizeable percentage of Australia's taxation revenue finding out. Because the boozers understand the Greek ideal of manhood in its purest form: feed the spirit and the rest will take care of itself.

And let's face it — there is nothing better for the spirit than nestling down in front of the television with a slab of sweating XXXXs to watch the footy. It is character building to do some casual but meaningful bonding with a few selected mates over a couple of Canadian Clubs and a bong or two at the beach.

These are the good things in life that make us happy and strong. Now the boozer need not be ashamed, because he has the full weight of scientific opinion behind him: booze is the best thing for him. — *Mark Abernethy*

Illustrations by Jonathan Bentley

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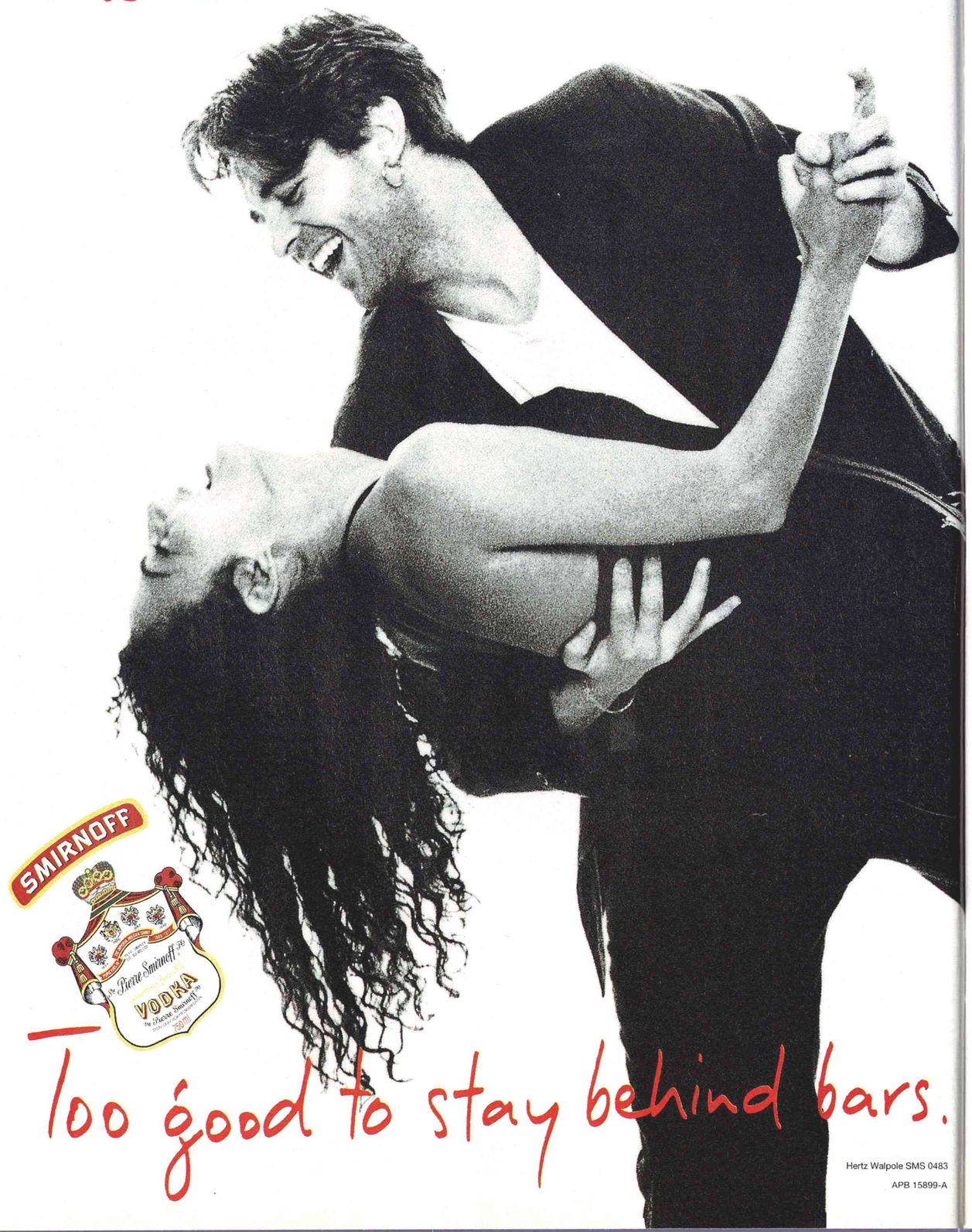
The Smirnoff Waltz.



Too good to stay behind bars.

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CHIPS OFF THE WRONG BLOCK

I've got $500 worth of sapphires — that's what they cost me. But I'll get more when I on-sell them," said the backpacker, a Pom, I surmised. He was a foolish young man and, like most fools, did not know the full extent of his failing. He would have got an inkling later that day when he tried to sell his sapphires in town.

That the stones he had bought — in either India or Thailand — were sapphires makes the sting more piquant. Australia is the world's biggest supplier of this blue stone, producing more than half the global supply. A leading Sydney jeweller told me he has had kids in with stones they said they had seen actually pulled from the ground in Thailand — stones the jeweller was 95 percent able to identify as Australian stones.

It's one of the great cons on the backpacker circuit. In Jaipur, India, there's an ex-pat who works in with the locals selling travellers precious stones at "bargain prices." The kids are then supposed to be able to sell them for at least 100 percent profit in a rich Western country. Especially, wink, wink, nudge, nudge, as the stones are easily concealed and, er, well . . . Yes indeed, but why smuggle uncut stones into Australia when there's no duty on them anyway?

And while you're out at Aranyaprathet buying gems for a profitable resale, why not go into the secondhand computer business as well. Oh, you don't know anything about computers? How much do you know about precious stones?

For instance, the mark-up on gems, wholesale to retail, is measured in hundreds of percent — 283.33 percent is a discounted mark-up I was once quoted on Australian sapphires. Indeed, can you tell the difference between a sapphire and a piece of spinel or heat-treated brown zircon? Without a refractometer? Don't think any less of yourself if you can't. The fabulous 361 carat "Timur ruby", centrepiece of the diamond necklace in the British crown jewels, is a piece of spinel; and the "Braganza diamond" in the Portuguese crown is colorless topaz.

Not that these particular stones — and many other famous "rocks" — are any less beautiful for their not being what hitherto everyone thought they were. Not, even, any less valuable, should the relevant royals need to flog them off. But if the "sapphire" you buy didn't belong to the Queen of England, and when scratched with another sapphire is actually scarred, thereby proving it to be not a sapphire, then there's no way you're going to get a sapphire price, not even a quarter of it.

But I can understand the attraction of buying "cheap" stones. Most Third World countries have mines where the workers are paid a song

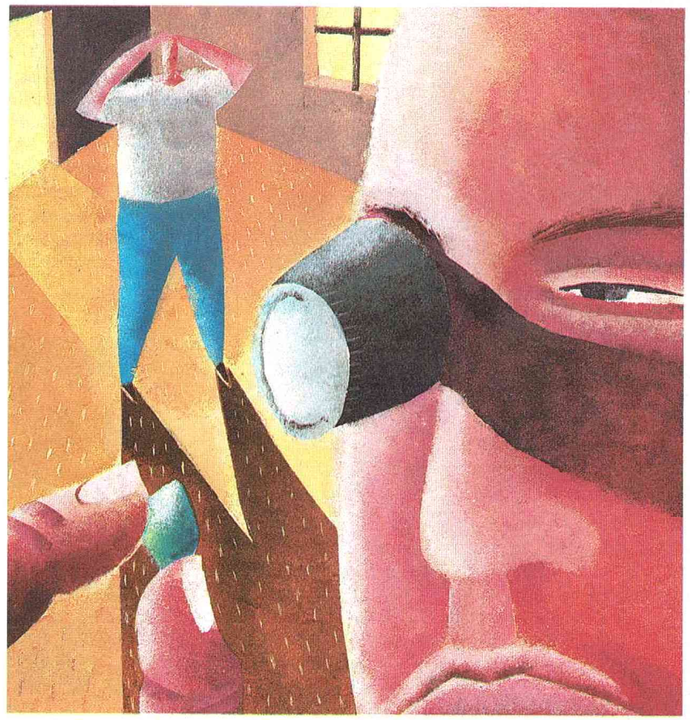
When it comes to precious stones, it pays to shop at home

for stones that sell for hundreds of dollars in Paris, New York, or Carlton. But that's the way of the world, the way it has always been. The ancient Afghans who sold the lapis lazuli that adorned the tombs of the pharoahs were probably paid a clay pot and a brass brooch for four donkey loads. The merchant who sold it to the king was paid in gold — which he'd probably sold to the pharoah in the first place for a few slave girls.

It's a trade as old as history and, as anything where big profits can be made for little work, has attracted con-men, sharks and cut-purses from all over the world. At the same time, it is a well-ordered business. Jewellers do not buy from bearded travellers who walk in off the street; nor do wholesalers, unless you've got a bag-full.

And if you think you can be smart and take advantage of cheap Thai wages to buy cut stones, think about the effective 62 percent duty on docket price when you bring 'em back to Australia.

Sure, there's a quid to be made in dealing in precious stones. I know some quite wealthy gem traders, blokes who've been doing it all their lives, whose fathers did it too, and their father's father too, and so on. Do you want to pit the paragraph in the tourist brochure about "bargain jewels" against that sort of knowledge? — *David Quicksilver*



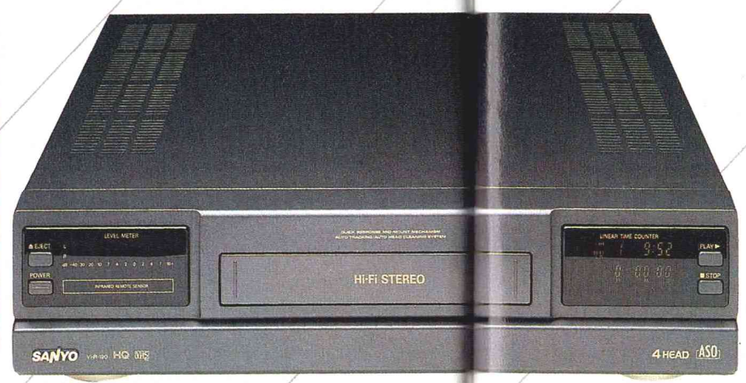
Illustrations by Jonathan Bentley

FRONT

Hold Minolta's Dynax 3xi 35mm SLR up to your eye and it automatically switches itself on. Every subsequent operation is also automatic, including zooming — all you have to do is point it in the right direction. The 3xi employs fuzzy-logic data processing to oversee functions such as autofocussing and exposure metering, and this means the compact Minolta virtually thinks like a photographer . . . helpful if you don't. Also on tap is a built-in flash, 1/2000-second shutter, motordrive and a choice of creative exposure control options. Around $1200 from Kayell.

It won't fit into the heel of your shoe yet, but Maxwell Smart would probably be quite satisfied with Sharp's pocketable mobile telephone. The Sharphone is just 16cms long and weighs in at 296 grams, which means it can be carried without spoiling the cut of your Italian suit. A battery life of nine hours should cover the longest lunch while a built-in address book memorises 99 names and numbers. Other features include a security code, automatic retry, last number redial and timing beep so you can keep track of the cost while calling your broker. Available from Sharp Corporation through selected dealers.

A small sound-system once meant a small sound, but through the wonders of electronics you can now fit everything on the bookshelf and enjoy a command performance. JVC's MX-30 system delivers 250 watts peak power and comprises CD player, twin cassette decks, AM/FM stereo tuner, five-band graphic equaliser and a pair of two-way, bass-reflex loudspeakers. These pack quite a punch despite their diminutive dimensions. Features include full remote control, 32-track CD programming and a clock timer. It looks pretty smart too, with orange displays complementing a mid-grey finish. It's all yours for $1199 from JVC Consumer Products.

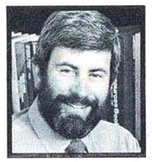


A mid-mount is the latest thing in video cassette recorders. No, it's not what you're thinking, but a design arrangement which separates the power and tuner circuits to eliminate interference. Sanyo's $849 VHR-190 is an example of the configuration which results in a centrally located cassette-loading door. The VHR-190 is packed with goodies, including hi-fi stereo sound recording, a built-in head cleaner (which prolongs the head's working life), index search functions and full remote control including programming. To help with the latter, step-by-step displays are generated, so you shouldn't miss another episode of *The Meek & Mildly Attractive.*

You're unlikely to experience any shooting pains with JVC's GR-S505 video camcorder. It's a Super-VHS-C format machine which means extremely high quality pictures accompanied by dynamic hi-fi stereo sound tracks. There's a two-speed BX zoom at the business end while the features list includes digital titling (with a choice of eight colors), time-lapse and animation functions plus a 1/10,000-second shutter to ensure some sharp-looking action sequences. All this is packed into a pretty compact unit which can be operated single-handedly. The price to pay is $3299 from Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V.

Got a spare $18,000, mate? If so, you might like to spend it on Gryphon's DM100 power amplifier which is "designed for the most discerning audiophile" (to quote the blurb). What you get for your many dollars is reproduction so pure you can tell the breed of cat used to make the violin strings. But seriously folks, the DM100 is designed to deliver absolutely flawless performance, the result of a painstakingly careful construction which includes the individual matching of the components. The Gryphon delivers 100 watts of pure Class-A power into eight ohms and, if you know anything about amps, you'll be aware that this is pretty special. More details from Kedcorp Pty Ltd.

According to Panasonic, this is The One. The One (one hopes the marketing department has been severely ticked off for this one) is actually a television set, although not any old television set, y'understand. Its claim to a divine title is a completely new screen design which is much flatter than before, thereby reducing reflections and greatly increasing the viewing angle. Other developments give a 50-percent increase in contrast and improved corner sharpness for a crisper picture overall. The One has a 69cm screen, a sleek, streamlined cabinet plus built-in coaxial and ported loudspeakers (so no more strangulated sound). If you want One, call Panasonic Australia.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

SURVIVING A CRISIS

Ultimately, victims must accept their vulnerability

The paradox about crises is that, in any one person's life, they are rare. That's why they have such a big impact when they happen. But at any time a surprisingly large number of people are coping with a crisis of some kind. On an individual level, everyone has to cope at some time with crises such as being the victim of an assault or robbery, an accident, grief at someone's death or the news that you have a life-threatening illness yourself.

A crisis is any event that causes such a strong emotional reaction in you that your intense feelings interfere with your ability to function effectively, at the time of the event or afterwards.

Most of us grew up on the John Wayne school of crisis management: "I'm not hurt if there's no bone showing." Even if the bone is sticking out, we are expected to be tough about it, especially if we are male. The people around us, our friends, family, associates and even professional helpers, contribute to this approach with advice like: "There, there, it's all over now. Forget about it." Sometimes they do this with genuinely helpful intentions. Sometimes they do this to protect their own feelings from your obvious distress. Either way, it's the worst advice anyone ever gives to a crisis victim.

And it's the worst advice you can give to yourself. The most common mistake made by crisis victims, often with the encouragement of others, is to try to deny their natural bad feelings, to say through gritted teeth: "I'm fine." Not knowing how people usually react to a crisis, fearing that they will appear weak or that they are losing their grip, victims try to pretend, to themselves and others, that they feel okay when they know that they don't. It's this attempt to deny your normal reactions that carries the biggest risk of causing serious, long-term post-crisis problems.

When counselling crisis victims I emphasise that one of the most normal characteristics of humans is to vary from each other. There is no single, "normal" crisis reaction and you are just being human if your reactions differ from someone else's — even someone who shared the crisis with you. But there is a general pattern to crisis reactions and understanding it can help victims realise that their reactions are indeed "normal" and nothing to feel ashamed of.

The *crisis response* usually begins with shock, because crises are unexpected. There is disbelief — "This can't really be happening to me" — which gives way to a realisation that the crisis is real. That may intensify the level of shock and most people then go into a non-emotional survival state. I want to emphasise that. Most people do not obviously panic, although a few do, and most people do not react cleverly or constructively, although a few do. The most common reaction during a crisis, especially a prolonged one, is to "freeze" emotionally and focus very narrowly on personal survival. In this state victims may take actions they later regret, or not take helpful actions that later seem obvious. The risk is that they then feel guilty about their behavior during the crisis when, in fact, it's how most people would react.

> "The most common reaction during a crisis is to freeze emotionally."

This non-emotional, frozen state lasts until the victim escapes or is released from the crisis situation. This is the beginning of the *recovery cycle*. Most victims react immediately after the crisis by again going into shock. This is easily misinterpreted by others as being a state of calmness when really the victim is just too numb to show his distress. The shock usually gives way to depression.

Many victims will develop big mood swings — fine one day, upset again the next. This can be confusing for both the victim and his associates, unless they understand how typical this stage of the crisis recovery is. Most victims will become actively angry, also an understandable reaction to being made a victim.

Victims spend some time reviewing their crisis experience, trying to make sense of it. If we can explain why we were victims this time, maybe we can avoid being victims again. Sometimes this is genuinely possible — you can learn from your mistake. But sometimes it isn't. What a crisis brings home to us is the uncomfortable truth that we are all always vulnerable. Coming to terms with this fact can change your perspective on much of life.

If you successfully work your way through your own version of this recovery cycle, you will have put your crisis behind you as an unpleasant memory, not something that now dominates or intrudes unnecessarily into your life. If you don't work through this cycle because you are stuck at some point, trying to deny your bad feelings, there is a strong risk you will suffer lifelong problems.

The key to surviving a crisis, you will have noticed, is to accept the normality of your crisis reactions. You won't enjoy them but you can understand them, manage them as well as you can and share them constructively with the important people in your life. If you have trouble doing that, get some professional help. If necessary, get your life organised again. You will gradually work through a healthy recovery, emerging changed, but a survivor.

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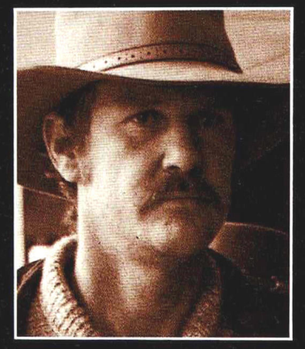
ANM leader Jack Van Tongeren under arrest.



When former Australian Nationalist Movement Treasurer Russell Willey (above) rolled over, a breathtaking story of race hatred and crime was revealed

HATE CRIMES

BY TOM MORGAN

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From left: Aryan Army leader John Van Blitterswyk, ANM leader Jack Van Tongeren, murder victim David Locke, and former ANM National Treasurer, Russell Willey.

HATE CRIMES

Somewhere in a far country a woman is enjoying a passionate affair with a smooth-talking Aussie bloke, unaware that Nazi executioners are hunting him down. "I want to marry her — but I'll never tell her my true identity. I will never reveal it to anyone." So says Russell Dean Willey, terrorist turned supergrass, the man who betrayed the hierarchy of the neo-Nazi Australian Nationalist Movement. He was its National Treasurer.

While its notorious Supreme Leader, Jack Van Tongeren, 42, serves 18 years' jail, Willey has no doubt he is on an international Nazi hit list. He is also convinced Van Tongeren still runs the ANM from prison, through letters and messages to secret followers.

Nazis are active in Australia today, plotting and distributing racist propaganda. The recent Sydney killing of National Action member Wayne "Bovver" Smith lifted the veil on a violent, murky underworld.

News of Van Tongeren's downfall has been circulated to neo-Nazi organisations all over the world. "Jack was in touch with them all," Willey says.

Penthouse has seen one of the warning letters. It reads: ". . .the name of the traitor is Russell Willey. I will send a photo. . ." The writer lives in Australia and cannot be named for legal reasons.

Once a trusted member of the ANM's fanatical inner circle, Willey was devoted to the Nazi cause. He says he is still a racist, and he still admires Van Tongeren, once closer to him than a brother, like his ANM cohorts. Willey double-crossed them to trade their freedom for his own.

"I rolled over for one reason: survival. I was looking down the barrel of 15 years' jail," he says. "We committed bombings and arsons, huge break-ins, half a million dollars' worth. I was in big trouble when I decided to grass. We all knew death was the penalty for betrayal. One man was murdered for just threatening to inform."

That was David Locke. His throat was cut and his face bashed in before his body was tossed in a creek. He was 22 years old. Two ANM supporters are doing 20 years' jail each for the crime. Russell Willey's evidence sent four ANM leaders to jail with Van Tongeren, some for almost as long as the Supreme Leader's 18-year term.

Willey left Australia — forever, he says — with a new legal identity and a new legal passport in his pocket to prove it. At 33 years of age, this former conman turned Nazi terrorist is beginning life again, leaving his past mistakes behind him. After one failed marriage and a series of broken relationships, he is on his best behavior with the girlfriend he met a few months ago. "I'm trying to put into practice all the things I've learned from my mistakes. At the moment, everything is going fine."

Although his new woman doesn't know why he prefers a quiet life at home away from crowds, she enjoys sitting by the fire with him watching videos. She doesn't know why her new man enjoys action movies, especially ones about Nazis. She doesn't know why he never touches alcohol.

Russell Willey wants to marry and settle down, to father children as soon as possible. He would never tell them about his past, he insists: "I would never dare tell anyone. That's why I gave up alcohol two years ago, in case I ever let anything slip."

Willey has also given up the big blonde moustache that was once his most striking feature. He looks taller nowadays and he has shed weight, changing his body shape by rigorous daily workouts. He has a stronger incentive than most to keep up his exercise. Willey looks and sounds different, because, he says, he is happier than he has been for years.

"Of course I miss my family and friends and all my old haunts, but when I consider the alternative, a prison cell, I know how lucky I am. People who knew me in the past will find this hard to believe, but I am never going to break the law again."

Willey earned his fresh start the hard

way, spending 18 months under protective custody, guarded day and night by armed detectives. They moved him around the country in disguise, sometimes daily; he seldom spent two consecutive nights in the same bed.

He agreed to turn police informer after he was caught in a house full of stolen electronic equipment clearly linked to a big break-in. Detectives spent almost a year checking out Willey's amazing story to assemble a case that was to convince a jury to unanimously convict the ANM leaders.

Best news of all for police was Willey's evidence that the ANM was responsible for 12 months of arson attacks on Chinese restaurants around Perth's suburbs, as well as a spectacular series of warehouse burglaries. More than $400,000 worth of electronic goods were stolen in 18 months and sold by Willey to fund the ANM. When they weren't firing on Asian restaurants or smashing into warehouses, they were busy printing racist posters and plastering them around the Perth metropolitan area by night.

The firebombings made headlines throughout Asia, badly tarnishing Australia's reputation overseas. The then WA Premier, Peter Dowding, was forced to fly to Hong Kong to promise tough action against racists in Perth and police were under heavy pressure to solve the crime.

Willey told detectives of ANM guerilla training in the bush, hidden weapons and ammunition supplies and a master plan for an armed Nazi takeover of Australia. This was based on methods described in detail in a chilling book from the United States called *The Turner Diaries* (see box).

It was, Willey said, the international action manual of the neo-Nazi movement given to all ANM recruits, along with a copy of Hitler's own story, *Mein Kampf*. *The Turner Diaries* is also a blueprint for genocide, describing massacres of non-whites in gruesome, lascivious detail. It is unobtainable in ordinary bookshops.

Police found well-thumbed copies of *The Turner Diaries* when they raided the homes of ANM leaders in Sydney, Perth and Kalgoorlie just before dawn on August 14, 1989, a dramatic paramilitary operation codenamed "Jackhammer."

At an isolated farmhouse hidden deep in the hills outside Perth, police found a firing range, a lookout tower, an underground bunker and caches of weapons and ammunition. At Van Tongeren's home they found evidence of his links with Nazis across Australia and overseas, as Willey had told them. At other locations in the West they found empty holes — where Willey said weapons had been stashed.

Before Willey was taken into official protection as a Crown witness, his police minders gave him a perilous task. They wired him for sound and sent him off to a last meeting with Van Tongeren and the others, ordering him to tape the conversation. Willey's tape was an electrifying high point in their six-week trial, as it revealed the ANM leaders casually planning the assassination of a senior police officer and a Cabinet Minister as well as "random killings" of other enemies of their cause. The Minister, Gordon Hill, had been one of the ANM's sharpest critics.

A Vietnam regular army veteran, Jack Van Tongeren spoke of his dream of an armed revolution in Australia. He planned to "engineer civil catastrophe" by breaking into army depots to steal weapons to hand over to juvenile delinquents; ". . .then go down to the schools and give every likely-looking kid a gun and within a matter of hours you've got a feuding army of a few thousand kids on the street." ANM men were heard talking of plans to free and arm prisoners from WA's main jail, Fremantle. Guards were to be shot.

In court, there were extraordinary security precautions as Willey gave days of damning testimony against the ANM. He wore a thick grey vest, obviously bullet-proof, and he was always flanked by two husky young detectives — in similar vests — who escorted him in and out of the courtroom. There were many more wary-eyed men in the body of the court. Every lawyer and spectator had to pass through an electronic airport security system, with all bags and briefcases manually searched.

For most of the trial, the ANM members slouched with their heads on the tables, apparently asleep, contemptuous of the proceedings. When Willey walked past them, as he had to do entering and leaving, they jeered and barked at him. (In the underworld, "dog" is the term for police informer.)

As a breathtaking story of race hatred and crime unfolded, witnesses and their families received death threats and a petrol bomb exploded in another nearby court building, causing $40,000 worth of dam-

Continued on page 100

The Turner Diaries

The following extract is from *The Turner Diaries* — the action manual of the neo-Nazi movement.

August 1, 1993. **Today has been the Day of the Rope — a grim and bloody day, but an unavoidable one. Tonight, for the first time in weeks, it is quiet and totally peaceful throughout all of southern California. But the night is filled with silent horrors; from tens of thousands of lampposts, power poles, and trees throughout this vast metropolitan area the grisly forms hang.**

In the lighted areas one sees them everywhere. Even the street signs at intersections have ben pressed into service, and at practically every street corner I passed this evening on my way to HQ there was a dangling corpse, four at every intersection. Hanging from a single overpass only about a mile from here is a group of about 30, each with an identical placard around its neck bearing the printed legend, "I betrayed my race." Two or three of that group had been decked out in academic robes before they were strung up, and the whole batch are apparently faculty members from the nearby UCLA campus.

In the areas to which we have not yet restored electrical power the corpses are less visible, but the feeling of horror in the air there is even worse than in the lighted areas. I had to walk through a two-block-long, unlighted residential section between HQ and my living quarters after our meeting tonight. In the middle of one of the unlighted blocks I saw what appeared to be a person standing on the sidewalk directly in front of me. As I approached the silent figure whose features were hidden in the shadow of a large tree overhanging the sidewalk, it remained motionless, blocking my way.

Feeling some apprehension, I slipped my pistol out of its holster. Then, when I was within a dozen feet of the figure, which had been facing away from me, it began turning slowly toward me. There was something indescribably eerie about the movement and I stopped in my tracks as the figure continued to turn. A slight breeze rustled the foliage overhead, and suddenly a beam of moonlight broke through the leaves and fell directly on the silently turning shape before me.

The first thing I saw in the moonlight was the placard with its legend in large letters: "I defied my race." Above the placard leered the horribly bloated, purplish face of a young woman, her eyes wide open and bulging, her mouth agape. Finally I could make out the thin, vertical line of rope disappearing into the branches above. Apparently the rope had slipped a bit or the branch to which it was tied had sagged, until the woman's feet were resting on the pavement, giving the uncanny appearance of a corpse standing upright of its own volition.

I shuddered and quickly went on my way. There are many thousands of hanging female corpses like that in this city tonight, all wearing identical placards around their necks. They are the White women who were married to or living with Blacks, Jews or with other non-white males.

The legend that is now Benedictine. The nectar of Kings long forgotten. The magic blending of herbs and spices. Each one contributing to emphasise the other's special effect. Enjoy it with champagne, over ice, or better still, with a close friend.

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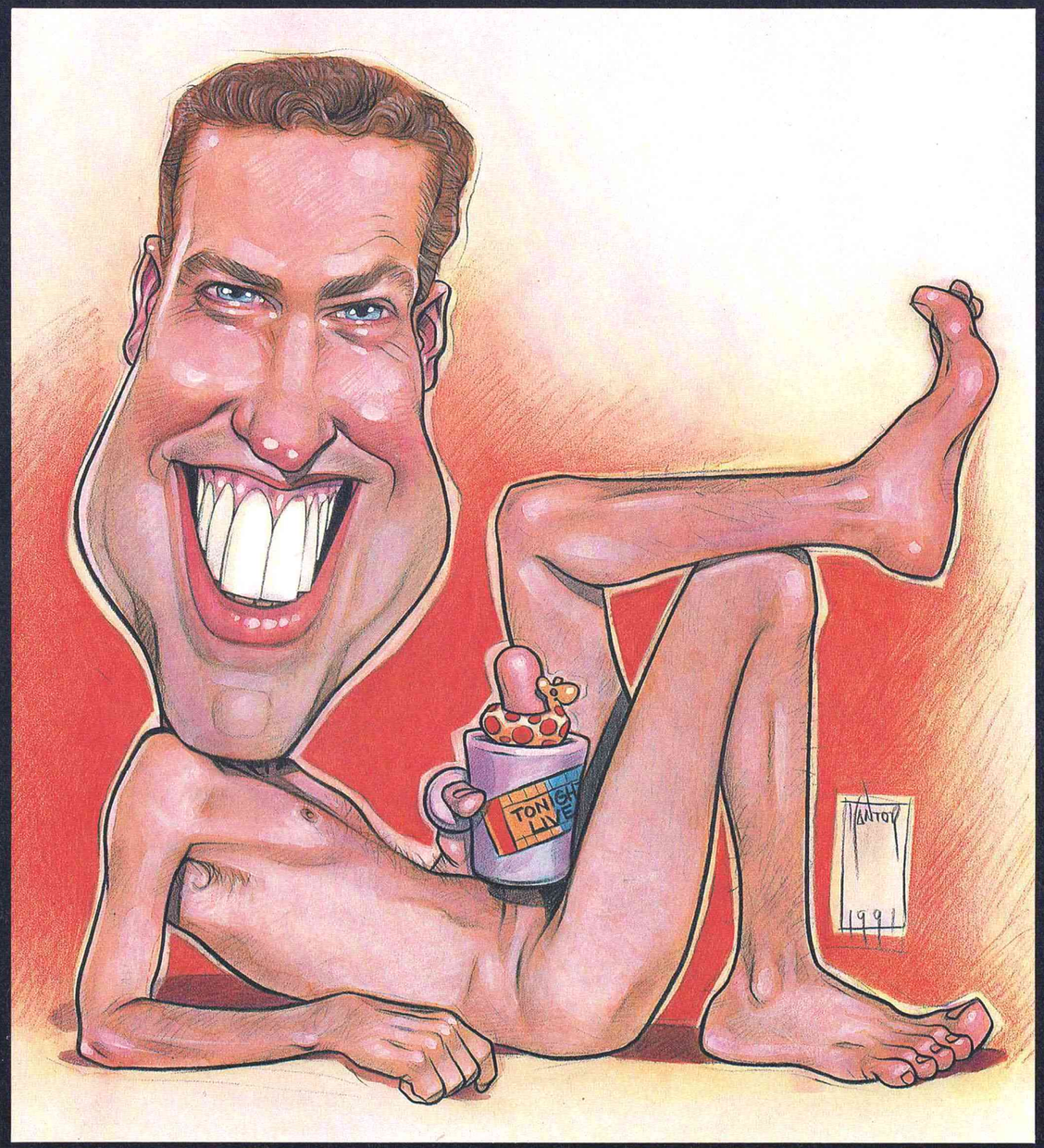
day by day

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROL

Meche Farrell, 19, likes to take life one day at a time. "So many interesting things happen each day that I couldn't possibly plan ahead," she smiles. "I've no idea what I'll be doing this time next month, let alone this time next year!"

Meche works as a hairdresser in a busy salon. "I love it because I enjoy meeting new people and catching up on clients' gossip. It's very social." She'd like to have her own salon some time, but it's not a priority. "To be frank, I'd like to meet someone nice, a bit later, and have kids. The rest can follow wherever it fits in."

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Steve Vizard

FALLEN ANGEL

Like many before him, right-wing fundamentalist leader Howard Carter couldn't practise what he preached

WORDS BY JOHN BIRMINGHAM

The best thing about being a reptile of the press is that you get to act like one. When Howard Carter took a dive I knew I had to get in for my own cheap shot. I was down on the guy. Nothing specific, just general principles, really. I don't care for oily, hypocritical shitbags and when one takes a dive, I like to be there.

Howard's fall was something to see. From chickenshit preacher in some New Zealand backwater he powered into the express lane of the weird and powerful. As leader of the fundamentalist Logos Foundation, a combination think-tank and piggy bank, he became Australia's leading religious bigot. He spent hundreds of thousands of dollars muscling his way on to the national political scene with an agenda taken straight from the Spanish Inquisition, and just when he seemed to have installed himself as a permanent feature of the lunatic fringe, his whole act exploded.

I was out of the state when it happened and the details were a little slurred, but Gutman assured me that the Reverend Carter had crashed and burned in some kind of horrible sex scandal. I sincerely hoped it'd be with a big black man called Leroy, but it was just with some woman, one of his flock. From the heat coming off the press coverage, though, you'd have thought he'd been sprung with a quartet of hairless Tongan boys, some morphine and a goat. I wondered how he'd live it down and in the end it turned out he couldn't.

I met Gutman at the airport and we took a car straight to Toowoomba. It was a 160 km trip but it was dark and we made it in an hour or so. We found the Carter family house in a rich-looking

Photo supplied by the *Brisbane Sun*

FALLEN ANGEL

semi-rural enclave just outside town. There were a number of vehicles in the long sloping driveway. His family had gathered round to support him.

"This looks good," said Gutman.

He drove the car over the gutter and on to their front garden. Some lights came on as we jumped out and moved over to the front steps. They led up to a little balcony with a rather gross plaque which read: "Howard and Jean."

"Too much," I laughed. "Get a picture of that, Phil."

But before he could adjust to the low light, there was movement and noise from inside the house and a voice called warily from behind the door: "Who's there?"

"Bring him out," yelled Gutman.

"Who?"

"You know who. The fornicator. Bring him out."

"He's not here."

We set ourselves up for a door-kicker. But the sound of crying from downstairs drew us around the side of the house to a playroom. Some children and women were gathered behind a security grille. A very old woman in a rocking chair wept as the others tried to comfort her.

"Maybe it's his mother," said Gutman.

"Grandma Carter!" I cried out. "How do you feel?"

A vaguely familiar profile appeared in an upper window. "If you don't leave, I'll call the authorities."

We laughed at that. "We are the authorities, Howard," I shouted. "You have sinned and we have been sent to punish you. . . How does it feel?"

The window slammed closed.

Howard Carter was a guy who knew how to rock'n'roll. He had his own fundamentalist church with a loving flock who picked up the tab for his big house, his art collection, his luxury cars and his first-class trips around the world. He was plugged into one of the juiciest power grids a white man could access in the Eighties — the religious Right. Howard stepped out with the best of them, drunken neo-Nazi oil tycoons, crazy US Air Force colonels and gibbering, goggle-eyed televangelist millionaires who pounded a Bible with one hand and their dicks with the other. Fag baiters, Jew haters and stone-hearted life takers, all.

Howard Carter didn't come on like a flaming psychotic. He was wrapped a little too tightly, like he'd had too many birch bark floggings and cold showers as a boy and developed a secret taste for it. He was neat, well fed and polished without ever approximating the coiffured self-parody of his American peers. He was a little constipated in interviews, becoming upset and surprised when his motives were questioned. He was a family man and a Christian. He was also a punishment freak and a moral fascist. He could preach up a storm, turning a room full of sober protestants into a dangerous mob with knives in their eyes. He wanted to round up the unclean and the non-believers and nail them to trees. It was a mission from God.

Carter got his start as a simple Baptist minister in New Zealand. In 1966 he set up the Logos Foundation, an information service which sent religious pamphlets and tapes to schools. Logos would eventually move to Australia and into national politics. Carter would know insane powers and wealth. But in the beginning it was just Howard working through the night to crank out his cheap little flyers on the dangers of naughtiness.

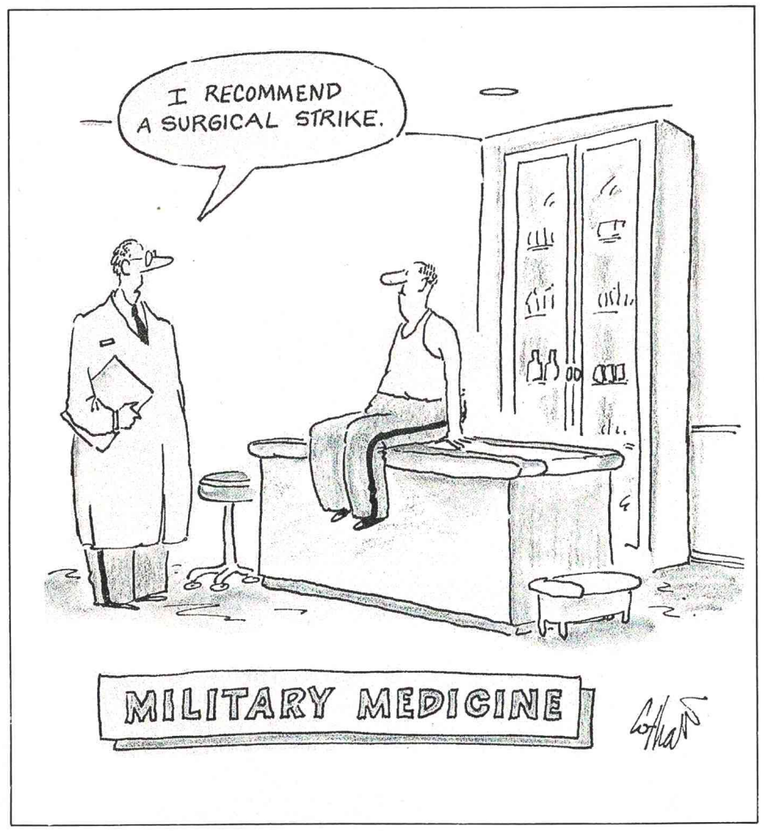
In 1969 he took his first real step towards fundamentalist fame, moving to Sydney to join a Christian Faith Centre. But he knew he was a leader, not a follower, and by 1971 had gathered his own flock and formed the Covenant Evangelical Church. The church was to have a symbolic relationship with the Logos Foundation.

Its founding saw things pick up for Howard. By 1975 he had moved his growing sect to the Blue Mountains and purchased 16 hectares of prime land in a reputed quarter-million-dollar deal. The land housed the first Logos HQ, the Mountain Christian Academy. (Like many a James Bond villain, Howard developed a taste for mountain-top HQs.)

Finance and philosophy dovetailed neatly during this early period. Logos adherents are reconstructionists. They want to rebuild society in the image of God: a vengeful, eye-plucking, Iranian-style, Old Testament God. They would, for instance, reintroduce castration and stoning for sins like "incorrigible behavior by teenage sons." Dr Rousas Rushdooney, a founder of American Reconstructionism and a close friend of Carter's, is a frequent contributor to Logos publications. He says it best: ". . .Those who seek to avoid all injury, all killing as a means of creating a new world, only succeed in giving victory to evil."

This authoritarianism runs through their teaching and practice. According to his biography, Howard introduced "shepherding" to the church in 1975, about the same time as the money began to roll in for Logos. In shepherding, the followers, or "sheep", as they are known, submit themselves to the authority of "one older than them in the Lord." This shepherd had to be consulted on all sorts of matters ranging from marriage to health care. Shepherds also "tithe" the flock, the sheep having to donate ten percent of their weekly earnings to the Foundation. Shepherds can inspect family financial records to ensure nobody holds out. Sources estimated that tithing alone brought in about $12,000 a week.

This strict control over followers was to



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FALLEN ANGEL

cost some of them thousands of dollars when they were scammed by a religious conman called Abraham Boldt. In 1983 Logos invited Boldt to Australia, where he described an investment scheme returning 36 percent on US Treasury bonds. Carter and many of his sheep put money into the scheme. The church invested about $100,000. Unfortunately the certificates of deposit bought from Boldt were worthless. He is now in jail in Arkansas, but the money has not been recovered.

In the September 1986 issue of the *Logos Journal* Howard tried to calm his nervous followers, some of whom had invested their life savings in the rip-off. He reported a vision of Jesus pointing to a safe which miraculously opened, releasing the money, but the church's 1988 annual report states that $137,071 was still tied up in an "overseas bank which has ceased operation."

Such minor setbacks weren't to divert Howard from his mission. Money rolled in from other fronts, allowing him to move into the big game. He found himself addressing groups like the US-based Council For National Policy. The Council, a conservative think-tank whose board of directors featured Jerry Falwell, Colonel Oliver North, White House Chief of Staff John Sununu and Texan billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt, extended the invitation through Rousas Rushdooney, another director.

These links benefited Logos at a less rarefied level. Rushdooney is a contributing editor to *Conservative Digest* , which was recently purchased by Freedom Inc., a Seattle-based group whose executive director is Robert McKenzie. McKenzie is a former US Army colonel, a contributing editor to *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine and a self-styled expert on counter-insurgency. In the October 1989 issue of *Freedom Force* — the Freedom Inc. newsletter — his organisation announced a loan of $20,000 to Logos to help bankroll its Voters' Veto campaign. (With Voters' Veto, a petition signed by a small percentage of voters would force a government to put any proposed legislation to referendum.) Carter had launched this campaign six months earlier, telling the media that the campaign would cost $62,000. He said the money had come from ten different groups, but would not disclose their identities because some "overseas connections had requested to remain unnamed."

The money was needed. Logos had shifted HQ to Queensland in 1988. They appeared in the conservative rural city of Toowoomba with a bang, purchasing two adjacent motels — on top of a mountain, of course — and a large block of land near the new university. The Foundation pumped about $10 million into the town. Mayor Clive Berghoffer, the local National Party MP, was effusive in his praise of the newcomers.

The rally to launch Voters' Veto was held on March 16, 1988 with 1000 supporters in Howard's new home town. It was covered by the national media, which was still fascinated by the growth of the far Right. Luckily for Howard, despite this fascination nobody pushed him on the sources of the $62,000. Nobody asked him whether the secret funding of Australian political campaigns by overseas organisations was desirable. And nobody followed up co-speaker Jackie Butler's weird boast that Voters' Veto would frustrate the world-wide conspiracy to implement a one-world government, currency and police force. It was a lucky start, but in any case, Voters' Veto was small beer. In 1989 the Foundation spent at least $600,000 opposing the Federal referendum and the Queensland ALP in that state's historic election.

Despite the ALP win the Queensland election was Howard's finest hour. Before the parties had launched their campaigns he stormed the beach with a list of candidates who "fail to measure up to appropriate moral standards." As the election approached he set the airwaves humming as he insisted that reform was not the main issue. It ran a poor fifth to homosexuals, abortion, pornography and capital punishment. In an interview with *The Australian* newspaper he summed up the aims of his Foundation: "To stop things we don't like."

Premier Russell Cooper, sliding closer to the abyss every day, snatched at Howard's proffered last chance and started into the faggots, junkies and perverts for all he was worth.

Cooper might have been doomed but Howard had accessed the loop. He could wear a big black cape and a Zorro mask like some post-modern, witch-finder general, and it still wouldn't matter. His power had become magnetic. It kept folding around him in ever-increasing layers of influence. Even the combined might of established religion could not sneak through with a shot to take his balance. The leaders of the Anglican, Lutheran, Baptist, Uniting and Catholic churches publicly ridiculed his political views on the six o'clock news. Howard struck back the next day with a joint statement of 300 Christian leaders representing 65,000 souls. They were deeply dismayed at the wet, limp-dick attitude of the churches and advised everybody to listen to Howard instead.

This was God's will at last. Howard was a somebody; talk-back radio, TV chat shows, magazine profiles. He'd sign a cheque and full-page ads would appear in newspapers in every capital city attacking permissive government and warning of imminent homosexual *coups d'etat*. Every

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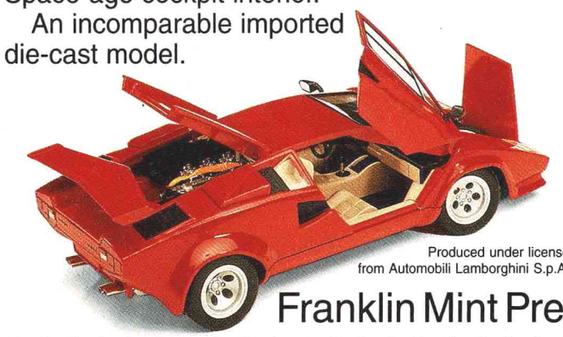

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APH

FALLEN ANGEL

day buses wound up the mountain — his mountain — with loads of eager old ladies. Christian soldiers in twin sets and walking frames, all a-quiver to do their bit, folding and stuffing thousands of pamphlets. Meanwhile, Howard preached. Howard thundered, Howard railed against pornographers, adulterers, abortionists and sodomy. He was magnificent in his wrath. It was all such a long way from those endless nights at the mimeograph in New Zealand and the cheap suit with the missing button and the worn patch on the elbows.

1990 was quieter. Howard had done his best but the Old Order had been swept away in Queensland and the old routines just didn't have the same punch. The rubber-clad chicken fuckers and squads of cruel sado-faggots failed to invade as promised. School tuck shops did not start selling cocaine and nipple rings. Most disturbing of all, the nightly news was full of wailing, sobbing American preachers who had fallen in the eyes of the Lord . . . and been caught. Jimmy Bakker rolled on a court room floor and howled like a mad dog. Jimmy Swaggart broke down in front of millions as he detailed a sordid history of perverse motel room liaisons.

At home, a couple of lesser evangelists had to flee Queensland. One was caught with his stickies in the collection plate while the other 'fessed up to the normal sexual indiscretions in the standard Brand X motel room.

At least Howard appeared as a rock of faith in these worrying times. He still toiled against naughtiness in all its unnatural forms. He travelled, he lectured, he hosted the annual Logos Convention where, according to the *Toowoomba Chronicle* , the 1200-strong audience was CONSUMED by the power of faith. Howard was not concerned with recent reverses. He turned in one of his Nuremberg specials, which climaxed with the victorious roar: "We represent the nation of the Lord tonight." It was left to a visiting holy man, Ern Baxter from Canada, to pin down the free-floating anxiety which lent such a desperate edge to their prayer that weekend. "There have been some unnerving events in America," he said. "Some of our leaders have fallen."

The next few months were unremarkable. A few press releases on porn, a letterbox campaign against abortion and an overseas lecture tour. Nothing out of the ordinary, so it must have turned his shit white when Howard came back from the lecture trip to find the thought police on his case for a change. He got off the plane to be snatched up and frog-marched before the church elders. They confronted him with this: in April of the previous year Howard Carter, preacher and family man, had fallen. Indeed, he'd fallen again and again on the same woman. And she wasn't his wife.

He'd been sneaking around to the house of a female devotee at least once a week for more than a year. She fell in love, which left Howard with a dilemma. He couldn't divorce his wife Jean under any circumstances. The press would crucify him, so to speak. And if it came out that he had a secret lover — the horror, the horror.

So Howard did what men have always done. He pretended there was no problem. He did his job. He went to church. He played with his children, lived with his wife and continued to see the other woman. Unfortunately she was going insane with guilt, lust and terror. Perhaps she'd taken his fiery sermons on the damnation of fornicators a little too seriously. She could not believe him when he said that as God's special messenger he was not like mere men, was not shackled to their ordinary concerns and morality. Finally, confused and depressed, she confessed to a shepherd.

When the story broke, the media gleefully wallowed in every nasty, grubby little detail. Howard couldn't even pull off his resignation with dignity. The first Logos press statement had him tearfully revealing his sins to a stunned audience of church members, a la Jimmy Swaggart. But in fact somebody just read out his resignation letter after he had done a runner to Surfers Paradise. Old friends wouldn't talk to him, now, and enemies laughed at his shame.

There really isn't much more to the Howard story. He fled to Canada for a while and tried to pick up where he left off here. But the shame was too much for him and his health collapsed. He died in August, 1991. There had been some bad business with the Foundation about who owned what; the house and the Renoirs and so on. They sold the HQ but nobody seems to know where the money went. Gutman and I got away from the house before the police arrived.

I enjoyed that little bit of harassment immensely, but it didn't help me understand the guy, or why he did what he did. Maybe he was just a loser. Maybe some sort of brain fever took hold of him, as it does with most of his kind, making him think he was special. The rules — which he told us could not be broken — did not apply to him. It's a very dangerous high to go breaking the rules when you've been calling long and loud for the total punishment of even the meanest little trespassers.

I guess it's addictive in its own way. It's a rush that speed freaks and cokers could only dream of, but the payback comes a lot harder, too. Howard found that out. When he was caught, it flipped the poles on all of that righteous power he'd been plugged into and sent it jagging back up to the source, blowing the circuits in the mountain-top HQ and snuffing what had been a very nice little earner.

"Any symptoms other than painful urination?"

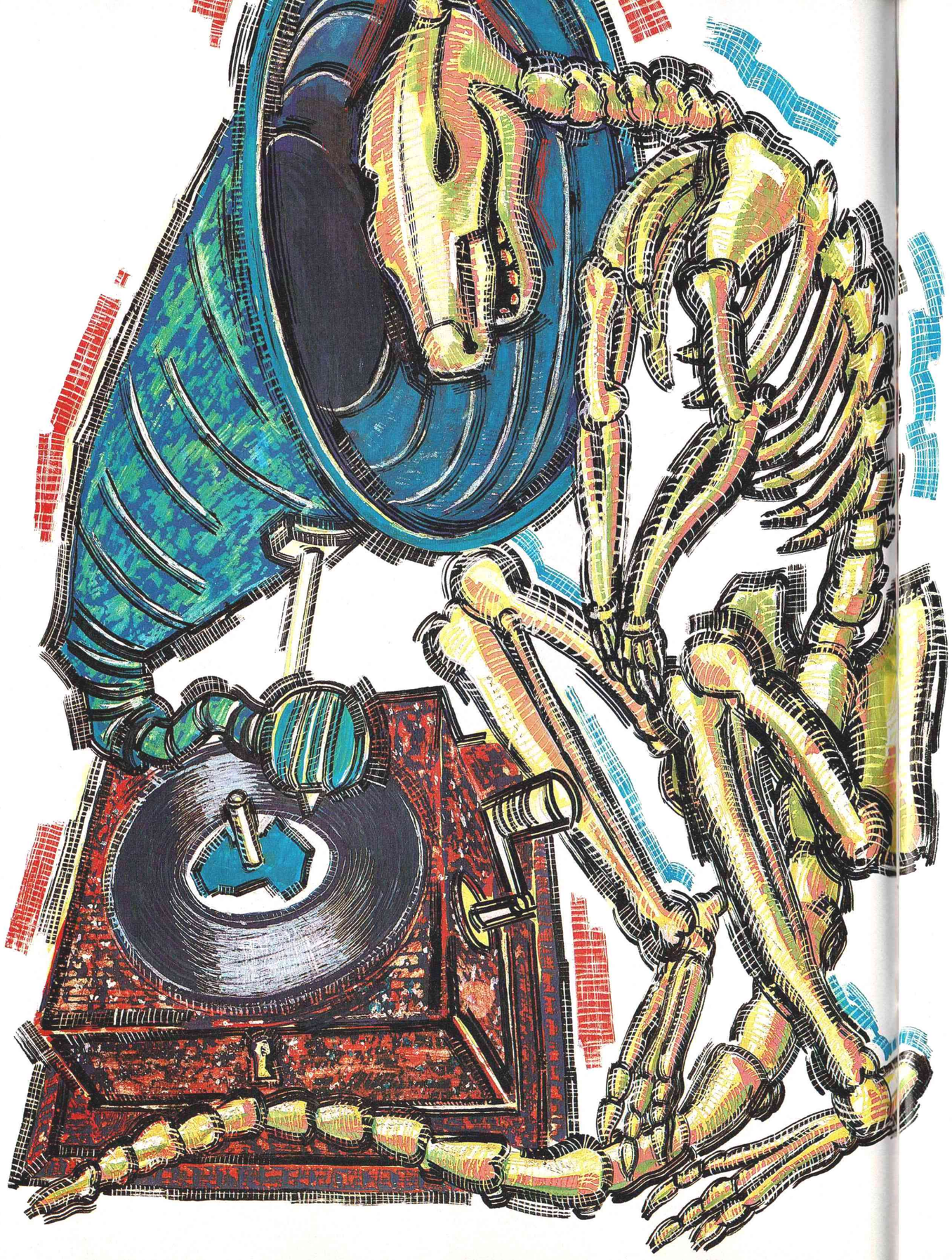
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

"I'm an individualist," says Debra Napier, a 36-25-36 dynamo on heels. "I'm a one-woman show. People say I'm selfish, but I don't give a damp. As far as I'm concerned there's only one life, it's short and it's each woman for herself.

PREDATOR

Debra has no shortage of confidence. "I know who I am and I know what I want. And once I've fixed my eye on something, I go all-out to get it. Whether it's expensive clothes, a man or an overseas assignment, I'll fight tooth and nail for it. People who stand in my way have got to be able to compete, and not many can."

"Somebody's wife once called me 'shameless'," she laughs. "I told her I didn't have time for shame. Life's a jungle, and I'd rather be a predator than the prey. If I was an animal, I'd be a leopard — they hunt alone."



BY GLENN A. BAKER
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PURNELL

Who makes money from Australian music?

BROKEN RECORDS

At the moment, if an Australian entrepreneur was to fly up to Bali with either a very large suitcase or a shipping container, he could buy from one to 10,000 legitimate copies of, say, Midnight Oil's *Blue Sky Mining* cassette for a few dollars a tape. He could even bring them back to Australia. What he could not do, despite his seeming windfall, would be to place them on sale in competition with the Sony Australia release. Existing copyright law would see him pursued, arrested, fined and possibly imprisoned for his trouble. Midnight Oil, one imagines, would not be altogether displeased by this turn of events, given that for every Australian tape sold they receive around $3, compared to mere cents for every Indonesian release — cents which they would very likely receive more than two years after the sale. However, Australia's record industry has a very real fear that by 1992 that same entrepreneur will be able to make his trip to Bali or that other great bargain basement, the United States, fill his suitcase with what he will, and legally sell the contents for any price anywhere in Australia. In early August of this year, the government accepted in principle the recommendations of the Prices Surveillance Authority (PSA), which, under the chairmanship of aggressive free-marketeer Professor Alan Fels, has spent 11 months investigating the workings of the record business Down Under. One of those recommendations is that, in one year's time, the government remove all restrictions on the importation of recorded material, thus making Australia one of only a handful of free markets for sound recordings in the Western world. Horrified by this suggestion, ARIA (the Australian Record Industry Association) has gone on the offensive,

BROKEN RECORDS

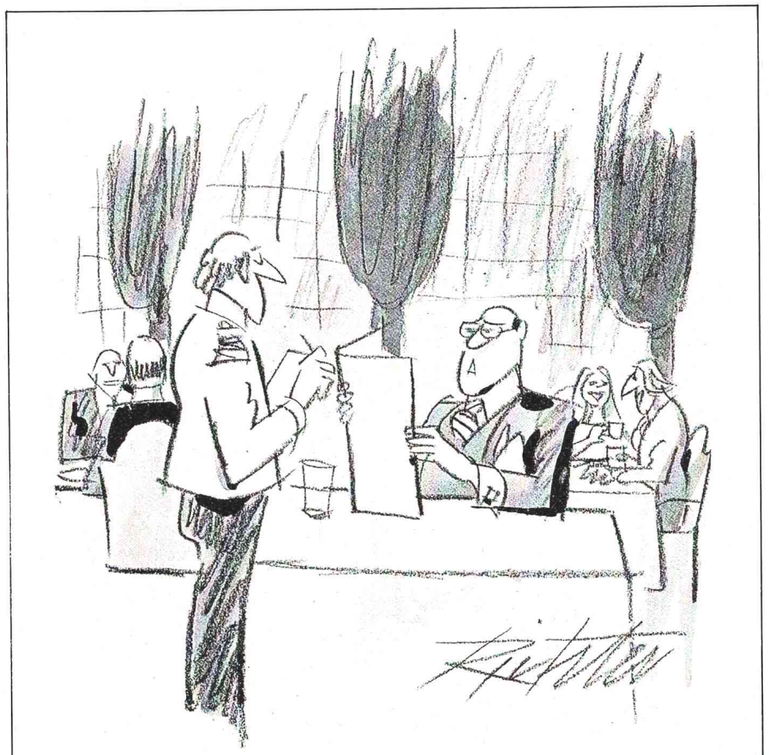
insisting that the very survival of the recording industry in this country depends upon this not happening.

Australia has, according to the international *Billboard* magazine, an efficient, capable and profitable record industry. It regularly racks up extraordinary sales figures, keeps the scourge of piracy at bay, distributes efficiently to over 3000 retail outlets scattered across a vast and sparse continent, stages its own credible Grammy-type annual awards (the ARIAS), and, perhaps most importantly of all, develops domestic talent to such an extent that Australia is now the third-ranked source of popular music for world charts (way ahead of Canada, with its far larger population).

Australia's record industry is worth, at retail level, between $550 and $700 million annually. It has been compared, by a government committee, to the textile and footwear industries. It manufactures locally, hands over more than $75 million in sales tax each year, has never sought nor received succour from the public purse, and has, over the past half decade, generated export income that has risen dramatically from $5 million to $80 million. But all of this, apparently, counts for naught with the PSA's big hitters.

The PSA's report, released on December 18, 1990, declared: "Prices have been consistently higher than overseas and this has been the case whether the exchange rate has been low or high . . . Record company profits have been exceptionally high. A substantial fall in prices would occur if records released on overseas markets could enter this country." Yet for all the PSA's finger-pointing, it seemed to be somewhat reticent about proffering its damning data for serious analysis in the public arena. In the 22-page press release version of the report, the predominant comparison presented was between Australia and the US, with four full pages of specific tables/graphs, prompting Polygram Records managing director Michael Smellie to comment: "*Everything* is cheaper in America, for heaven's sake. Hasn't the PSA heard of economies of scale?"

At the time the hearings convened, on a ranking of record prices in Western industrialised nations, Australia was to be found somewhere in the middle. Its "published price to dealer" of $15.63 for an LP record may be higher than that of Denmark, West Germany, the Netherlands, the UK and the US, but was lower than that of Spain ($19.78), Japan ($19.72), Canada ($18.46), Italy($17.01), Austria ($16.49) and France ($15.83). On more recent figures (for March, 1991), prepared by the University of NSW, Australia's wholesale (dealer) prices for CDs were the sixth cheapest on a ranking of 23 major nations. As any traveller to Europe becomes instantly aware, prices for CDs in the far more populous countries of the United Kingdom, France, Germany and Holland greatly and obviously exceed the prices paid here.



"I'll have the not-yet-indicated-businessman's special."

ARIA first began to pay serious attention to Professor Fels in 1989 when the PSA's interim report on the Book Inquiry suggested that practices to which it objected in the book industry were also occurring in the record business. The record body watched with what it termed "some concern" as the PSA conducted just one-and-a-half days of hearings into the book publishing industry, refused to address the issues of remaindering, retail margins, comparative production costs and identifying pirated stock, and then recommended that Australia, alone of the world's English-speaking nations, should become an open market. However, as the record industry was not tainted by accusations of British overlords ruthlessly controlling Australian territory like some European principality, it truly believed that nothing would come of the sabre-rattling.

Indeed, it seems the industry was encouraged to think just that. On two occasions — first in October, 1989, then in January, 1990 — senior ARIA representatives received assurances from the government that no inquiry was on the agenda but that if it changed its mind, ARIA would be consulted first before any public announcement was made. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the PSA announced an inquiry on February 12, with hearings to commence on March 21, just three days before the Federal election. Four days after the announcement, the PSA got around to contacting ARIA. Complaints about the lack of preparation time fell on deaf ears. The chairman, advised a member of his staff, had set the timetable and it could not possibly be altered.

The PSA's investigation of Australia's record industry was actively encouraged by two extremely vocal Melbourne independent music figures active in record importation, distribution, retailing, and pressing plant operation — Peter Snow and Gil Matthews, who headed up the Australian Record Sellers' Association. They seem to have started the ball rolling, insisting in a stream of letters to the Federal Attorney General that they should have the right to import any record product available in any foreign market, including cheap deletion copies of albums still selling at full price in Australia.

Their persistence owed its strength to the most consistently foolish mistake made by the record industry. For 20 years, since the emergence in Australia of collector-oriented record shops — outlets which account for no more than one percent of all record sales — the six major record companies have, in varying degrees, conducted campaigns of harassment and bullying against the importers. In a manner reminiscent of napalming the dog for fleas, they have seized and sued and made implacable enemies — foes which have become increasingly adept at lobbying the attention of government to their cause. Even as the inquiry was being announced, the WA state manager of WEA Records was boasting to the press: "We are determined to knock this import business on its head by whatever legal means are necessary." Although this comment was later clarified to refer to "illegal" and "pirate" imports, the acid taste remained.

Had the industry sought to embrace, rather than exclude, this knowledgeable and articulate fringe, its current predicament might well have been avoided. "They wouldn't have this fight on their hands," says Snow, "if they had just made a fair agreement with us that basically said: 'You can import anything we don't release without fear of criminal prosecution.' These guys are just trying to protect their cushy jobs. When you have total control of a market you can set prices and squeeze out anybody you want. Call me Ralph Nader if you like, but . . . I'm really sick of multinationals."

In its defence, the record industry has one particularly persuasive argument for retaining the current Copyright Act protection of its activities. It is the still-fragile position of Australian popular music, which, through a combination of investment, government radio quotas and a global appetite for all things Australian, now commands a 30-percent chunk of all domestic music sales and a dazzling profile on the world stage. There is no secret that, in an age when the investment in the recording of a new band can exceed $250,000, with absolutely no guarantee of a return (only one out of ten books, sound recordings or films shows a substantial profit), it is the local proceeds from multi-platinum sales of Elton John, Dire Straits, Billy Joel, Madonna and others of their ilk which pay for the recording and promotion of local acts, many of which require patient nurturing over years before breakthroughs can be achieved. Take away those proceeds, the industry insists, and you kill Australian music in one fell swoop — no more Midnight Oil, INXS, Church and Crowded House riding high on the charts of a dozen nations. It is that fear which has pushed Australian artists and managers into lobbying mode.

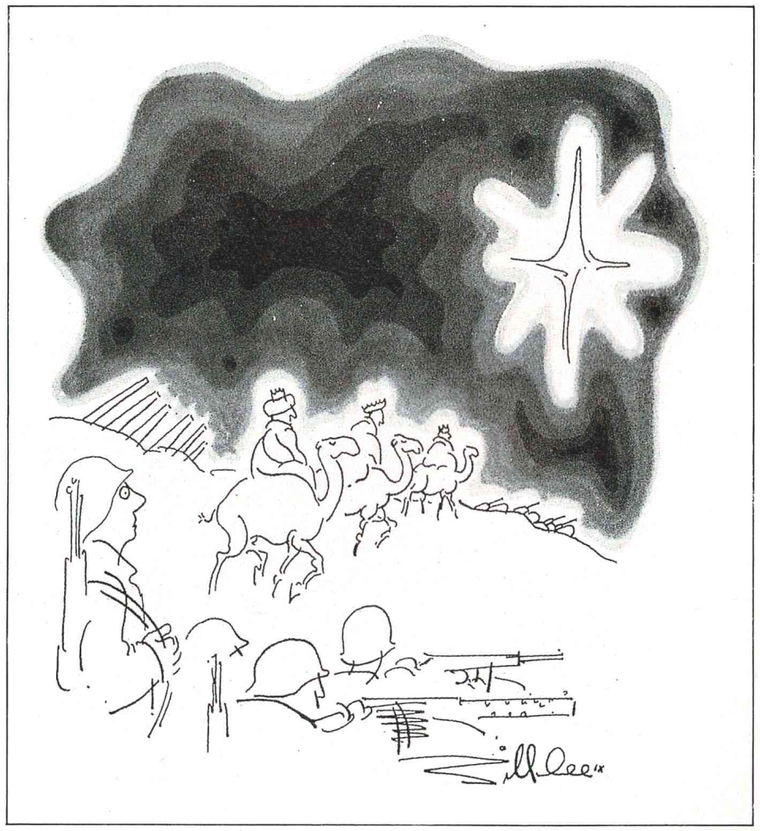
Michael Gudinski, the most powerful man in Australian music, publicly threatened to sell his record companies and cease recording Australian talent if the government implemented the PSA recommendations. Revealing a verbal exchange with Simon Crean, the then Minister for Science and Technology, Gudinski relates: "I said to him, 'You let this go through and I'm selling Mushroom Records. I'm out.' What I told Crean was that the music industry survived for so long without any help from the government. Now, all of a sudden, the government is going to do something for the music industry that is really going to fuck it up."

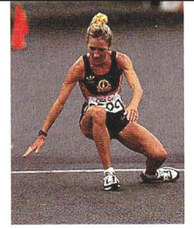
The concerns of the local music industry run deeper than a fear of uncontrolled imports. Another particularly contentious recommendation is the imposition of a two percent levy on record sales, which the PSA has described as "a performer's levy based on sales, similar in form to that applying in the US but administered by the government. This would be used to fund directly the development of Australian artists." One major record company head has described the proposal as "giving $14 million a year to the unions or to public servants who've never shown the slightest understanding of the marketing of commercial talent."

There is also bristling anger over Fels' attacks on the effectiveness of the local industry in developing local talent. Part of the report's summary reads: "The Authority considers that the attempts by the international companies to promote the local industry have been disappointing . . . In fact, local artists have generally been in a disadvantaged position when dealing with record companies and, in most cases, they have obtained little for their labors." This assertion was delivered at a time when Australian music had achieved a market prominence almost undreamt-of a decade ago. The final quarter of 1990 saw weeks where all or most of the top five album positions were occupied by Australian artists. And it was no temporary aberration. Six months later, the same situation prevailed.

Of course, after all the arguments have been aired, the question from the collective lips of consumers is this: would the complete opening-up of the record market result in lower prices? Japan, a totally open market, has almost the highest record prices in the free world. Singapore, recently converted to a free market, has higher prices than the majority of its neighbors, particularly for imported stock. There is also the inescapable fact that, as ARIA is not slow in pointing out, import stores, for all their insistence upon a free market as a means of lowering prices, are poor proponents of their own claims, generally placing records, tapes and CDs on sale at prices well exceeding those of the local releases (for instance, $35 for a CD). They claim air freight costs and small orders; the record companies claim profiteering.

And so the dispute goes on, with the record industry warning that the video and computer industries are next in line for PSA inquiries. Whatever does result from the PSA recommendations and subsequent government action, it would be naive to think that it will be substantially lower prices for recorded music.





PROFILE BY NORM LIPSON & TONY BARNAO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VEDAT ACIKALIN

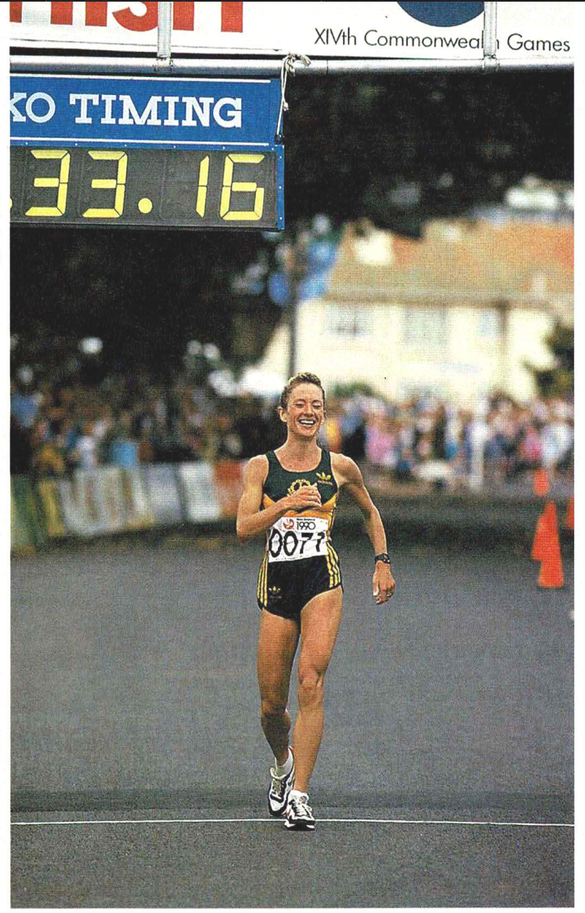
HARD road

Tani Ruckle's running career has been a marathon in more ways than one.

Once upon a time, a self-conscious, overweight and painfully shy teenage girl met someone who transformed her life and made her a celebrity throughout the length and breadth of a rich and powerful nation. The plot's been around for a while; it was thought up and brought to life almost 100 years ago in a play called *Pygmalion* by none other than George Bernard Shaw. But if old George was alive and writing today, you can bet your latest Reebok Pumps he would have drawn his inspiration from the life and times of an extraordinary athlete named Tani Ruckle, Commonwealth Games silver medallist and second-ranked women's marathon runner in Australia.

For the 28-year-old Aussie endurance runner who was born in the tiny lumberjack town of Osoyoos in the Canadian province of British Columbia, the idea of taking part in any kind of sporting endeavor was once as foreign to her as Australia — the country she now proudly calls home. Tani's first 18 years in Osoyoos were as far removed from her present lifestyle as Rachmaninoff is from rock 'n' roll. She loathed sports. The mere thought of competing made her ill — at least, that's what she had her teachers believe. "I'm sure they thought I was a very sickly child," the diminutive blonde giggles nostalgically. "I can very clearly remember pleading with my Mum to give me notes to skip physical education classes. I kept coming up with all these mysterious reasons why I couldn't do PE. I hated it that much."

The hatred was symptomatic of an inferiority complex which plagued her formative years. "I was extremely self-conscious. For a start I weighed two kilos



Photography by Vedat Acikalin

Clockwise from top: Ruckle takes silver in Auckland . . . sheds tears of joy . . . then savors the moment with Lisa Martin-Ondieki.

hard road

more as a nine-year-old than the 50 kgs I do today. And I was already 5'4" — my present height. My parents and two older brothers all thought I'd be an Amazon. I have school photos where all the kids line up and there's me, sticking out like a skyscraper. I was terrified of boys and even too shy to wear a skirt until I got to Grade Ten because I was so embarrassed about my legs — and I was fat."

Ruckle made up for her lack of physical prowess with academic achievement. She graduated with straight As and was destined for university. But a year in Vancouver working at her brother's furniture store changed everything. She developed a taste for the big city — and travel; an appetite that saw the wide-eyed 19-year-old buy an around-the-world plane ticket. First stop, Australia.

It was an inauspicious introduction to the Land Down Under. "I arrived in Sydney on December 19, 1981 in the middle of a garbage and power strike," she says, cringing at the memory. "I had to go to the airport bathroom in the dark, there was uncollected garbage all over town, and I thought, 'what the hell have I got myself into?'" But worse was to come.

With no friends and nowhere to stay, Ruckle was advised to head for Kings Cross for cheap accommodation. "My experience was a nightmare. I stayed at the Canberra Oriental which was so derelict it's since been pulled down. You know the type of dive — hot and cold running cockroaches. I'd been there just three days and was walking along the road in broad daylight when these two guys approached me and asked me how I was and where was I from." The naive Canadian country bumpkin thought: "Oh isn't that nice. Australians really are friendly." But over the next five minutes she did a lot of growing up. "Suddenly I felt something in my ribs and one of them said to me: 'Feel that? It's a knife, and unless you give me your bag we are going to hurt you.'" With no Crocodile Dundee to rescue her, Ruckle complied, and lost all her travelling funds. "I was absolutely broke," she says. She even had to hock three rings, a watch, a Walkman and a camera to a villainous pawnbroker who gave her a hundred lousy dollars for the lot.

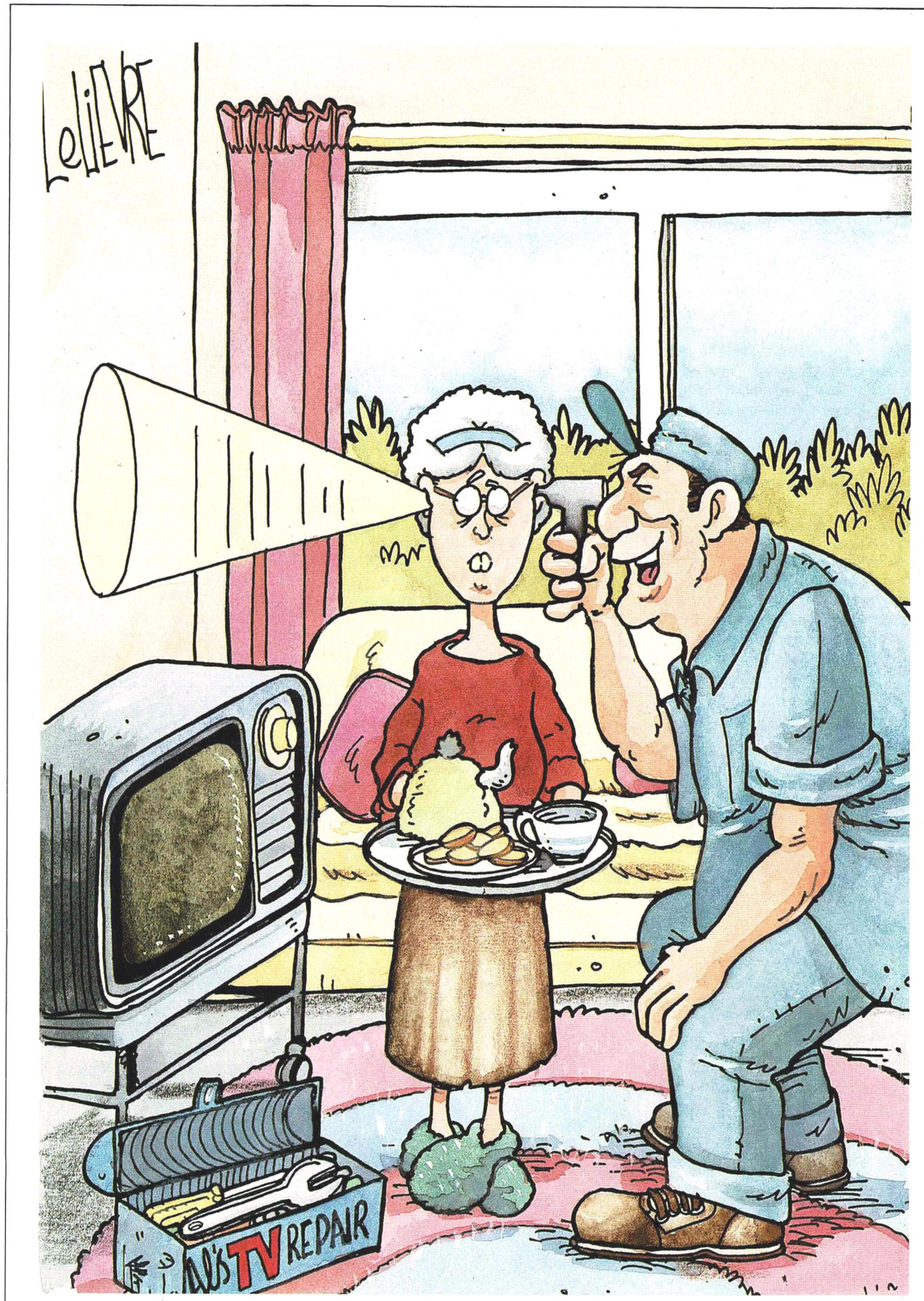
After another harrowing experience a few days later in which she was stalked late at night by a would-be rapist who was chased away by hotel staff, Ruckle was on the verge of going home. But she took the advice of a caring Kings Cross local who told her to save herself and get the hell out of the area. With no clear plan, she packed her meagre belongings, caught a ferry at Circular Quay and disembarked at Neutral Bay, where she spotted a charming little guest-house on the water's edge. The Alovera Private Hotel would become her new home.

Life was starting to look rosier — she found a good job at a city gift store and began working off extra kilos at a Mosman gym, soon qualifying as an instructor. That's where Ruckle found love — the emotion which aroused a dormant talent.

It was 1984, the beginning of Ruckle's transformation into a gutsy and disciplined competitor. A cheeky smile lights up her expressive face as she recalls the day 18-year-old schoolboy athlete Stan Johnston entered the gym — and her life. "For me it was love at first sight. He was three years younger than me, dark, and had a very, very nice physique — and still does." Johnston's friendly and comforting style was just the tonic she needed after a stormy two-year relationship with a "couch potato who was going nowhere."

Ruckle and Johnston became inseparable, pushbiking around Mosman, drinking cappuccinos and working out together. Although Ruckle was infatuated, their relationship was still only platonic. Then he popped the question. Would she like to go away with him to the Gold Coast?

"I thought, 'great!' Hotels, champagne and a chance to get to know Stan better. Then he pointed to my pushbike and



"Aha! Here's your problem Miss Faversham."

hard road

asked if I had saddlebags. It suddenly dawned on me: 'This guy wants me to ride to bloody Queensland with him.' The furthest I'd ever ridden was around the block. But I said yes."

A couple of days later they were heading up the Pacific Highway. Ruckle grimaces as she relives the pain of her pursuit. "I'll never forget it. We were only at Hornsby and Stan was already 500 metres ahead of me. I was looking into the distance and telling myself to 'keep peddling, keep peddling. I've gotta keep going.' I couldn't believe it — I had another 1000 kms to go! That song by the band 10CC kept going through my head: 'The Things We Do For Love.'"

It was a gruelling, seven-day trek riding from dawn till dusk and camping at night in a two-man tent. It may not have been the Hilton and Moet et Chandon, but in that tent friendship blossomed into full-blooded romance. Ruckle attempts to hedge the obvious question, but finally concedes: "Oh, let's just say we got very close. Mind you, we were sometimes too tired to do much of anything but sleep." After some close encounters with long-haul rigs and a sickening liaison with a fast food outlet in a coastal NSW town, the pair finally staggered into Surfers — both amazed she had made it. Johnston was even more incredulous when she told him it had been her first-ever long distance ride.

"It blew him out, and he convinced me to start training for a triathlon he was entering later in the year. I wanted to spend as much time as I could with him, as I was besotted, so I said: 'Yeah! — let's train.'" They bussed back to Sydney and, unwittingly, Ruckle's innate athletic prowess had been set in motion. She couldn't run around the block or swim a stroke but by now she was a proven endurance cyclist.

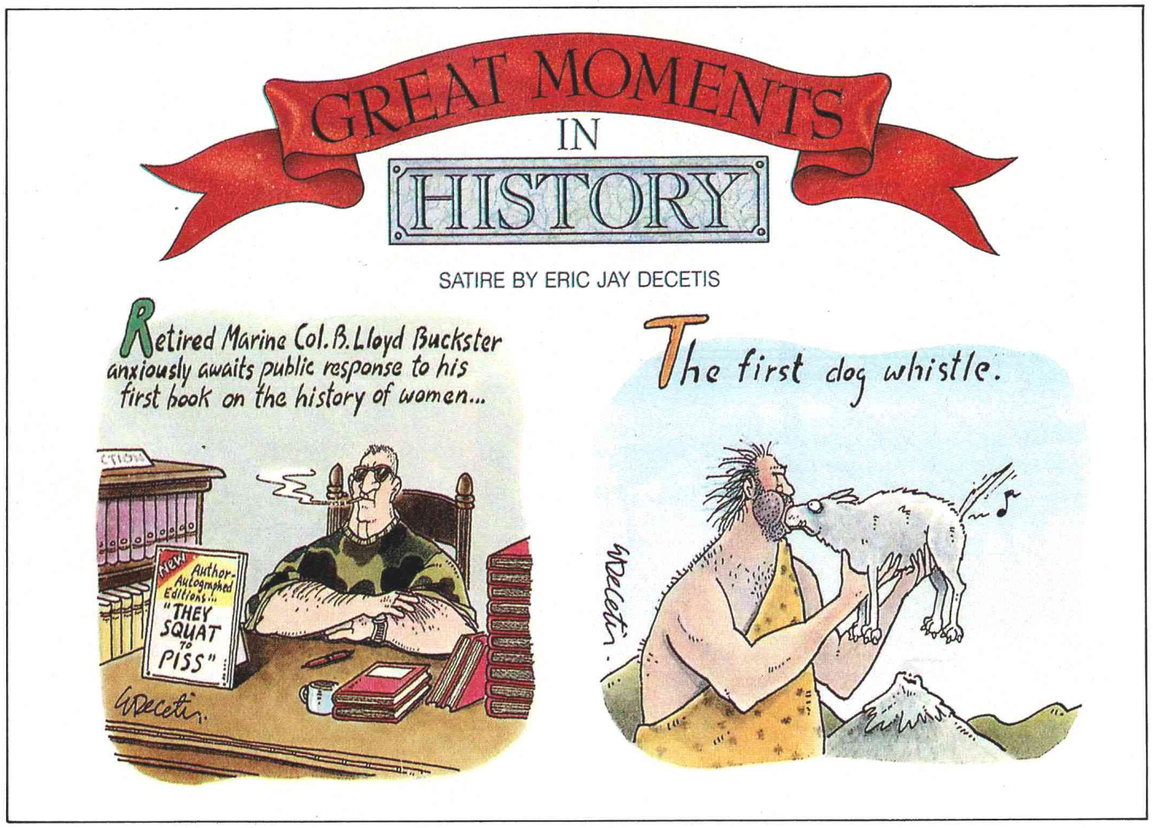
She hired a swimming coach and Johnston entered her in the Wang Australian Marathon in June 1985 to prepare her for the Forster Triathlon several months later. Again he was to be astounded by the result. Ruckle, who'd never run the marathon distance before, clocked the second-fastest debut time ever by an Australian woman — she came sixth in the international field in a time of two hours 49 minutes. The only faster debut marathon run by an Australian woman was by golden girl Lisa Martin-Ondieki . . . and she'd been running for ten years before her achievement. Ruckle had been training for just four months.

It would not be the last time Ruckle would run second to the more experienced Martin-Ondieki. It's happened on each of the six occasions the marathoners have met in the most rigorous and gut-wrenching of athletic pursuits. But each time, Ruckle has closed the gap, under the guidance of her now full-time coach and mentor Johnston. "We happened to fall out of love, but back into a very deep friendship," she declares openly. But there's no hint of regret in her voice. "He's closer than family. He coached me when no-one else would and even went away to university for two years to study exercise physiology — just so he could coach me better. He took me to a course record in the Melbourne Marathon (October 1986 — 2.35.07), two City-to-Surf wins and guided me through events all over the world."

By now Ruckle, with Johnston's encouragement, had her sights firmly set on representing Australia. The only problem was, she wasn't a citizen. Enter the then-Minister for Sport, John Brown. "I met him at an athletics function in late '86 and he asked me if I'd be wearing the green-and-gold at the Seoul Olympics. I told him I'd love to, but unfortunately I didn't have my citizenship. Oddly enough, about a month later I received a letter inviting me to become a citizen on Australia Day, 1987. Thank you, John Brown."

After having what she describes as "the greatest honor ever" bestowed upon her, Ruckle reached new heights of inspiration. "Running became my obsession and passion and I really started to believe I could represent my new country." But the

Continued on page 112


GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS
Retired Marine Col. B. Lloyd Buckster anxiously awaits public response to his first book on the history of women...
NEW! Author-Autographed Editions!... "THEY SQUAT TO PISS"
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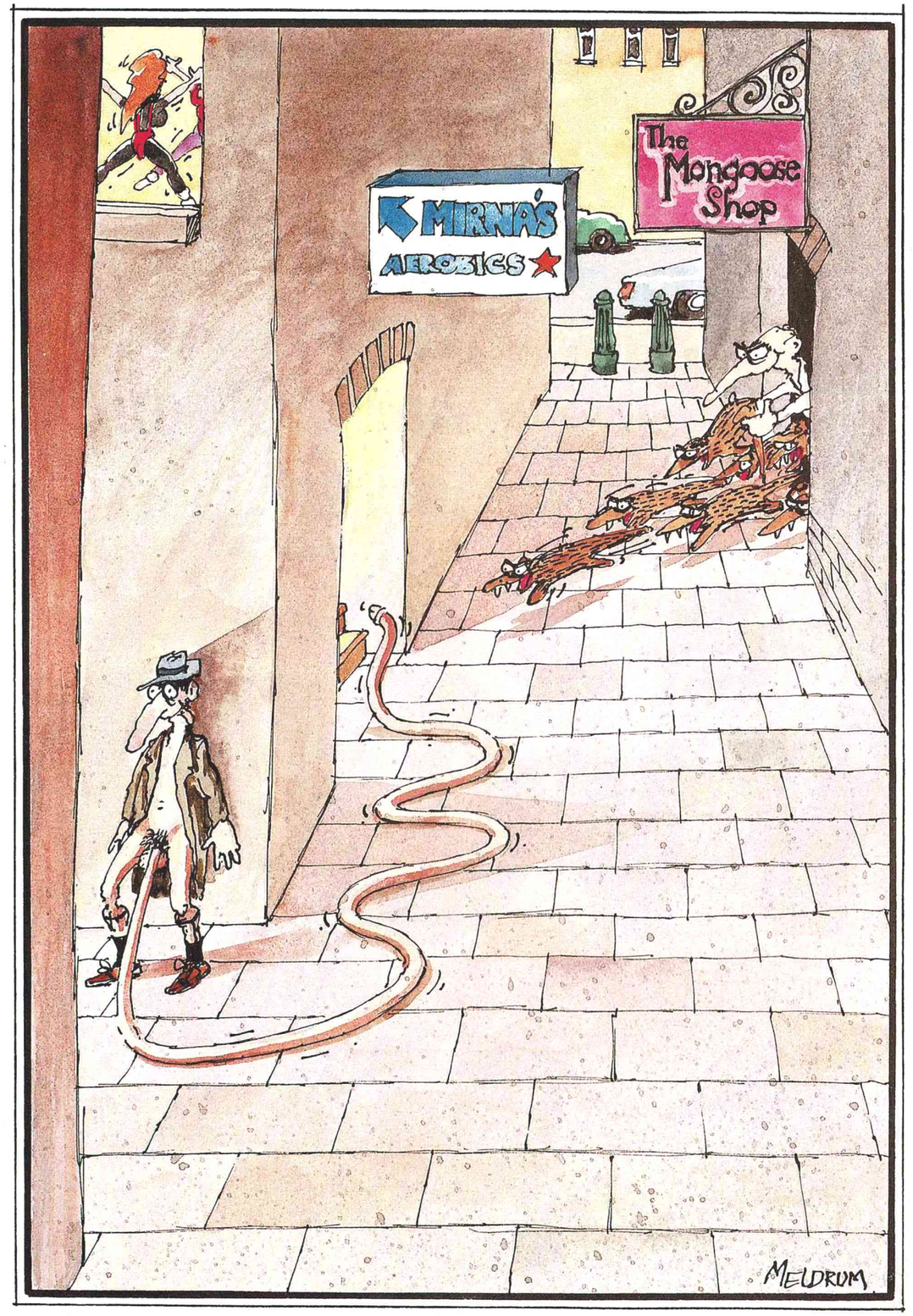


Women!

Why you'll never understand them!

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DRAHOS ZAK

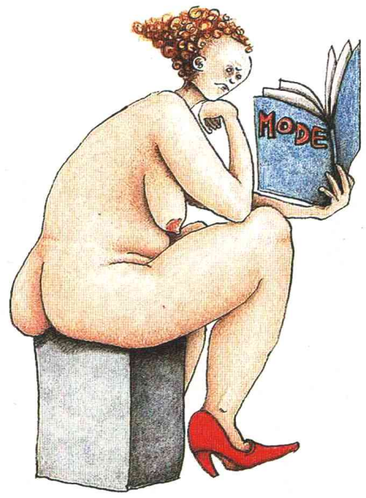
Women. Could they be creatures from an outer galaxy, teleported here to interbreed with humans? Do you find them about as easy to understand as an unsubtitled Armenian soap opera on SBS?

"Actions," said a Mr Anon, "speak louder than words." So what does it mean when you get thumped over the head with a frying pan for no apparent reason? If "candid communication" is so prevalent in modern relationships, why are all those men down at the local muttering darkly into their beers that they don't understand women? Because while the feminine form of fashionable frankness extends to telling him his hairline is receding, it stops short of explaining her own macabre mood swings and bizarre behavior. Why the hell should she? The female rationale is that Man is the hunter/gatherer/putter out of rubbish bags, so he ought to at least be able to figure out her multi-faceted personality. If he can't be bothered, she's likely to conjure up some long-lost lover from her lurid past who, she lies, Really Understood Her.

So women try to retain their essential mystery by behaving like bloody-minded little bitches occasionally. They also fall deeply in lust/love with men who they feel Understand Them but who don't make a fuss about it.

Actually, I never knew why all women adored my father until one day I asked him to buy me some stockings on his way home, thinking he'd baulk. Instead, he inquired urbanely: "What denier?" (Denier being a measurement of the sheerness of a stocking — the lower the number, the sheerer the stocking.) Mind you, it has just occurred to me that he may have been a cross-dresser.

Anyway, whether you want to be a *homme fatale* who gets laid a lot, or simply to understand and live peaceably with your own little Sybil, this guide to important aspects of feminine consciousness is for you.

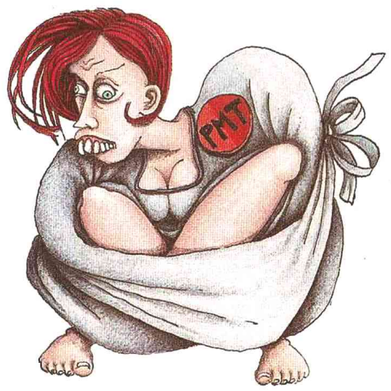


Women!

PRE-MENSTRUAL TENSION

Her Inexplicable Behavior: Perhaps one of the most endearing aspects of your relationship is the cute way in which you tease one another. Only last week she poked you in the belly and giggled that you were getting a beergut — *tee hee.* So when you sneak up behind her in the kitchen and grab a fistful of what you jokingly refer to as "love handles", you don't expect her to whip around, pour the contents of the wok over your head, knee you in the balls and run into the bedroom weeping. When you ask what's wrong, she hisses in a style reminiscent of Regan in *The Exorcist:* "Fuck off, you ugly bastard. Don't touch me. Nothing is wrong." WHY?

What Most Men Don't Know: Two British women were recently acquitted of the murder of their husbands due to the influence of PMT. I'm not suggesting girls should get away with mindless mayhem because of PMT, but that case does give you an idea of how intense the state can be. Imagine that once a month you become suddenly overwhelmed by melancholy, irritability or anxiety at the same time as your balls and back ache to buggery and you put on at least a couple of pounds and get a revolting pimple right in the middle of your nose — or worse, *up inside your nose.* To make things even more hellish, your little Hormona will not be able to help herself. Hearing herself



shrewishly shrieking at you to turn the bloody television down, she'll become even more upset about what a cow she's being.

She Wishes You'd: Give her all your money and leave town for the week. Sorry. Actually, she'd prefer you to lurk around being a tower of strength. It helps if you don't join in the general hysteria (did you know that "hysteria" literally means "madness of the womb"?) by getting touchy just because she insults, bashes, kicks and bites you. Orgasms can cure PMT, but you'll find that even a female who normally thinks foreplay is for fuckwits will suddenly expect a Hollywood production of it plus reassurance that she is the prettiest, loveliest, most wonderful girl in the universe before she'll even let you hold her hand. *Warning:* If She-creature is expressing what seems to her to be a genuine grievance, like bursting into tears because you forgot to feed the cat, never say: "You're just getting your period."

COMMENTS ABOUT OTHER FEMALES

Her Inexplicable Behavior: Casually, you mention what a nice girl She-creature's friend/sister is. Foolishly failing to note a guarded little glint in your girl's eye, you go on to express admiration for friend/sister's figure/dress-sense/mouth. It's not that you particularly fancy her — you're just being observant, and you wouldn't be a man if you weren't. And she wouldn't be a woman worthy of the name if she didn't take your innocent observation as a dire threat to her own desirability requiring instant explanation or retaliation. A male friend of mine recently ended up in traction after just such an innocent comment ("Hasn't Julia Roberts got a nice mouth?"), although to be fair, the girl involved was also heavily PMTed and wearing tight shoes at the time. But it's not fair. You don't throw a fit if she watches a Mel Gibson movie and drools all over the carpet, so why does she have to behave, in similar circumstances, like Godzilla?

What Most Men Don't Know: Is the depth of feminine insecurity. Often the prettier the woman, the more insecure. She can't help it, but every time you express admiration for a girl, an alarm bell rings. She resents the fact that you're usually so sporting about her admiration of men and hates herself for being so petty and jealous. The most moronic women construe admiration as actual infidelity.

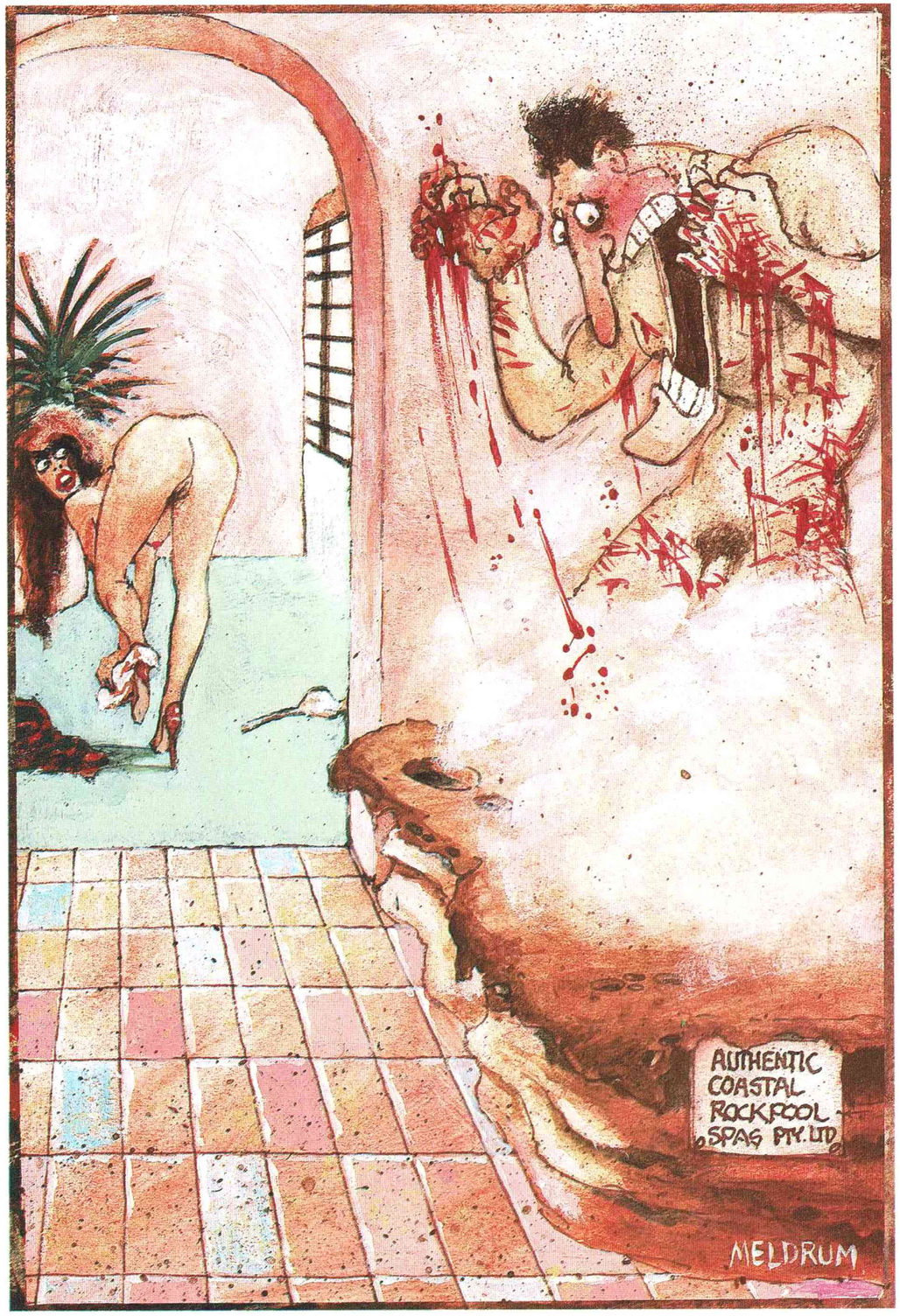
She Wishes You'd: Not only never look at another woman again, but also confess you were impotent with every other female on Earth before you met her. You *can* get away with gushing gaga compliments about movie stars, but only those whom you have already claimed She-creature bears an astounding resemblance to.

SHOES

Her Inexplicable Behavior: She-creature and yourself are strolling romantically along the road . . . Correction: You are walking upright, as is the wont of *Homo sapiens*; she is hunched over and hobbling, eyes rolling back in her head, a ghastly grimace contorting her once comely features. Horrified, you note that the dago-designed shoes she blew a month's rent on are actually only half the width of her foot, that her toes have turned dove-grey and that she is lurching as if the pavement were the top deck of the *Titanic.*

What Most Men Don't Know: To a man, footwear is just that — something one wears on one's feet. To a female, footwear is an object of fantasy. Re-read the fairy tale *Cinderella* for further insight. A woman is unlikely to buy a bra several sizes too small for her but she'll pawn her own sister to purchase a pair of footbinders. It doesn't matter that her size is never in stock, as girls know any shoe can be made to accommodate any foot. In private, rather than masturbating to a copy of *The Story Of O,* a woman can often be found with a bottle of leather expander and a pair of your woolly socks, "breaking in" her new shoes so that their first official outing need not prove fatal to her.

She Wishes You'd: Refrain from wriggling your athlete's feet around in your loafers/sneakers/creepers and inquiring sanctimoniously as to why She-creature doesn't swap a pair of comfy, cheap Dunlop Volleys for what she's so painfully wearing. She'd like you to acknowledge her sacrifice at the altar of beauty with effusive compliments. Later, after her bruised and aching feet have been liberated from their binders, you may wish to administer an unpretentious little foot massage — that's assuming her feet don't have to be amputated.

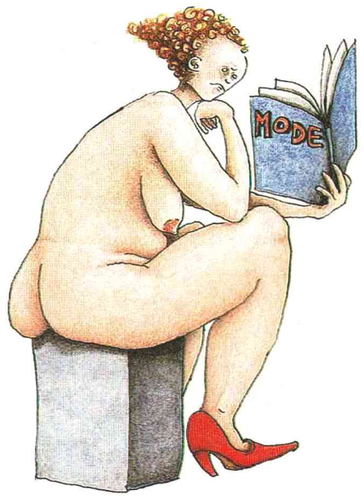


"Just be careful of the oysters!"

Women!

DRESS CODE
Her Inexplicable Behavior: Thinking you'll at least get a doggie biscuit for noticing her new dress, you compliment her warmly on it — saying that you much prefer it to the tarty-looking one she's been wearing everywhere lately. Piling on the praise that you know women absolutely crave, you suddenly realise she's cast you a wounded look and stalked off. You ask what the matter is, and she shrugs. She can't put her finger on it. Maybe the Middle East has blown up. Sometimes, she says, she doesn't think you and her are suited at all. She doesn't feel like going out any more. WHY?

What Most Men Don't Know: She-creature really does want to dress to please her man, but she's astounded when he suddenly wants her to dress totally differently to the way she did when he was first drawn to her. This can make girls feel rottenly insecure. Men who



chased and landed a little mini red cocktail dress/lurid make-up number start saying she'd look better in muted sludge-shaded lipstick and shoving Country Road catalogues under her nose. Males originally attracted to a girl with quietly classic, traditional looks rip out magazine pictures of girlies in tight spandex fuck-me frocks and say: "Darling, you'd look really hot in this." Either way, her reaction is: "So, you've hated me all this time and you've been faking your erections . . ."

She Wishes You'd: Use the positive reinforcement method most favored by kindergarten teachers. Simply compliment effusively on what you like, and shut utterly up about what you don't. If you avoid the temptation to play *Pygmalion/Pretty Woman* on her, she'll resist the urge to go through your wardrobe with a blowtorch.

THE TELEPHONE
Her Inexplicable Behavior: To avoid friction, you've given up watching cricket while chatting on the phone to her. You've also learnt that not calling her when you said/implied/thought you might is tantamount to treason. You may rightly consider yourself something of an expert in *etiquette de telephone*, so it's a shock when she suddenly smashes the phone down during your conversation for no apparent reason. You don't know what it was you said, but figuring she'll call you back when she wants to speak to you or apologise, you bugger off white-water rafting for the weekend. When She-creature eventually rings back 18 months later (all right, half an hour afterwards), she's furious that *you* haven't called her back. WHY?

What Most Men Don't Know: The Abrupt Hang-Up is the feminine equivalent of the old-fashioned slap in the fizzog with glove technique. It is, however, not a challenge to arms but to apologies. Naturally, if you'd brutishly hung up on her in midsentence, it would be incumbent upon you to ring back and apologise; if she's done it to you, it remains incumbent upon you to apologise. Whether she severed the connection because of your reference to an ex-girlfriend or an expressed wish to spend the weekend with "the boys", the last thing you can assume is that she should call you back. It's too logical.

She Wishes You'd: Recognise that she is seriously pissed off and that the hang-up was your signal for serious grovelling/high-level reassurance. Actually, she'd like you to try and call back immediately so that she has the chance to Not Answer The Phone. Then she'd like you to keep trying while it's engaged for a while. Then when you eventually get through to talk to her and perhaps invite her out with "the boys", she'll be able to happily decline on the grounds that they're all wankers.

BITCHERY
Her Inexplicable Behavior: Seemingly pissed off at Someone she knows, She-creature has been relentlessly slagging Someone off for several weeks. You are beginning to get bored with hearing how Someone is fat, ugly, jealous of her, trying to bust you and her up, and plagued by anal warts. "Just don't see her any more if you hate her so much," you say. But no — it seems She-creature is having lunch with Someone on Thursday. WHY?

What Most Men Don't Know: Bitchery, without taking direct action as a result of the grievance, is as natural to girls as blowhardery is to blokes. Were you to speak of a mate in such a manner, it would mean the imminent end of the friendship — but to project your own *modus operandum* on to a female is gender fascism. Bitchery is merely the effective draining of venom that might otherwise be internalised and give her ulcers — or worse, wrinkles.

If some Draconian desire to be a decent bloke causes you to fight her bitchery,

you'll end up getting it In The Neck yourself. So refrain from mouthing drivel like: "If you can't say anything nice . . ." or posing the idiotic question: "Why don't you *do something about it* instead of bitching all the time?"

She Wishes You'd: Agree wholeheartedly when she says Someone is an evil little moll who's jealous of her legs. However, if you're smart you'll agree without particularly elaborating, because you may need to flip your expressed opinion completely inside out when Someone somehow falls back into favor. At this point your comments could be used against you, as in: "He said you were no friend of mine, that you dressed like a hooker and that your upper lip needed waxing badly." Remember that so long as bitchery is directed at other sources, you're more of a man for bedding a bitch.

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Long silver dress by Rod Alexander (02) 958 6314; Belts by Attaque (02) 212 2288; Sequin and black mesh top by Risk (02) 331 4276; Jewellery from Dopo Le Cinque Boutique (02) 363 1048; Sheer black blouse by Symbols (02) 699 7465; Special thanks to Keith Williams, Dale St George, Max Althaus and John Reynolds for the use of their locations, and extra thanks to Peter Komenda, our location co-ordinator.

LUCY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

SUMMER

LIGHT

Lucky Gresty is a happy-go-lucky Aries who, although she's English, has settled in Melbourne. "It's a different way of life in Australia," she says. "It's much more relaxed and friendly. I like Melbourne because it's not as fast as Sydney; it's green and like the trams. I know what they say about Melbourne's weather, but it's still better than London!"

Lucy works as a dancer. She also plays tennis and enjoys going to basketball — she supports the Saints. She confesses to a liking for pizza, tequila and Mexican food. She goes to movies every week, and lets her hair down in Melbourne rock clubs late at night. Lucy says she'd like to do more modelling, and when she's in her forties, become a nurse.

Lucy has travelled a lot. She enjoyed the Maldives, but although they were beautiful, there was nothing to do there. She also went to Venice Beach in La. "It was crazy. There were two dead guys on the beach, killed in gang warfare. There were police everywhere." She prefers her men to look like rock stars, and for a fantasy weekend away, she'd choose a desert island with Jon Bon Jovi.

BY JOHN BAXTER

PHOTOS COURTESY AUSTRAL INTERNATIONAL

movie muscle

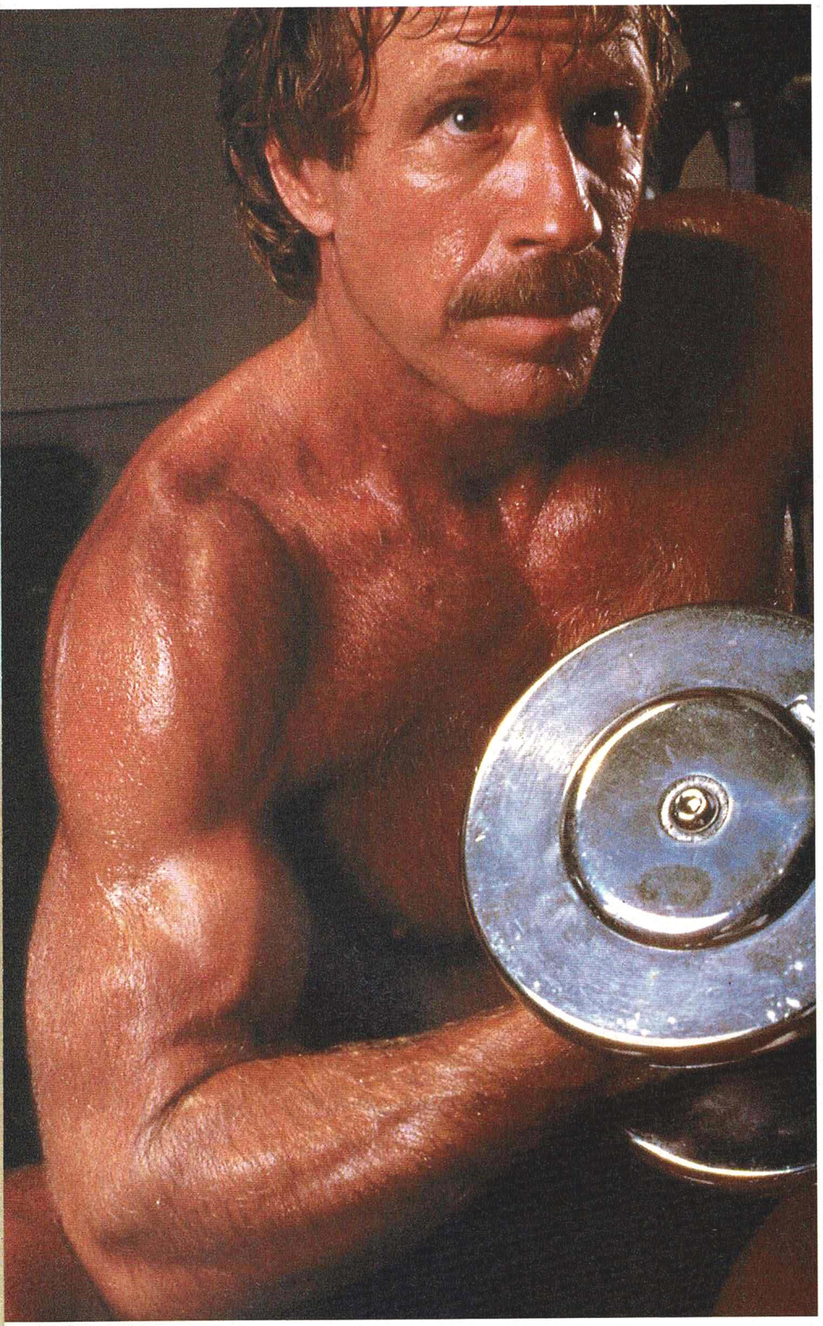
Film critics may jostle to scorn them, but Hollywood's action men are laughing all the way to the bank

You all know the scene. It's an office in some Eastern capital of profit and vice. Teak veneer and lots of rubber plants. Behind a desk big enough to land a helicopter on sits The Boss. He's smoking a broom-handle cigar and laughing. Why? Because in front of him, struggling between his henchmen, a pair of hard cases in black T-shirts, sweat pants and boxer boots, whose shoulder muscles climb straight from their collarbones to their ears, is the Heroine.

Then the door bursts open and The Boss stops grinning. Because there is This Bloke.

He's got the same muscles as the henchmen but they're crammed into a drip-dry linen suit. Still, he's outnumbered and looks like a pushover, so The Boss orders him thrown out. What nobody knows is that as a Special Forces officer in Vietnam he was shot down in the jungles of Cambodia, where a weedy Asian taught him some particularly obscure martial arts moves.

muscle



CHUCK NORRIS

The newcomer plants a boot in one thug's face, and a spinning-backward karate kick effortlessly blasts the other into the next room. Then he wades through the desk as if it's a lily pond, feeds The Boss his cigar and tosses him six storeys into the street.

It's when he turns to the Heroine that the trouble begins. Because he has to say tenderly: "Are you all right, darling?" His voice has the warmth of a car computer warning you the seat belt's undone. It would be praise to call his performance the nadir of acting in our time.

The cinema of the Nineties is full of films like this and actors like him. They don't do much business in theatres and the critics jostle to scorn them. But video shops are kept rich by couch potatoes who, while they're wolfing their pizza and downing a six pack, want the story of a guy who Just Ain't Gonna Take No More Shit. They prefer Schwarzenegger, Stallone and Eastwood, of course, but Arnie, Sly and Clint can't be in everything and even Charles Bronson has got to take a break sometime. So instead they rent a film featuring an actor who makes roughly the same kind of film. Someone like Chuck Norris.

Carlos Ray "Chuck" Norris has the blank, long-nosed face of an Easter Island statue, an incongruous thatch of straw-colored hair and a voice like an unoiled door. Best not say this to his face, however, since he began studying karate in 1956 and by 1968 he was World Champion, a title he held for six years.

He fell into movies through that one-man martial arts industry, Bruce Lee. In the big finish of *Return Of The Dragon* in 1973, Norris fought Lee in, of all places, the Rome Colosseum. Lee died the same year, throwing chopsocky films into chaos. Desperate producers rushed out a thousand clones. There was a Bruce Li and Bruce Le. Also Bruce Lei, Bruce Liang, Bruce Leong, and Bruce Rhe. Not forgetting Dragon Lee, Rocky Lee, Jet Lee, Bronson Lee and Conan Lee.

Prolific Chinese producer Lo Wei had a better idea. He signed up people who'd worked with Lee. Norris left his chain of karate schools to play an evil mob boss in *Slaughter In San Francisco*. It convinced Norris he had a future in films. Okay, so he couldn't deliver lines. But listen — Gary Cooper, John Wayne and Clint Eastwood didn't say much either. And let's see one of them kick in the windscreen of a moving car.

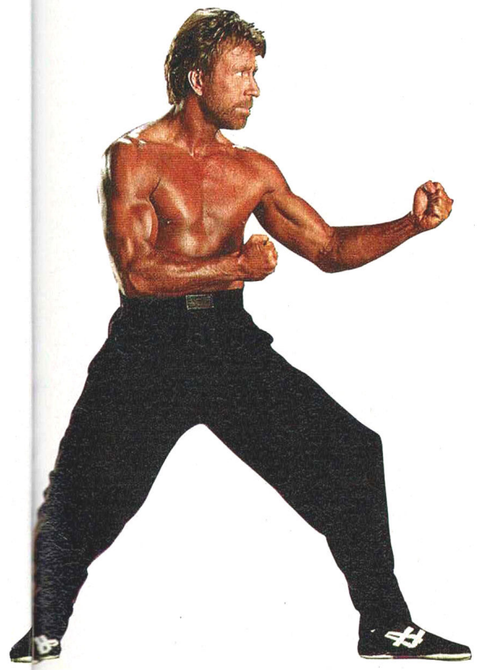
Norris plunged into a series of low-budget films tailored to the man he thought he should be. The titles tell it all: *A Force Of One; An Eye For An Eye; Silent Rage; Forced Vengeance*. A first half usually established Norris as a Vietnam vet with a martial arts background, shy, retiring, not looking for a fight. The last half, after his parents had been massacred, his girlfriend kidnapped, his business torched and his dog done to death, was spent turning the villains into hamburger.

The cheaper the hero in bargain-basement cinema, incidentally, the gaudier the image. Action actors love to climb into a tux or be seen gambling in some ritzy casino. They quote poetry, play Chopin on the piano or ponder the mysteries of the infinite in a Zen trance. Women warm to their strong silent assurance. And not barmaids and bimbos, either. Sculptresses, poets, brain surgeons and sociologists fall like bags of sand for men so thick they believe Moby Dick is a venereal disease.

Norris is no exception. If Clint Eastwood could be an art history professor in *The Eiger Sanction*, he reasoned, why couldn't he be an academic too? The resulting tailored-to-measure script made him a Special Forces officer turned Professor of Political Science — a role which, as one critic said, "fitted him like a sleeping bag." To hammer the point, he hired ex-Eastwood director Ted Post. But *Good Guys Wear Black* did make money, and Norris mined the Vietnam vein vigorously for the next decade.

At 50, however, he looks weary. Three versions of *Missing In Action*, where he plays a concerned Vietnam commander returning to look for imprisoned comrades, have taken him to most of the potholes of South-East Asia, which is enough to debilitate anyone. As well, the near-collapse of Cannon, the Israel-based production company that backed the Norris team, is often in the news these days and the news is mostly bad.

All this experience seems to have taught Norris nothing about film-making — except perhaps not to play college professors. He still delivers dialogue as if each word caused physical pain to him and not merely the audience. A brighter performer would have realised that, though Coop, Duke and Clint don't say much, their silences are meaningful, fraught with significance. When Norris stands still, mouth closed, it just looks like he's forgotten his lines. Any illusions that the stone-face might disguise shrewdness and humor faded when he tried to climb aboard George Bush's 1989 Presidential bandwagon, next to Arnold Schwarzenegger. At a rally in Bakersfield, California, Norris was asked to introduce a speaker. It wasn't so much the toneless drawl in which he read the introduction that did the damage as the fact that the man he introduced was the one who had just spoken.



JEAN CLAUDE VAN DAMME

Chuck Norris is not the sort of star the audience wants today. Especially not women, a growing segment of this market. They fancy someone young, sexy and exotic. Like Jean Claude Van Damme.

Belgian-born Van Damme is the coming man in the low-budget action field. A recent list of stars whose presence in a film guarantees world release put him among the top 25, leapfrogging the better-established Mickey Rourke, Tom Selleck and Jeff Bridges.

He arrived in the US in 1982 with no English and worked as a bouncer, carpet fitter and chauffeur before getting small roles in *No Retreat, No Surrender* and Schwarzenegger's *Predator*. Stardom of a sort came with the 1987 *Bloodsport*, where he played the first Westerner to win the Hong Kong no-holds-barred knock-out martial arts tournament known as the "Kumite." *Kickboxer, Cyborg* and *AWOL* followed. Now he's into the fringes of the big-time with the $15 million *Double Impact*.

The people behind Van Damme sure as hell don't want to rock the kung-fu boat, so his films recycle familiar themes: family, revenge, Asia and the martial arts. In *Kickboxer*, his big brother is crippled by massive Thai kickboxer Tong Po, and Jean Claude vows vengeance. Despite seeing the brother kidnapped, a girlfriend raped and his dog shot, Van Damme (trained by the inevitably frail but feisty kung-fu master) goes up against Tong Po in an "old style" bout, where the fighters dip their bandaged fists in hot wax, then crushed glass. Naturally, Tong Po is left a grease spot at the fade.

***Variety's* Laurence Cohn admits Van Damme is the only action hero who looks presentable in a tux. And *New York Post* critic Jami Bernard noted appreciatively: "He's got a really terrific butt." How about the acting? "He should work less on his pecs and more on his personality," conceded Bernard.**

English critics are less kind. He has, said one, "the acting ability of a turnip."

Van Damme admits — even boasts — that he's never taken acting lessons. This was dismally evident in the 1989 *Cyborg*. "Even by the low standards of post-apocalyptic trash movies," decreed one review, "this plumbs new depths."

"Repulsive, wooden as a post," another remarked of Van Damme's performance as Gibson Rickenbocker, a Mad Max knock-off trying to save the world from villain Fender Tremolo, played by another recycled jock, skateboard and surfing champion Vincent Klyn, and, like Van Damme, named for no very good reason after a brand of guitar.

These films showed that Van Damme could run, jump, kick and punch — but, more importantly, drop his trousers, and also perform splits that would dislocate a normal man. They also revealed drawbacks more acute than bad acting. For one thing, Van Damme retains an accent even more impenetrable than Schwarzenegger's. For another, Jean Claude is, frankly, short. His publicity denies this, claiming he's 177cm tall, but nobody's got close lately with a tape.

Maybe it's a reaction to accusations of short change, but in *Double Impact* the Muscles From Brussels plays twins. "One is a Charles Bronson kind of guy," he says. "The other is a Roger Moore kind of guy — very refined and charming. Rock 'n' roll. Wine. Cars. Ladies. It's a very different movie for me. Very difficult acting-wise. There's more of a story — not too much karate." The twins, separated at birth, reunite to revenge a family wrong. But isn't this like *Twins*, Schwarzenegger's big comedy hit? Could Jean Claude be trying to imitate the Austrian Oak?

Jean Claude vigorously rejects the suggestion. "No, no, no. Him, no. If you see yourself as in someone else's shadow, you'll be a loser all your life."

Could Van Damme be the new Schwarzenegger? Arnie, after all, started out with a voice so bad he was dubbed in his first film. Van Damme is in with a chance. But, as Raymond Chandler said of another short leading man, Alan Ladd: "He's a small boy's idea of a tough guy."

muscle

STEVEN SEAGAL

If Chuck Norris is *Soldier Of Fortune's* favorite film star and Jean Claude Van Damme wows the *Cosmopolitan* set, *GQ*'s action man would have to be Steven Seagal (pronounced Say-gall).

Van Damme will always resemble an exchange student in a borrowed tux. Seagal, on the other hand, looks the part of a man of action. Dark, 194cm tall, with his long black hair gathered in a trendy ponytail, he has — even his critics admit — classic good looks.

A sixth-degree black belt in aikido, Seagal got into movies as adviser to Hollywood stars who needed to look as though they knew karate. It was a shrewd move to strike out on his own. His four films — *Nico, Out For Justice, Hard To Kill* and now *Marked For Death* — have made a total of $200 million.

Seagal's trademark is gear. Not since *Miami Vice* have clothes occupied a more important role in a production. To play a burned-out anti-drug agent defending his family against evil Jamaicans in *Marked For Death*, Seagal had his threads designed by one Isabella Van Soest Chubb.

"We were looking for what's available in fighting gear," says Chubb, "and it's always, like, a jumpsuit from a SWAT team, you know?" Undeterred by the paucity of gear for the style-conscious psychopath, she custom-created a wardrobe. Seagal is able to slice off the hands of some Mexican thugs and kill a half-nude prostitute without wrinkling his black Versace cotton-linen matador jacket or black silk shirt. To pistol-whip a pusher he wears a black velvet number embroidered with dragons and a tiger. For trashing a drug king's home, he chooses a black silk shirt and a quilted, grey washed-silk coat.

Seagal, according to Chubb, "especially loves black — it's sort of the very severe, very elegant look, very masculine." Also, it doesn't show blood.

Unfortunately, being the best-dressed actor in the slaughterhouse doesn't make Seagal interesting to watch.

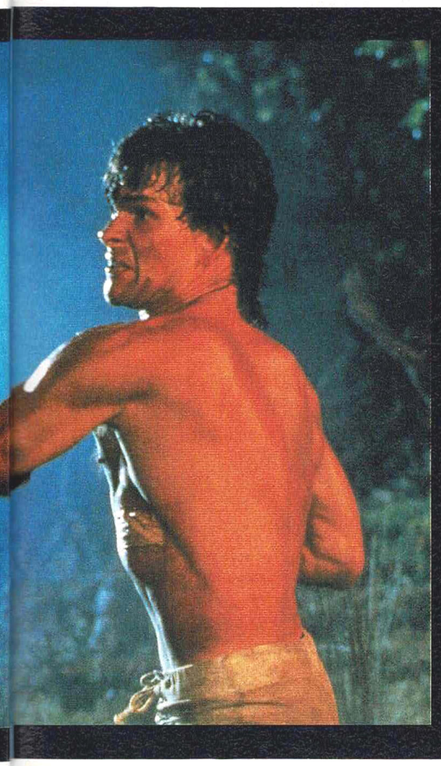
"With his expressionless face given the appearance of an inflated balloon by the shank of ponytail bobbing about at the nape of his neck," said the *London Evening Standard's* Alexander Walker, "he looks not so much directed as radio-controlled." Leonard Maltin's *TV Guide* is more terse: "His thesping makes Chuck Norris seem like Laurence Olivier."

PATRICK SWAYZE

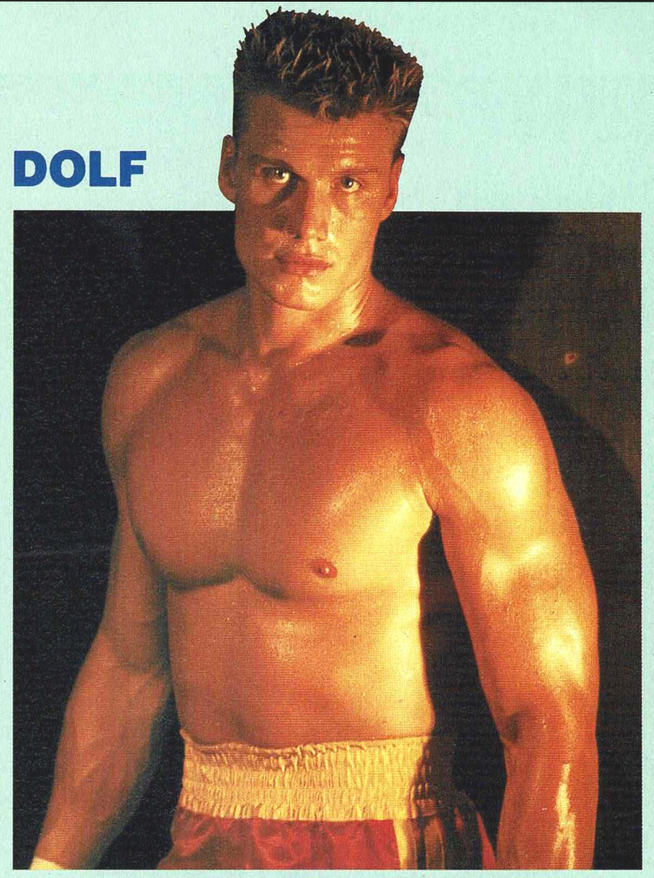
Though he's spent as much screen time stripped to the waist as Seagal or Van Damme, Patrick Swayze, unlike them, isn't reduced to tongue-tied horror by any line more complex than: "Eat shit, scum-bag!" Trained in movement from childhood by his mother, Swayze made his name as a dancer/actor in the 1987 sleeper *Dirty Dancing*, after which he shot to stardom in 1990 with another improbable hit, the romantic fantasy *Ghost*. But in between them, there's *Road House*.

If Oscars were awarded for beating nine kinds of crap out of your fellow man, the 1989 *Road House* would deserve a couple. Playing the world's ace disco bouncer, Swayze is summoned by old pal Sam Elliott to clean up a Missouri road house being bankrupted by local mogul Ben Gazzara. A karate master and New York University philosophy major, the guy's so deep into Buddhist meditation that he can endure having cuts sewn up without anaesthetic by the inevitable sexy blonde doctor (Kelly Lynch). In fact, he prefers it. He responds to Elliott's eventual murder with an orgy of violence that ends when he tears out the heart of Gazzara's head martial arts henchman with his bare hands. (You try it some time. Use a sheep.)

"Brain-dead yahoo fare," decried the critics of *Road House*, but Swayze, unswayed, is stripped off again this year for *Point Break*, in which he plays a super-surfer and Zen master, Bodhi, mixed up with cop Keanu Reeves in a series of Californian bank robberies.



DOLF LUNDGREN



The most massive of new action heroes, Lundgren is far from the most stupid. In fact his public pronouncements are tinged with a quality so alien it takes a while to identify it. Might it be . . . intelligence?

Lundgren won a chemical engineering degree in his native Sweden but fled from the academic life into acting. "A person can usually do only a few things in a lifetime. Acting is a way in which I can do it all," he says, not unreasonably. "As an actor I can switch more quickly from one part of my personality to another than I would in real life."

Whether Lundgren's first fleeting appearance as a KGB thug in the James Bond dud *A View To A Kill* required any change of personality is debatable. Even Roger Moore didn't feel his role demanded more shading than periodically changing his black dinner jacket for a white one.

Lundgren made a bigger impression in *Rocky IV* as the Russian super-boxer sent up against Sly Stallone. But since then it's been mostly downhill with *The Punisher* and *Dark Angel*, rip-offs from Schwarzenegger's *The Terminator*, each more witless than the last. On the other hand, as He-Man in *Masters Of The Universe*, his first big film following *Rocky IV*, he had the dubious honor of playing a character based on a toy. After that, anything is likely to look better.

"To be an athlete is also to be an actor," Lundgren says, but you know he doesn't believe it. Actors are made from fantasists, not jocks. As kids, they day-dreamed, put on garage shows, dressed up in their mother's clothes, while outside, the jocks bashed balls against a wall. Van Damme and Norris and Seagal are bad actors for the same reason that Bjorn Borg can't keep a business empire together. When other kids were going to drama school or business college, these guys were winning the world karate championship or the French Open.

Will any of the new crop of action men become real stars? Well, nothing's impossible. John Wayne played *Singing Sandy The Crooning Cowboy* in one of his early westerns, and among Clint Eastwood's less distinguished screen appearances was one in a rubber suit as *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*. If Mel Gibson can do a creditable Hamlet, maybe Rutger Hauer could play Macbeth. Inside black kung-fu star Fred Williamson there may be a great Othello. Hell, Hulk Hogan might one day take on King Lear — best of three falls, of course. In show business, you never know.

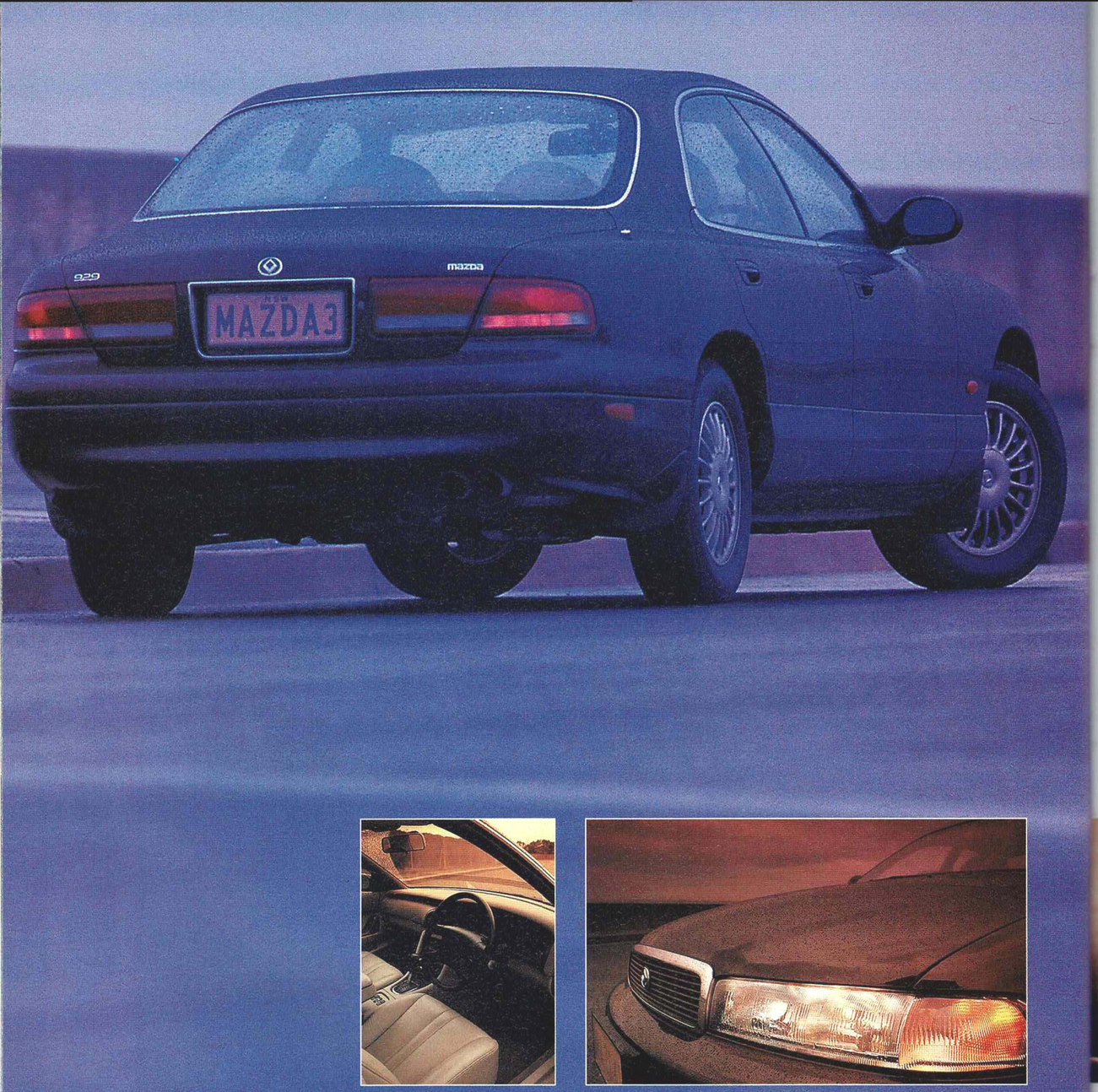
Jean Claude Van Damme certainly thinks he's going all the way. He told *The Independent*: "I want to compete with Robert De Niro, Jack Nicholson, that English guy who made that film about the king. . . [Kenneth Branagh, director-star of *Henry V*.] I want to have real acting stature — not just a car and a big cigar." Gosh, lots of luck, Jean Claude. But I wouldn't stop the weight training just yet.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

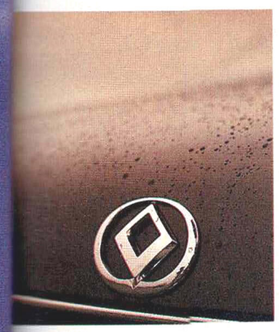
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN BRADLEY

Carolyn was bored. Her lover was out of town, tennis had been cancelled, and her friends were all busy. When the milk delivery arrived, Carolyn was surprised to see that old Joe the milkman had been replaced by somebody much more interesting. She invited him in for tea, and he accepted at once. He introduced himself as Harry, and explained that he was a struggling artist trying to make extra money by doing the milk rounds.

Carolyn looked at him and licked her lips. Then she slowly peeled off her shirt. Harry quickly got the idea, and stripped off his uniform. The two of them soon became entangled in a passionate knot of limbs and torsos. Carolyn breathed int Harry's ear that she hoped he'd be doin the milk run more often, now. Harry decided that he rather liked his new j



COOL CURVES



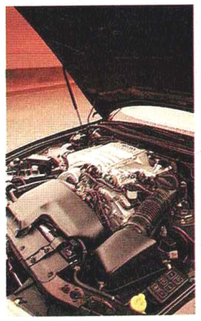
Just when we thought new cars — designed with due deference to the dictates of aerodynamicists — were beginning to take on a sameness of line, Mazda has pulled a stunner out of the hat. It's the anti-bland, the car that will not be ignored. The new Mazda 929 is surely destined to find a place in automobile history on the basis of its beautiful, yet distinctive, styling and at a more practical level, quite remarkable value.

Just as Toyota's Lexus LS 400 put the global car market on its ear in 1989, the Mazda flagship, too, is setting new benchmarks on several fronts in 1991.

Not so long ago Mazda was a name associated with the humble light globe. Today the same brand shines brightly as one of the most innovative and bold car makers on Earth.

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BURROWS



Mazda's new 929 marries hi-tech with radical chic

CURVES

What the arrival of the 929 has done is emphasise that Europe is no longer the sole source of stunning, individualistic, yet elegant design. Positive signs have been around for some time, of course, with delectably pretty cars such as the Nissan 300ZX. Of course, the Continental design studios such as Giugiaro, Pininfarina and Ghia will continue to be a creative bastion of style and grace. Now, though, they do not have an exclusive hold on the best in car design.

Mazda was one of the first Japanese car makers to break free of the crass, ornate, nickelodeon look predominant in the Sixties and Seventies. Its original RX-7 and the first front-drive 323 model, released more than a decade ago, were among the smarter cars of the early Eighties.

But of all the Japanese companies, Honda was viewed as the most innovative, right through until the end of the Eighties, by which time Toyota, Nissan and Mazda were all vigorously producing increasingly exciting cars.

Mazda's biggest surge has come recently, and in the wake of a serious ideological change at Hiroshima. Like many of the shrewder Japanese manufacturers, Mazda has established satellite research-and-development departments and styling studios offshore, in California and Germany, as it strives for an international look to its vehicles. Competition between the engineering and design teams at these centres and those at the other R&D bases in Hiroshima and Yokohama have helped push up the standards. It is not a quirk of good fortune that we've seen a series of striking designs wearing the Mazda badge recently — the latest 323, with its cute bobtailed hatch, the 121 rice-bubble on wheels, and now the 929.

The positive effects of the Mazda Innovation Program, put in place in 1988, are yet to be fully developed. With this program, the conservative old decision-by-committee strictures were replaced by a more daring philosophy. Individuals are now encouraged to stretch the outer limits of their imagination. Instead of impassive men in grey suits dominating the whole design and engineering process, more usual these days is a disparate collection of hip Japanese, usually with an American twang to their English, doing their own thing.

Mazda heavies are encouraging their design teams on three continents to be daring and even provocative in their work, but they also have a watching brief to ensure they don't go too far. Rad-chic goes only so far, particularly with buyers in the executive and luxury markets.

The Mazda 929 is a remarkably pretty car with a purity of line from any conceivable angle. Paradoxically, the designers have created a car obviously fresh in design and yet many people suggest it reminds them most of a Jaguar saloon, a machine not remotely in the avant-garde category. I have heard only fulsome praise for the 929's smooth, perfectly contoured sheet-metal. And yet Mazda believes that some conservatives, finding the styling too dynamic, will dislike it.

The wonder of the Mazda 929 is that its brilliance extends beyond its expressive, curvaceous appearance into some interesting technology. It is the world's first rear-wheel drive car with four-wheel steering.

Another world first is the solar ventilation system. When left standing outdoors, a solar panel of amorphous silicon cells in the glass sunroof converts sunlight into electricity, which in turn activates an air circulation system and provides fresh-air ventilation. The owner returns to a comfortably cool car. And when the air circulation system is not in use, the solar cells direct a trickle charge to the car's battery.

The engine, a development of the 3.0-litre, electronically fuel-injected, 24-valve, quad-cam V6, puts forth 140 KW of power and peak torque of 270 Nm.

Weighing-in at a heavy 1660 kgs, the Mazda doesn't punch out of corners like the quad-cam V8 of the Lexus LS 400, but acceleration is sufficient, particularly when the standard electronically-controlled dual-mode automatic transmission is dialled to power.

Mazda elected to use four-wheel steering because of the car's long wheelbase. The 4W steering, electronically controlled but hydraulically operated, is a boon to the agility and steering response of the big saloon. U-turns, lane changing and tight corners are easier to negotiate. At speeds below 35km/h the rear wheels steer in the opposite direction to the fronts; above that speed, they move in the same direction. Maximum steering angle of the rear wheels is a modest seven degrees.

The driver barely notices the double-ended steering which is really just one element in what is a very effective on-road package. The engineers have produced an excellent marriage of ride and handling; there is a suppleness but the car responds to the driver's every input. Again, comparisons with the Jaguar XJ6 are not entirely inappropriate. The 929 can be pushed very hard with no loss of composure. So good is the chassis that it doesn't need the last word in tyres. The 65-series Bridgestone Potenza tyres fitted to the alloy wheels feel more than adequate.

Brakes are big ventilated discs, reassuring considering the 929's size and weight.

Developed at a cost of 50 billion yen, or around $A500 million, the 929 is a thoroughly refined automobile and, by Australian standards, represents excellent value.

Even with its lavish array of equipment

Continued on page 144

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.

The Forbidden Fragrance

by Dana

Distributed by Frost Bland International.

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Big bad dick

My lover and I have been seeing each other for eight months and we've lived together for six of those eight. Our sex life is varied, sometimes including a third or fourth party. We both love each other dearly and are planning to have children (sooner rather than later).

The problem is that my lover's penis is too big in all dimensions and bows slightly like a banana. Almost every time we make love I feel pain, as it feels like it's rubbing the skin off in a certain part. It starts to sting and becomes very uncomfortable (we do use lots of lubrication).

My lover and I have tried various positions and then some. It hasn't made any difference. Most times tears start to come to my eyes and we have to stop. He ends up wanking himself to finish off, and I myself am still frustrated.

This problem is not a first for him as every girl he has been out with has left him for the same reason. He has never been in a relationship longer than 12 months. He is 28 years old and I am 24. I don't want to leave him either, as I love him too much.

Once I have had sex with him it always takes a couple of days to recuperate before I can try to have sex with him again. He has a very high sex drive and it hurts me to keep pushing him away.

We have had a foursome with a woman who has had a child and she seemed to handle him okay. If this is so, do you think having a child will help and what do we do during the time I fall pregnant and the nine months of being pregnant?

Whoa. Hold it. Brakes on. Stop. It seems to me that you are prepared to go to any lengths to satisfy this man, including subverting your own body (and the child) to his needs. Let me make it very clear to you that having a child (for whatever reason) is no solution to difficult sex; in fact, many women are completely disinterested in sex for anything up to a year after giving birth. I also don't think that an eight-month relationship (especially with a man who has a history of short relationships) is anywhere near long enough to start thinking about kids.

It's a pity you don't give some indication of just how large your lover's dick is, so that we have some idea of what you're dealing with. Most women, with the right sort of foreplay and encouragement, can accommodate an oversized penis. But the man at the other end of the dick has to be an especially considerate lover. He has to be gentle, and learn to control himself where smaller men might be able to pound away. I wonder about how considerate your lover really is. He has a "high sex drive", you say, and you obviously feel guilty about not being able to meet his demands. He's aware that sex is causing you distress, but he's still hassling you daily for it?

It can happen that fear of discomfort on the woman's part can cause the vagina to tense up and close up more tightly than would normally be the case, making intercourse even more difficult. At this point of your relationship, this might well be happening to you. The only way out of this is to learn to relax and enjoy sex again, and you can't do that without some serious cooperation from your lover.

You say in your letter that when intercourse is a problem, he wanks himself off and you remain frustrated. What about oral sex? Does it feature in your activities? If not, start thinking about it, because first, it's a solution to the immediate problem of frustration, and second, if penetration is so uncomfortable, why not concentrate exclusively on oral sex for the next few sessions? After a while, you might find yourself more ready to deal with his dick.

Girl trouble

I'm 21 and I have trouble talking to women. I don't go out much. I would like to meet a woman my age. If I see a woman I'm attracted to, I don't know what to say to her. I'm not very attractive and I guess that could be the reason.

Skill with women comes naturally to some men. The rest have to go out and learn it. Start with your self-confidence. What is it about yourself that you don't like? You can change it. And if you can't change it, you can compensate for it. Look at all the male movie stars who are considered sexy — most of them are pretty ordinary in sneakers. They've developed style, that's what. So if you've got a big nose, grow your hair and wear a hat. If you're skinny, head for the gym.

Women aren't that scary. But you have to go out to meet them, and you have to practise a bit. You won't hit it off with everyone you meet. Don't take it personally, just take a deep breath and head for the next one. No-one can do this for you and the longer you hide away the harder it will become.

If you're really having hassles, take up a hobby that involves other people your age — sailing, basketball, Scrabble or whatever. Then you'll have something in common with the women there, and it might not be so hard to get talking.

Nutcase

At the age of 28, and after many of those years happily masturbating at least once a day, I have tried a different method of arousal during my fist-fucking fury.

With an eight-inch circumcised cock that has had its fair share of workouts I needed an extra stimulus. Along with pegs on my nipples for a little pain, which is always exciting, I now like to tie up my balls and even give them a good stretching with weights and various other methods.

This technique has really sparked new life into my prolonged masturbation sessions, by which time the old nuts are quite blue and aching. The pleasure and orgasm is intense, even if I come two or three times.

My question is, can I do any damage to myself by masturbation of this type? I hope not as the feeling is unbelievable and I have told many of my broadminded friends of my methods, which they now use and enjoy.

Do you know how farmers castrate sheep? Or how eunuchs used to be castrated in the old days? A tight band is tied around the scrotum, cutting off the blood supply, so that the balls of the sheep/eunuch in question rot and drop off. If you are turning your balls blue by what you are doing to them, then you are cutting off the blood supply and are going some way towards castrating yourself. Just how much damage you ultimately do depends on how much and how severely you're doing this to yourself. Take care — you might find yourself with real problems further down the sexual track.

In the dark

I have a new girlfriend whom I like a lot. The problem is she's fat. I don't mind, because she's got lots of other things going for her and I like her body because it's hers, if you know what I mean. But she's completely hung up about it. She's always on weird diets that make her cranky, and she refuses to have the light on when we get into bed. She won't undress in front of me, and doesn't like me to see her body at all. She's a tiger in bed (in the dark) and we have a good time. But how can I convince her that her shape doesn't bother me? I'd like to have sex all over the place, not just in the dark.

Be patient. Unfortunately we live in a society in which women are under huge pressure to be physically perfect, and I've never met a woman yet who's totally satisfied with her body. Even Penthouse *Pets who come into this office looking dropdead gorgeous complain about being fat or that they don't like their knees or whatever. Overweight women go through all the levels of Dante's* Inferno *trying to redesign their bodies.*

It takes time to get to know someone, and no matter how much you tell her you like her body because it's hers, as you say, it will take her a while before she really believes you. Once she does, she might relax about her dieting, too. In the meantime, go for a compromise of candlelight. It's soft, flattering and very romantic.

Setbacks

I am a highly-sexed woman but I can only come if my clitoris is stimulated. So this happens a lot. Sometimes my boyfriend goes down and sometimes he rubs me off with a finger. The trouble is, this often causes bruising, which makes it very painful to pass urine. It also makes me want to go to the toilet more often (sometimes every ten minutes). What should I do?

Take a urine sample to your local GP. It sounds as though you're suffering from an infection known as cystitis, which affects the urethra as well as the bladder. It can cause the walls of the bladder to bleed and can be serious if you don't have it seen to. It usually requires a course of antibiotics to clear it up. Consult the GP on how to avoid it. You might ask your boyfriend to make sure his hands are clean before you have sex, and to perhaps not be quite so rough on your clit.

Groundwork

I'm single, but my friend Bill is married, and he and his wife have been good mates of mine for years. He goes away a lot, and I often accompany his wife to movies, etc. There's never been any question of my jumping her, as we all trust each other. But recently when he was away she came over for dinner and to watch a video. We smoked a joint and a little bit later she really came on to me. I hadn't been sleeping with anyone for a while and was incredibly turned on. We had a fantastic fuck.

I felt guilty the next morning, but she said that she'd been keen on me for ages, and had in fact suggested to Bill that we get into a threesome. She said he had agreed, and that he knew she was "laying the groundwork" while he was away. My problem is that I know him well and I just can't see him agreeing to such a thing. I don't know if she did suggest it, or if he has any idea that I fucked her. He appears to be oblivious, and there's been no mention of it since he came back. I feel uncomfortable and have been avoiding them, but I don't want to lose my friends. What do I do?

Difficult. She may just have invented the threesome explanation to cover herself in the sober light of morning. Or it may be true. Either way, it's up to them to initiate it.

You responded to Bill's wife before she said anything about threesomes. Okay, so she came on to you; dope is an aphrodisiac and you are only human. But once you've fucked your mate's wife, the friendship is going to shift gears one way or the other. Quite frankly, in this instance, I'd act as though nothing has happened for the time being, and see what transpires. Alternatively you could try to talk to her about it, if it keeps bothering you.

daredevil

"Girls just wanna have fun," grins Bianca West, 22, who considers herself a citizen of the world. "That's my motto. If it's not fun, don't do it. I've probably had more fun than most. I grew up wild and I suppose I've stayed that way. I was a tomboy — I'd do anything for a dare."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROL

Bianca has travelled all over the world, exploring. "I like the places that nobody else dares go. I've been to Africa and the Amazon and the Simpson Desert in Australia and they were all great. I like men who are exciting, too — men who will do anything for a lark. They've got to be good, to be better than me, though!"

HATE CRIMES

Continued from page 30

age. (Those responsible are still at large.)

Willey told of a shadowy associate of the ANM, the Australian Aryan Army, skinheads who were ready to do anything they were told by the ANM. On trial with Van Tongeren was their commander, John Van Blitterswyk, 30, a roof carpenter and diehard Nazi. The Holocaust — the murder of six million Jews by Hitler's regime — was just another Jewish lie, he asserted at one stage under cross-examination.

"What about the well-documented Nazi death camps?" asked an astounded Crown Prosecutor.

"I know for a fact they didn't happen," Van Blitterswyk maintained.

His de facto wife, Judy, was on trial too, and was convicted as an accessory. She was released on a bond to look after her children. None of the skinheads stood trial.

Willey said the ultimate aim of the ANM was to seize political power in Australia by fanning local anti-Asian feeling into race riots and chaos on the streets. The idea was to create a climate of social chaos, clearing the way for an armed coup by the neo-Nazis.

"The anti-Asian thing was just a topical issue. Underlying that was anything non-Aryan, not of the Teutonic race. That included, most certainly, Jewish people — and most certainly Aborigines."

Surprisingly, the ANM accused were polite as they cross-examined Willey: "What makes me a neo-Nazi?" asked one, another Vietnam veteran.

"You are a willing participant in a group led by a known lover of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism. You yourself are a particular lover of Adolf Hitler." The Vietnam veteran did not deny it.

The enigmatic Van Tongeren was absent for most of his trial, medically unfit from a self-imposed hunger strike. He recovered in time to make a last stand in the dock, pale and drawn but radiating fury. "Damn your rotten laws — Australia for ever!" he shouted, giving a raised-arm fascist salute as he was led away. Earlier, he was allowed to hurl 25 minutes of invective at the Judge, Crown Counsel, police, media, politicians and big business.

"I arrogantly consider myself a better man than the people who judge me. My life is at the service of my nation and my people. I will not grovel. If I die in a cell, so be it. I must stand by my principles as an Australian soldier."

"You waged a guerilla war against the public. You provided the obsessional impetus that drove a group of people into acts of terrorism and major crime," said the Judge, Kevin Hammond, observing the "mesmerising influence" Van Tongeren exerted over his group.

They were tried for their crimes, not their politics, as the Judge made it clear in the court. They were breaking no laws when they incited fellow Australians to racial hatred. Ironically, though, their very public racist campaign led to tough new anti-racism laws in WA.

With his five followers, Van Tongeren was convicted of a total of 158 charges including arson, breaking and entering and criminal conspiracy to cause terror to Asians. The men all claimed they were political prisoners, victims of a miscarriage of justice, true Aussie patriots. If Van Tongeren is a model prisoner, he will be a free man in 11 years, ready to take up his cause again.

After giving his evidence, Willey was granted an indemnity from prosecution by the WA Attorney General's office and whisked away to his new home under police escort. He has no regrets about turning supergrass. "I did the public a big service. If it hadn't been for me, the ANM might still be terrorising the community."

Willey admits he still respects the charismatic Jack Van Tongeren, now revered as a martyred hero throughout the neo-Nazi movement. "Free Jack," said graffiti around Perth soon after his arrest.

ANM members presented themselves as a group of desperate Aussie patriots fighting for an all-white Australia, yet their

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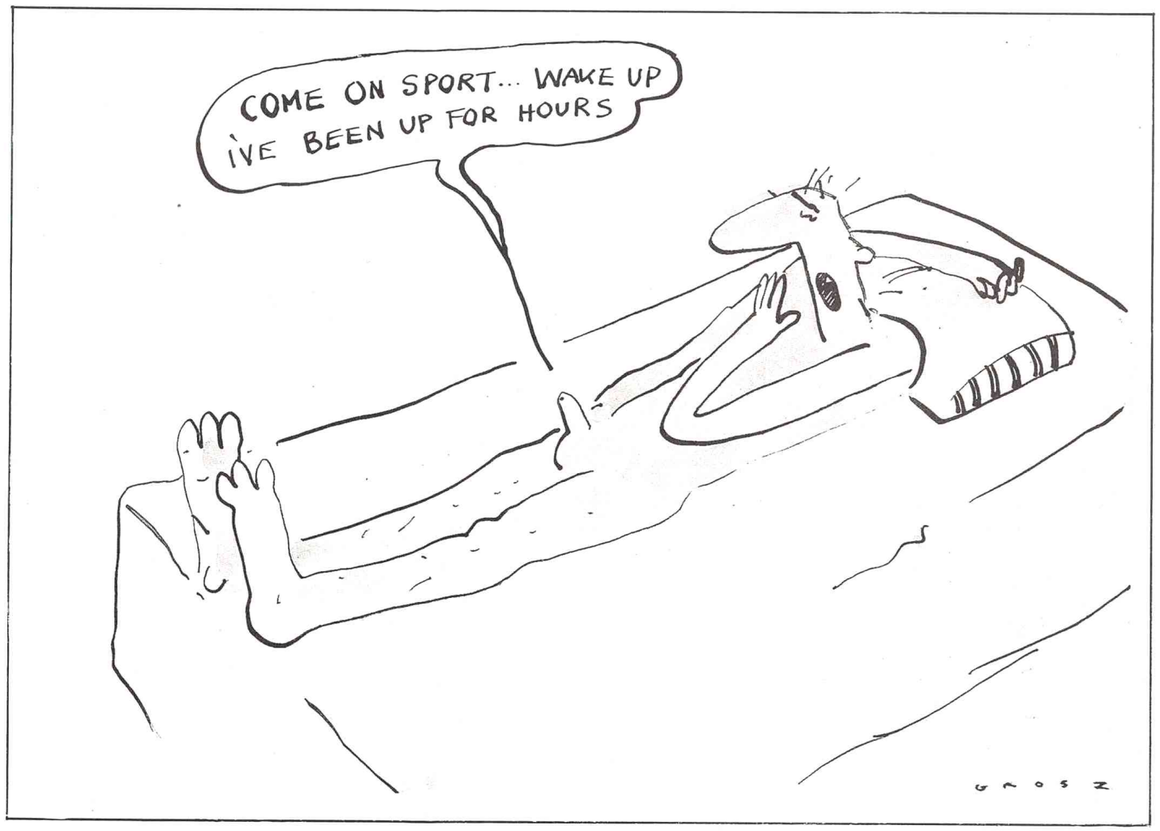

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DANGEROUS LIVES

Through their occupations, some people choose to face death daily.

BY BRONWYN PHILLIPS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM SHELDON

Apart from the unlikely possibility of dying from boredom, most of us won't die from work. But there are those who do face danger every day at work and 500 will die this year. Ninety-three percent of those who die at work are men; most likely from a head or brain injury and least likely from poisoning. Over a third of deaths are caused by a moving object. In five percent of cases, the body is never found. There are no real surprises in the dangerous occupations hit parade. Top of the list is mining, then transport; farming and fishing; followed by laboring and construction; firemen; ambulancemen and policemen. Those who regularly put their lives on the line are usually divorced. There's a high rate of burn-out in these jobs.

Why would anyone choose the dangerous life? It's not for the fame and glory — just ask the fisherman or the fire-fighter. Neither is it for the money.

For Tony Gasser, lion trainer with Silver's Magic Circus, it's his destiny. Sixth generation circus, Tony has the scars to prove that his lions are more than oversized pussy cats. Consider changing jobs? Ask a leopard to change its spots.

In a recession, many jobs look better than they otherwise would. Luke Hare, a member of the elite Malabar Emergency Unit, available 24 hours a day to troubleshoot in any of the state's prisons, had been retrenched five times before he joined Corrective Services.

The crane dogmans's job can include riding a sling high above the city's building sites, a practice so dangerous that the building industry is phasing it out. But John Burns still has five kids to feed.

So if the most dangerous risk you've taken lately was having egg and mayonnaise on a prawn roll and risking a cholesterol explosion, you may care to see just how the other half live — or, more accurately, how they're likely to die.

ZANDRA GRAVES
STUNTWOMAN

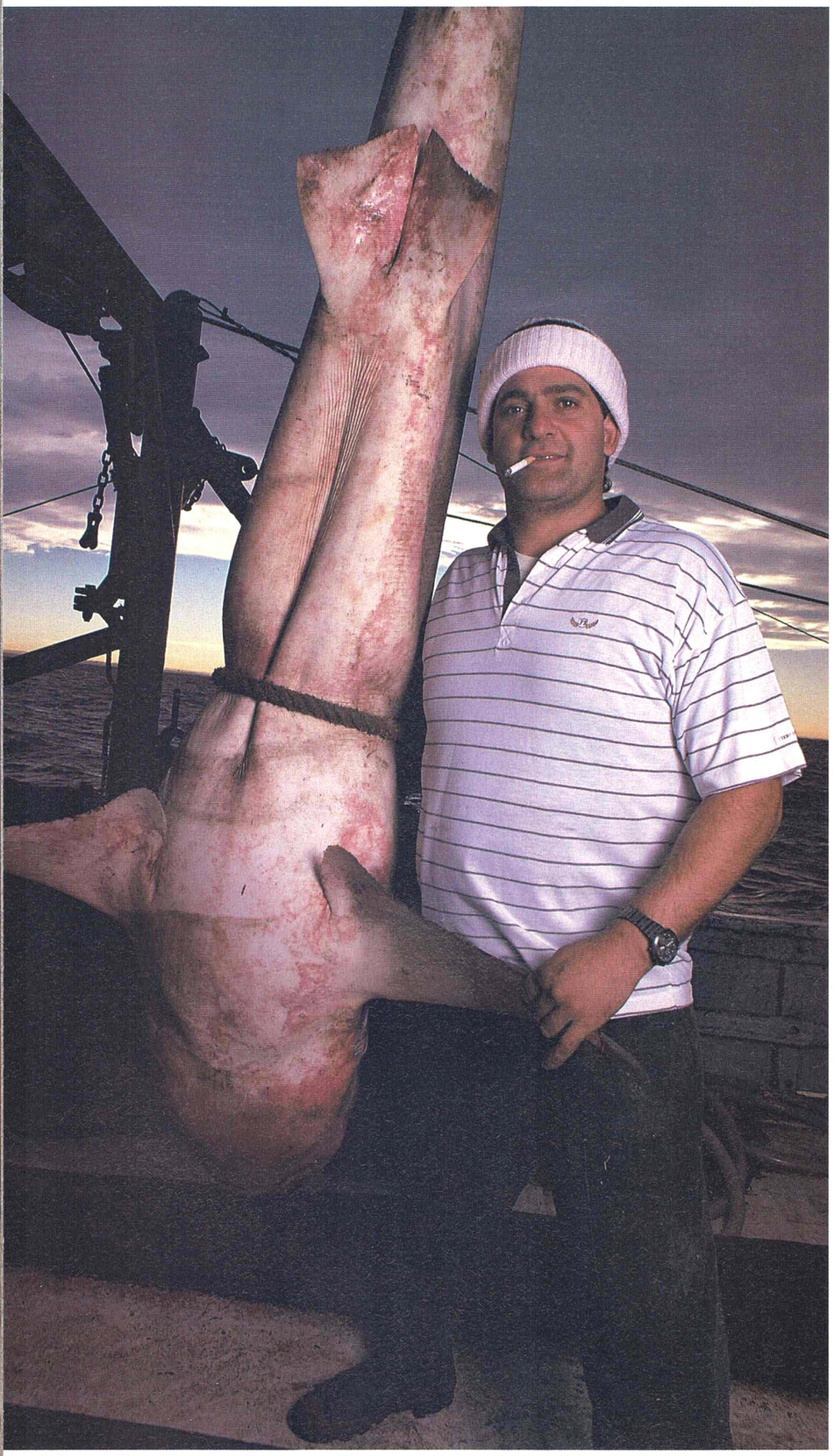
"The most dramatic stunt I've done was a commercial. In Chinatown. I was in a karate lesson where I had to turn into an assassin and attack the teacher. He goes on to his back, lifts his leg up and as I charge at him he catapults me through a window two storeys up. The roof came down and curled in that Asian way, six feet out from the wall. I had to go out of the window, roll down that roof, fall off the roof and down on to a table with all these actors sitting around eating Chinese food.

"I haven't said no to stunts. If people are afraid of something, they shouldn't do it. Fear is the most debilitating thing a stunt person can suffer. I don't feel fear, more a heightened sense of anticipation. People have accidents if they pull back or hesitate.

"I was 30 when I first started doing stunts, which is fairly late. I'm 40 now. It was great to develop so much physical expertise without being particularly strong or physically fit.

"It's not a great career for people. I'd discourage them. I wouldn't say outright, 'look, forget about it', but I'd tell them all the areas that they have to have expertise and competence in — basically anything you can get a licence for or do that is physically orientated.

"I've never been seriously injured. I had a close call with some fire, but you've always got people on hand to put you out if something arises. But even the most cautious person can have terrible accidents. Whenever things happen, they're almost never in a stunt situation but on the periphery."



PAUL BAGNATO
PROFESSIONAL FISHERMAN

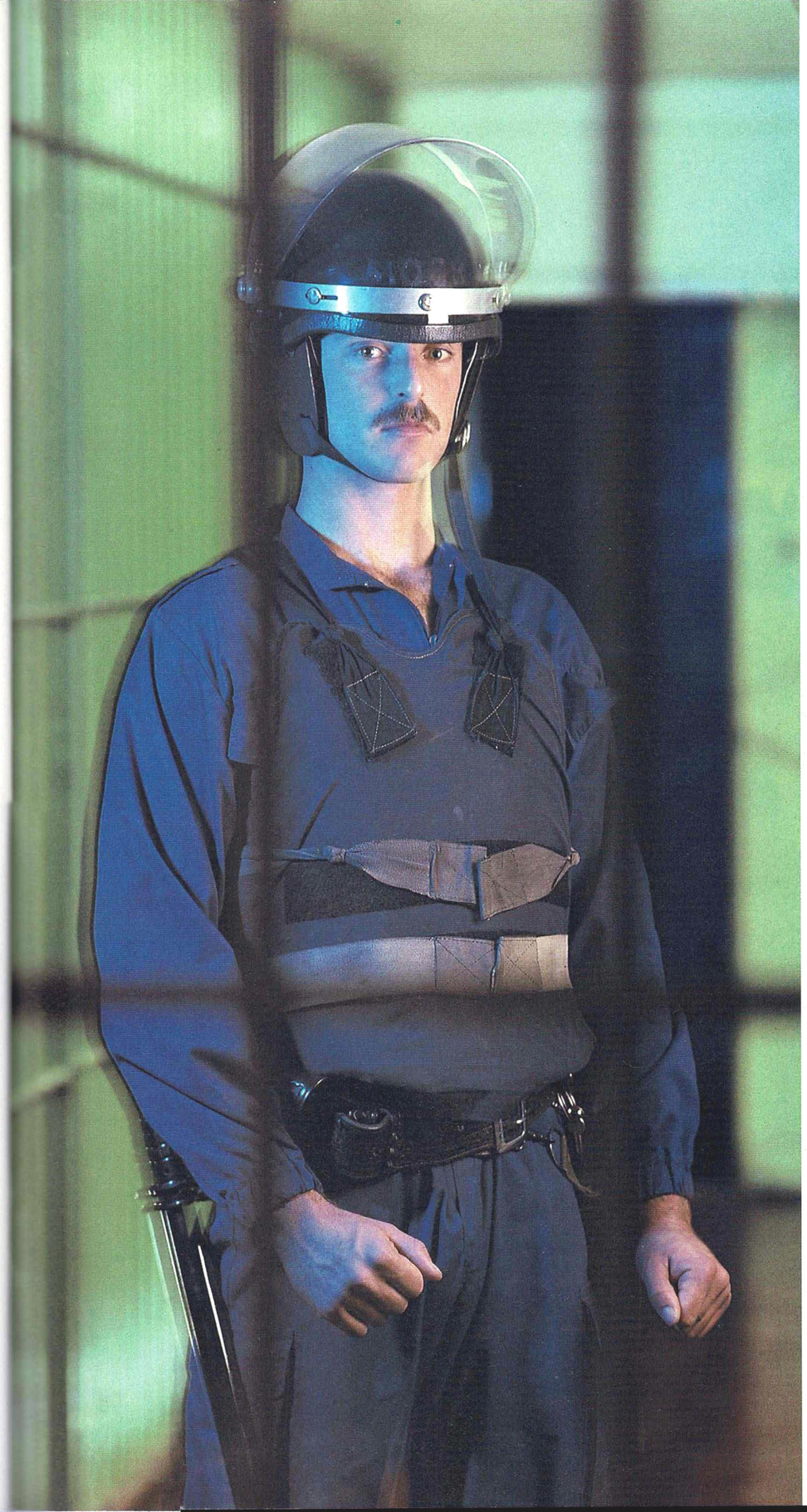
"One time we were coming in from the shelf in a three to four-metre swell and 25 knots of wind. First we flipped to port, then it got us on the starboard side. It took the boat about 30 seconds to recover. We were leaning on the side with half the deck under the water. It was touch and go. I felt pretty scared, but you try not to show any sign of fear. In our minds, we all knew that it was dangerous.

"Sharks can be dangerous on board. They'll have a good go at you. I don't think they can see you but they can smell. Wobbegongs have got a lock jaw, like a bull terrier. They just lock the jaw and mangle. We get sea snakes and blue-ringed octopus in the nets, and you can't always see them. If you've got a tonne of fish, the snake could be in the middle and if, all of a sudden, one pops up, you've got to be pretty quick.

"If you lose an arm or break a limb, you can't get assistance out at sea for a few hours. If you're losing a lot of blood, I doubt you'd survive.

"We've been out in 110-kilometre winds and about a six-metre swell at night. An experienced fisherman, he'll probably get home, if there's no mechanical failure. But if there is, then you're in big trouble.

"Why do we do it? It's in our blood. I started working when I was ten. But today I know better and my kids are absolutely not going to be fishermen. The fishing life is a miserable life. Why do I do it? Because I love it. But if I was reborn and I knew what I know now, I would never be a fisherman."



LUKE HARE
PRISON OFFICER, MALABAR EMERGENCY UNIT

"My duty is to respond to anything that may happen in any prison within the state. Assaults, hostage situations, riots, barricaded wings or cells, sexual assaults, murders, suicides.

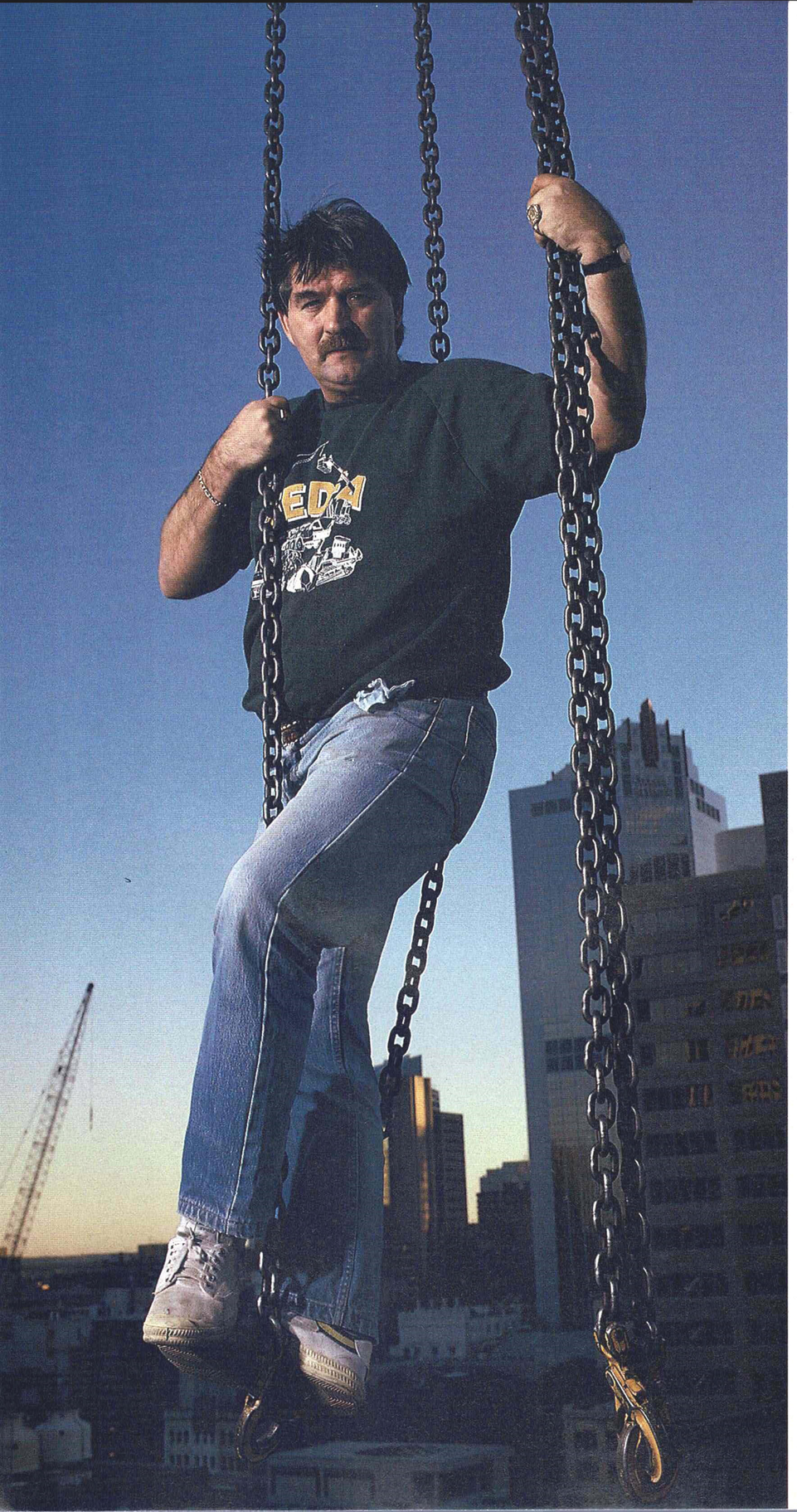
"Even searching prisoners and cells is dangerous because you're always aware of the danger the prisoner can impose on you and articles in the cell. They can make a weapon out of anything. A big fear is being cut off from the rest of the team because there would be more retaliation from a prisoner on a member of the MEU.

"You've got certain gear at the ready . . . helmet, gas mask, shield, baton, handcuffs, maybe a penknife. We're not allowed to carry guns. You become a target if you have a gun. Bad security. We don't carry rounds in the jail. If we lose one, a prisoner can make a gun. It's very easy to make a gun inside a jail.

"I couldn't see another Bathurst riot happening again, like 1976. Those days are gone. The jail wasn't in control. Losing control is a big fear, but with chemical weapons, you regain control. When we search, we look for anything. Anything that can be a potential threat to anyone. Prisoner or prison officer.

"The prisoners hate us. They hate the MEU. I turn that hate around and use it as my weapon. I'm above their level. I'm a professional. I'm on the right side of the law, they are on the wrong side.

"I enjoy what I do. The MEU is a prestige job within the department but I try not to carry that outside the job. I try to be just one of the boys."



JOHN BURNS

CRANE DOGMAN

"We ride loads, if we're putting up hoists. I get a real buzz out of that. I feel fantastic going up there. A real natural high.

"They started to phase out riding the loads about six years ago. I miss riding the load.

"We lost one bloke three years ago. He was on a semi-load of structural steel, just about to hook up a load, when the stage shifted. He fell on to the hoarding and the steel fell on top of him.

"Up in Brisbane they had these synthetic slings which looked all right, and the dogmen were sending up panels on them. One of the slings broke and the panels came down and killed three people on the street. We're safety conscious all the time, but accidents still happen.

"We have problems with the traffic. We had one bloke very badly hurt when he got up on top of a truck to lift a table form and a furniture truck came along and caught the end of it. It hit him in the chest.

"There are about 70 blokes working on the site at the moment. Just look out there now — we're lifting steel and it's going over everybody's heads. Rigging, dogging and scaffolding — they're all pretty dangerous. You've got to be confident. A good criterion is if you sling a thing, would you ride on it?

"The dogman's got a bit of a Rambo image, sailing around in the air. But we're trying to get away from all that. I went for a ride on the sling up there, but that was just for the photograph and all done under controlled conditions. If you could stress that, because otherwise you'd get me in strife."

MAX WILSON

SENIOR FIREFIGHTER

"Chemical fires are the most dangerous, because you don't know what you're dealing with. You can get to a job and if there's no-one there who knows what's in it, anything can happen.

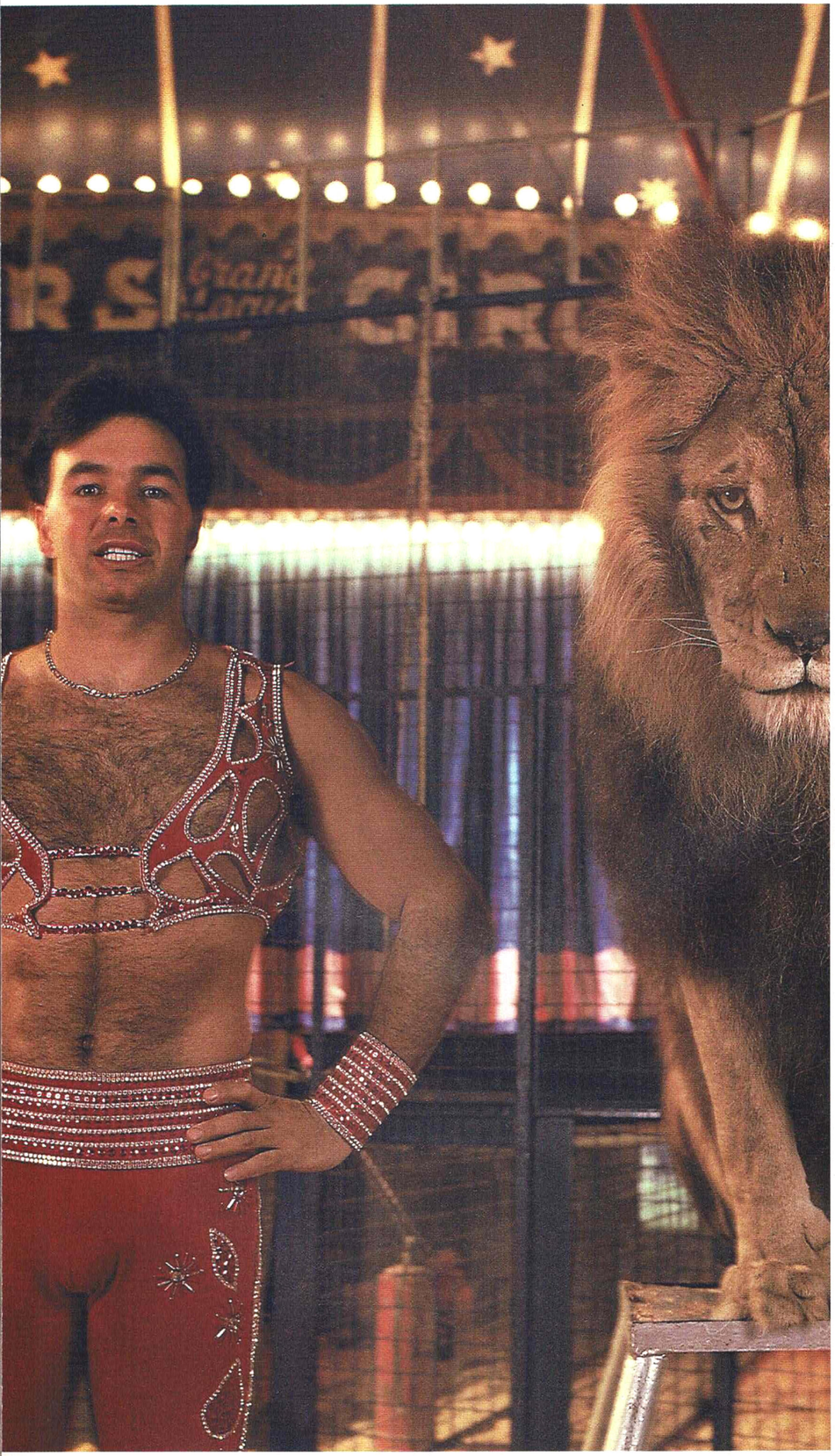
"The last really big one we had was the Boral fire last year. That was really frightening. We were the second crew there. As we got there, this big LPG gas tank was just whistling — the release valve was going, getting louder and louder. The boss said: 'Come on. fellas, we've got to get out of here.' We only just got out in time when it went. It was the most spectacular sight I've ever seen. Huge mushroom. It was like an atomic bomb.

"That was the most frightening. Probably the closest I've ever come to death.

"I attended a head-on between a woman and three kids and a Mini Minor with five teenagers. There were bodies all over the place. You look at it and . . . it's your job. You can't run away and hide or vomit. You get it out of your mind and get on with it. Try to help the ones who are still alive.

"I've seen a lot of burnt bodies. Seeing a burnt body is worse than seeing blood and guts. Really weird. I saw an old lady and her face was smooth. She should have been all wrinkled, but because of the heat, the skin just expands.

"You feel better within yourself when you save someone's life. They send you things in the mail, they ring you up. They love you. Kids always wave to you when they see you. That's the best thing. You never see kids waving at the cops."



TONY GASSER
LION TRAINER, SILVER'S MAGIC CIRCUS

"We don't sedate our animals. And when people see the act, they can see that they are very, very active. Not docile at all.

"You usually watch the females more, but in my act you have to watch the male because when mating season is on, the male gets very cranky, jealous.

"When I started, I was clawed. Claws are much more dangerous than teeth because they swipe so fast. Even if they don't mean to, if it just happens to hook on you then it'll rip you open.

"It's good that it happened because it made me more careful. I know what they can do. They can do plenty. I've seen some people hurt pretty bad.

"During mating season, I've had moments I've thought things were getting out of control. The male . . . he gets very aggressive and very hard to control. If I know which girl is in season and if she's out of the ring, he's usually fine. But you don't always know these things.

"Some nights you get stuck in there. He gets very aggressive. He'll come really close. If that happens and I'm in the ring with the lions and one's in season, I stay away from her.

"They don't know what we taste like. It's not as if they want to eat us. Most lion trainers who have been attacked have been mauled, not eaten.

"When a lion trainer has been mauled, it's usually by his favorite pet. Because there is no respect. You raise them and play with them, and they push you around. And they push you and they smack you. There is no respect there. In a way, wild animals are much more predictable."

TIM BRISTOW
CONSULTANT

"After I left the force, I worked as a private eye for years. It was a challenge and the money was good — and I needed to [work as a private eye], for self preservation. I went everywhere, worked overseas. I worked on one job, tied up with Nugan Hand. A bloke was hired to kill me but he had 'bad luck.' Ended up being killed in jail.

"Three blokes were hired to kill me and they came down to the Newport Hotel to shoot me, and the three of them had 'bad luck.' I'm fortunate in that all my enemies have had 'bad luck.' I've never pulled the trigger on any of them.

"The people who got me to do the biggest jobs had the lowest morals. They'd be inclined to do something about me because I knew so much about their backgrounds . Being in a position to expose someone makes you vulnerable. They can hire killers, and killers from overseas come in and out of this country undetected.

"Years ago I was worried about it. Today my attitude is completely different. I use my brains to the best of my ability. Vary things tremendously, but there's no point being a wimp about it.

"The biggest fear I have is of the police because they have a licence to kill you.

"This bloke, high up in the force, came to me for protection. Because he was frightened he'd be shot by one of his colleagues. There are more rogues and crooks in the police force [than anywhere else].

"I could belt everyone in this country from the age of 18. I'm 60. An old man, a has-been."

HATE CRIMES

Continued from page 100

crusade curiously resembled a similar campaign of racial terror on the US West Coast.

Van Tongeren grew up in Melbourne but moved to Perth to found the ANM in 1985, about the same time the US West Coast was swept by a racist crime wave. Responsibility was claimed by right-wing extremists in the name of an "Aryan nation." In a public "declaration of war" made via the media, they asserted their Aryan right to rule the world, saying they would no longer accept the tyranny of Tel Aviv and its lackeys in Washington.

Like the ANM, their stated aim was violent revolution against the US Government — they called it the "Zionist Occupation Government" or ZOG, the same phrase used in *The Turner Diaries*. Death targets named by the mysterious US group included US Congress members, judges, journalists, police officers and business people. The next 12 months saw a spectacular run of racist outrages — murders, armed robberies, arsons and a synagogue bombing.

The murder victims included policemen and Jewish radio journalist Alan Berg, an outspoken critic of the racist Right. After a massive police investigation, ten members of a neo-Nazi group called "The Order" were convicted and put away for long jail terms — 100 years for the leader, Bruce Pierce.

"The Order" was a name taken directly from *The Turner Diaries*. Within a year or so, Van Tongeren was acting out the same bizarre scenario and handing out the book to his disciples.

Russell Willey has not taken a copy of the book away with him. He doesn't care if he never sees it again. As for his own philosophy: "I love life. I love the earth and everything on it. I am of the old school, however, that firmly believes Australia is for white Europeans."

As for his new existence, he is careful not to tell lies that might be uncovered. "I am a completely different person, because I can't talk about anything Russell Willey used to do. It's a strange thing, hard to get used to."

Returning to Australia is a distant dream. "People will forget, as years go by, about the ANM, but those men inside jail will never forget. I dream of returning some day but I know I'm fooling myself. I can never return, because of the enormity of the thing I've done.

"I can never reveal my cover at all to my next female partner, even if we marry. It is a strange experience knowing this. I can never tell her about what I was really like as a person. I can't tell her things about my family. It's going to be a big learning experience for me. If I told a girlfriend and the relationship broke down, I would have to move again and take on a new identity: it's just not a viable proposition."

There are times when Willey dreams his old mates are coming to kill him with a knife. He tries not to think about the dead David Locke, murdered before he could betray the ANM. Even case-hardened policemen were shocked by the savagery of his killers, who are now serving "strict life" jail terms — 20 years each. At their trial the court was told how Locke was lured to a lonely park by two ANM supporters, William Patrick Monaghan, 21, and Wayne Robert Napier, 24, both furniture removalists.

They believed Locke was responsible for Van Tongeren's arrest. When he tried to escape, he was felled by a rugby tackle. Then both men attacked him with iron bars, breaking most of the bones in his face before bashing him with a tree branch. Finally they cut his throat — twice — before throwing his body in the river.

"I laugh at the 20 years they're serving now. They deserve every stinking year of it," says Willey. "Locke was innocent, just a 22-year-old kid. He hardly had anything to do with the ANM. He was unlucky. I've been so lucky."

As for Jack Van Tongeren, Willey says he'll never forget him: "I will always respect him for his dedication to his cause and his loyalty to his mates."

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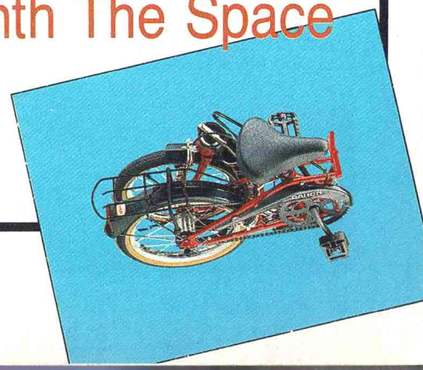

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hard road

Continued from page 56

biggest setback of her career was lurking. It was during the 1987 Australian Marathon, which was also a qualifying trial for the Olympics.

"Half-way through the race, some guy I'd never seen before jumped on to the track and started running alongside me," she recalls, still pained by the memory of what happened next. "I won the race in Olympic qualifying time (2.37) and the $10,000 purse. But the Australian Athletics Union decided this man had illegally paced me. They stripped me of my victory and money and barred me from competing in the Olympics."

The Olympic women's marathon was run and won without Ruckle's presence. She wept as she watched the race on television in her tiny Mosman flat. It was the lowest moment of her life, although her honor was restored when a court upheld her appeal against the disqualification. Ruckle regained her title, but had been robbed of her first crack at Olympic gold. "Initially I wanted to give it all up. But in the long run it made me stronger. It gave me the kick in the bum I needed."

By now Ruckle was living and training at the Australian Institute of Sport in Canberra in the build-up for the 1990 Auckland Commonwealth Games. A build-up that was far from ideal. She was suffering emotional stress from a stormy new relationship, and was plagued with recurring ankle and foot injuries requiring constant cortisone injections. And all this just a week before her Games' qualifying run. She failed to make the cut, but this time fate was on her side. Johnston pleaded with officials and reminded them of the horrible mistake they'd made leaving Ruckle out of the Olympic squad. They relented just 24 hours before the team departed for Auckland.

Two days before the race Ruckle was persuaded to see a local chiropractor who claimed he could cure a minor back ailment and make her run 30 percent better. All he managed to do was pinch a nerve and leave her virtually crippled. Despite intense physiotherapy from the Australian medical team, she could only lie in agony on her stomach, unable to even walk to the door.

Race day, and she was only marginally better. But Ruckle had the right stuff. "When I got to the starting line I thought: 'This is what it's all about. If I have to crawl this bloody race, I'll do it." Everyone was shaking their heads in disbelief.

Despite the pain, Ruckle managed to run with the main pack, although arch-rival Martin-Ondieki had already broken away from the field. The further the race went, the more Ruckle accepted the pain; it became her constant companion, daring her to go on with it. At the 15km mark, with almost two-thirds still to run, Ruckle took up that dare, gritted her teeth, confronted her agony and burst clear of the main pack in hot pursuit of the tearaway Martin-Ondieki. She never did catch the leader, but Ruckle ran the race of her life to claim the silver medal and the heart of a world-wide audience.

Who can forget the emotion of the moment, seeing the courageous battler stagger across the finish line and flashing a smile as wide as the Sydney Heads as her tortured body finally gave out. Fittingly, she collapsed into the arms of the man who started it all — her best mate, Stan Johnston.

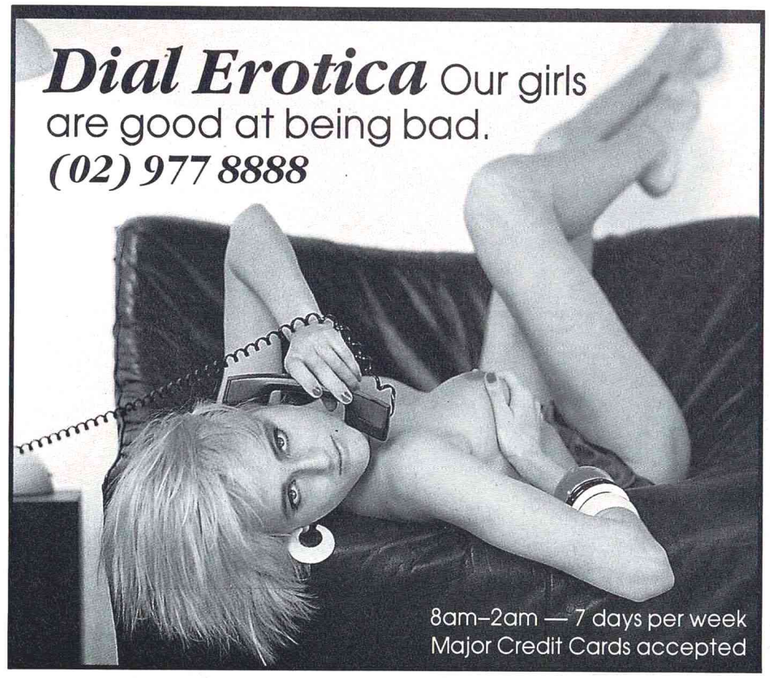
It was the first time in history that Australians had claimed the quinella in an international marathon. "I ran that race for my country and Stan as much as for myself," she reflects with pride.

Since that heady day almost two years ago, things haven't gone quite according to plan. Although pre-selected to go to the prestigious Tokyo World Championships in August after a gutsy third placing in the national 10,000m final earlier this year, injuries and illness prevented her from attending. Recurrent bouts of bronchitis developed into pleurisy, and when she had to go to hospital after a particularly bad coughing fit gave her chest pains, she discovered that not only did she have three fractured ribs (a legacy of the coughing fit) but inflammation of the heart as well. It turned out she'd somehow picked up a viral infection of the heart, a nasty known as viral pericarditis, which was so serious she had to give up training completely and rest up for two months. Once again, Ruckle had to watch a major international athletics meet on television.

However, by mid-August Ruckle was back in the gym doing light workouts, her sights set on competing in the Osaka Women's Marathon on January 31 next year.

To qualify for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics she has to break two hours 35 minutes in the race, but to be sure of her place in the Australian team she's aiming for a sub-2.30 time. Ruckle is confident of making the Olympic squad, but reckons she'll have to wait until the 1996 Games in Atlanta before she's good enough to take the gold. As far as Ruckle is concerned, her career has only just begun. "I'm still only a babe at this game. I've only been doing it for five years. I probably won't peak for another five."

Ruckle's determination to succeed as an athlete has condemned her to a life of making ends meet. She lives on the $250 she earns at the gym for seven days work, and has to pay $155 of that on rent. "It's a tough lifestyle, but I never expected it would be easy. I don't go out to lavish dinners or have an extravagant lifestyle — most of my possessions I've either won from races or have had donated to me by friends. You know, I'm almost 30 and I've never driven a car let alone owned one, or even been out with a guy who's owned one." Thankfully, her life is made a little easier thanks to her two sponsors — Golden Harvest, which provides all her vitamins, and local sporting goods manufacturer Saucony, which provides her entire running kit. And as success comes her way, the future should be less financially constrained.



EASY LIVING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Shauna Oaks first appeared in *Australian Penthouse* a year ago as a dreamy 19-year-old. It was her first major assignment as a model. "I was really nervous, then," she smiles, "but I've since done quite a lot of modelling work. I'm not about to quit my other career, but modelling definitely helps my bank balance."

Shauna has concentrated on nude work. " I really enjoy it. I don't have any hang-ups about people seeing my intimate self. I'm proud of my body. If it was all I did, maybe I'd worry about the future. But I have a very full life, and this is just one facet of it."

Shauna has met all sorts of people in the course of the year. "People in the modelling world are very rushed," she says, "and I like to take it slow. I still prefer the more rugged, outdoor men that I know than those sleek city workout boys. Still, it's good to look around, isn't it?"

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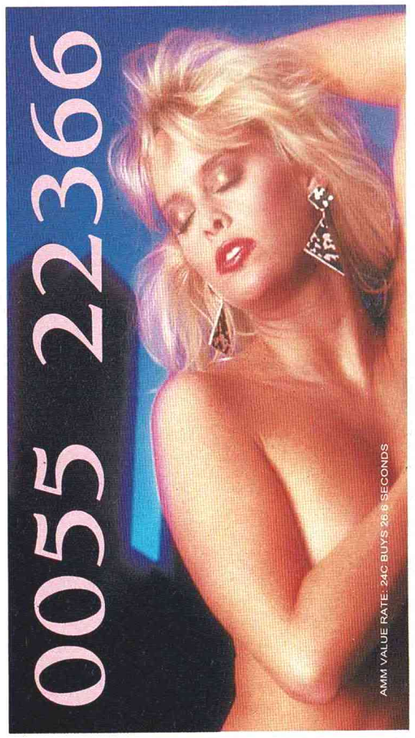
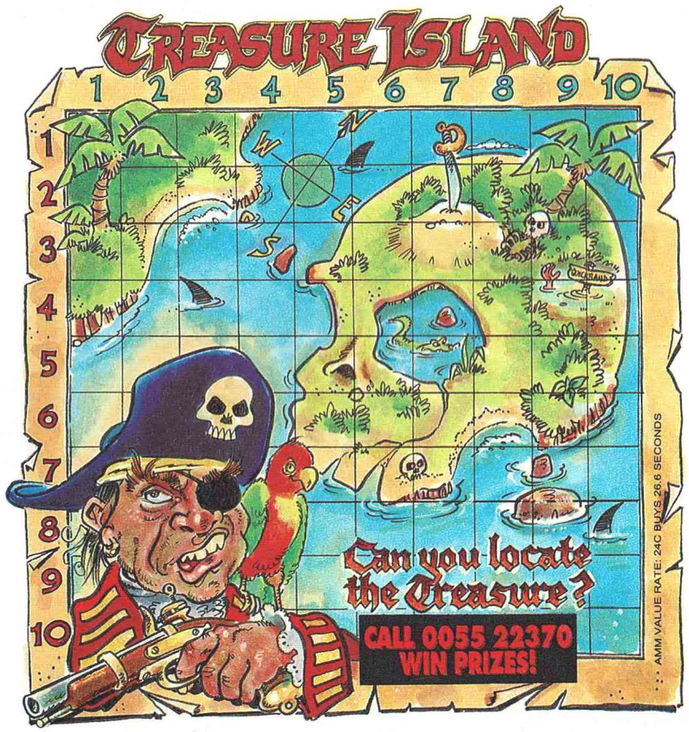




the body english

Rick had chosen to spend a year studying in London. He was enamored of all things English, from Shakespeare and the Beatles to fish and chips. But coming from the American Midwest, he was unprepared for the cultural diversity of the British capital. Nor was he prepared for Sharon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

Believing there to be a popular American misconception that English women weren't exactly hot-blooded, Sharon sought to set Rick straight. He was impressed with her vast, rural beauty — the soft, rolling hills; the verdant forests, dense and mysterious; the rugged shoreline . . . Sharon was equally taken with Rick's own landscape.

LAUGHTER AND LUST

Joe Jackson bravely announced "I'm a long way from doing my best work" on the release of his latest bout of *Laughter & Lust* (Virgin). Terminal cynics would agree, saying that 1991 was indeed a long way from 1978 when he proclaimed the need to *Look Sharp*. He has gone through several transformations since, most notably the parting of ways from his original recording and touring comrades who went "Beat Crazy." His jazz/Latin tendencies have flourished since, but his self-deprecating, sardonic sense of humor (often diluted but never denied) has perhaps been the most consistently potent thread in his musical fabric. This latest album shows that he still has the urge to laugh and love — or at least, sing about it. "There goes . . . another happy couple on the road to emptiness . . . I blame the old songs filling hearts with rebellion and romance . . . all we had to do was dance." Jackson offers no such easy solutions. He's prepared to call a shovel a primitive but effective agricultural implement, and in the process has found some of the more direct energy of his earlier songs.

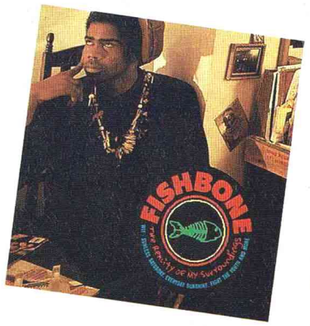
It seemed that for a while Greedy Smith was penning Mental As Anything's more radio-friendly songs. With that project in abeyance, brothers Peter and Chris (aka Reg Mombasa) O'Doherty decided to blow their own **Dog Trumpet** and claim sibling rights to *Two Heads One Brain* (Regular). They both give vent to their gentle, absurdist realities with Reg's mind wandering the furthest for inspiration. There are no credited collaborations in terms of writing and no sooner has Pete gotten the album off to a tasteful start with his romping love song "Jean" than in chimes Reg with "I am the lord of the apes" for the history lesson "Fool Moon." Those familiar with the Mentals' simply-outlined pop will not be flabbergasted by Reg and Pete's chosen musical form and most of their eccentricities come out in the lyrics.

Pop music may have jumped willingly into the techno age, but it was probably given a little push in 1975 by those pioneering sons of Dusseldorf, **Kraftwerk**. Having converted their studio/workshop Kling Klang to digital a few years ago, one project has been to rerecord and remix the older Kraftwerk classics using modern samplers and devices to replace their old analogue sound sources dating from BC (Before Computerisation). *The Mix* (EMI) is the result and those long, dreamy ramblings are faithfully recreated, including some of the most unabashed robo-pop of all time, like "Autobahn", "(We are) The Robots" and "Pocket Calculator."

Also extolling the virtues of an appliance is Dieter Meier, from those Swiss watchers **Yello**, who froths at the mouth about "the blender for the next millennium" in the demanding — if not exactly cute — *Baby* (Phonogram). The division of labor in this duo is quite distinct. Super spiv Boris Blank manipulates and programs the music while the slightly more amazed-looking Dieter adds the conspiratorial sung/spoken content. Here accordion, guitar and some vocals and percussion have their origins in outside flesh and blood. A regular, Mr Beat Ash, provides rippling hand drums to the manic mambo, tribal chants and insistent brass riffs of "On The Run." It's not all aimed at the feet, as in "Drive/Driven" with its wistful European cabaret accordion and smoky anticipations of an American dream.

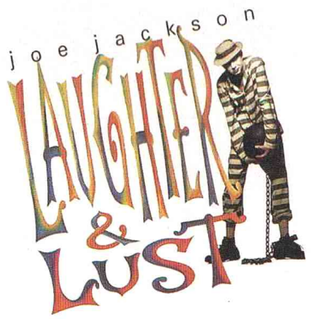
Black hard-riffing rocksters **Fishbone** prove on *The Reality Of My Surroundings* (Columbia) to be very much from the Living Color school of thump and screech. Their unfettered soul funk is scattered with skippy, hip-hop rhythms, hard-rock grunge and in-your-face brass blats that make Faith No More sound like a cocktail-jazz combo. Fishbone cite it as a cross-cultural convergence of Rush and Funkadelic. Any sense of party doesn't dissipate this "musical mugging" as they rail against the disease of heavy drugs and all the other delights that being black in America can afford.

The presence of the title track to **Natalie Cole's** *Unforgettable With Love* (Elektra), the time-travel duet with her dead father Nat "King" Cole (who directly inspired the likes of Ray Charles), is a special event. For the rest of this "2 LP" (in the old currency)



release, Cole Jnr lovingly caresses, cajoles and swings her way through songs her father touched with his special magic: "Don't Get Around Much Anymore", "Mona Lisa" and "Route 66" (more Ellington than Stones). Many of the musicians participated in the original recordings, which infuses this release with an even greater sense of heritage. — *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from above: Unabashed robo-pop from Kraftwerk; Pete and Reg get into some gentle eccentricities; a musical mugging from Fishbone, and direct energy from Joe Jackson.



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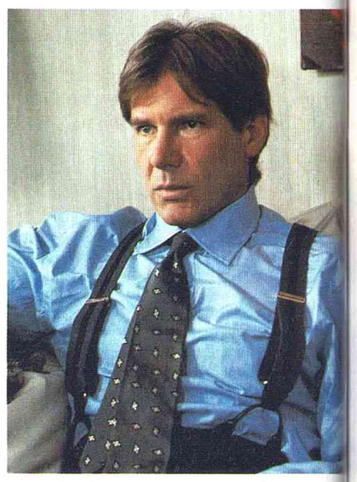
SANDY BOTTOMS

Anticlockwise from below: Bikini-clad interest in the cop 'n' surfer flick Point Break; scene from the dark French thriller Docteur Petiot; Harrison Ford stars in Mike Nichols' Regarding Henry.

Take one part Keanu Reeves, one part Patrick Swayze, a generous handful of blond-haired, bronze-pectoraled surfer boys and sundry *soupcons* of cop action, stunt drama, true love, drug intrigue and cosmic karma. Throw 'em together where California sun and sand kiss the rolling blue Pacific and you've got a recipe for . . . er, what? Try a New Age, stompie-wompie, rootin', tootin' ribbon of celluloid by the name of **Point Break**, directed by Kathryn Bigelow (*Near Dark*) from a story by Rick King and W. Peter Iliff.

This heady brew looks to have been designed by committee to fire the manifold passions of all beings adolescent. For the chaps, there's adventure, idealism, occasional spectacular stunt action, hard-bodied, hard-headed heroes and villains, waves and the requisite spattering of bikini-clad spunkrats. For the girls, Keanu, Patrick and the waxheads bring color and moisture to the dewier parts.

Reeves is the goodie, an ex-football jock turned most unlikely FBI agent on the trail of a gang of young, masked bank robbers who flash their freckles at security cameras as they make off with the loot — a "crack" gang of bandits, if you will. Swayze is an enigmatic, charismatic surfing guru, friend, cosmic mentor, and nemesis. Lori Petty is the chick — a gutsy gal and champion wavesmith who teaches Keanu to hang ten and steals his heart in the process. Plot details would only serve to profoundly confuse, but let's say that the whole surfin' circus, shootin' match winds up on Bell's Beach in Victoria where one character rides howling cyclone seas to an appointment with the late Harold Holt.



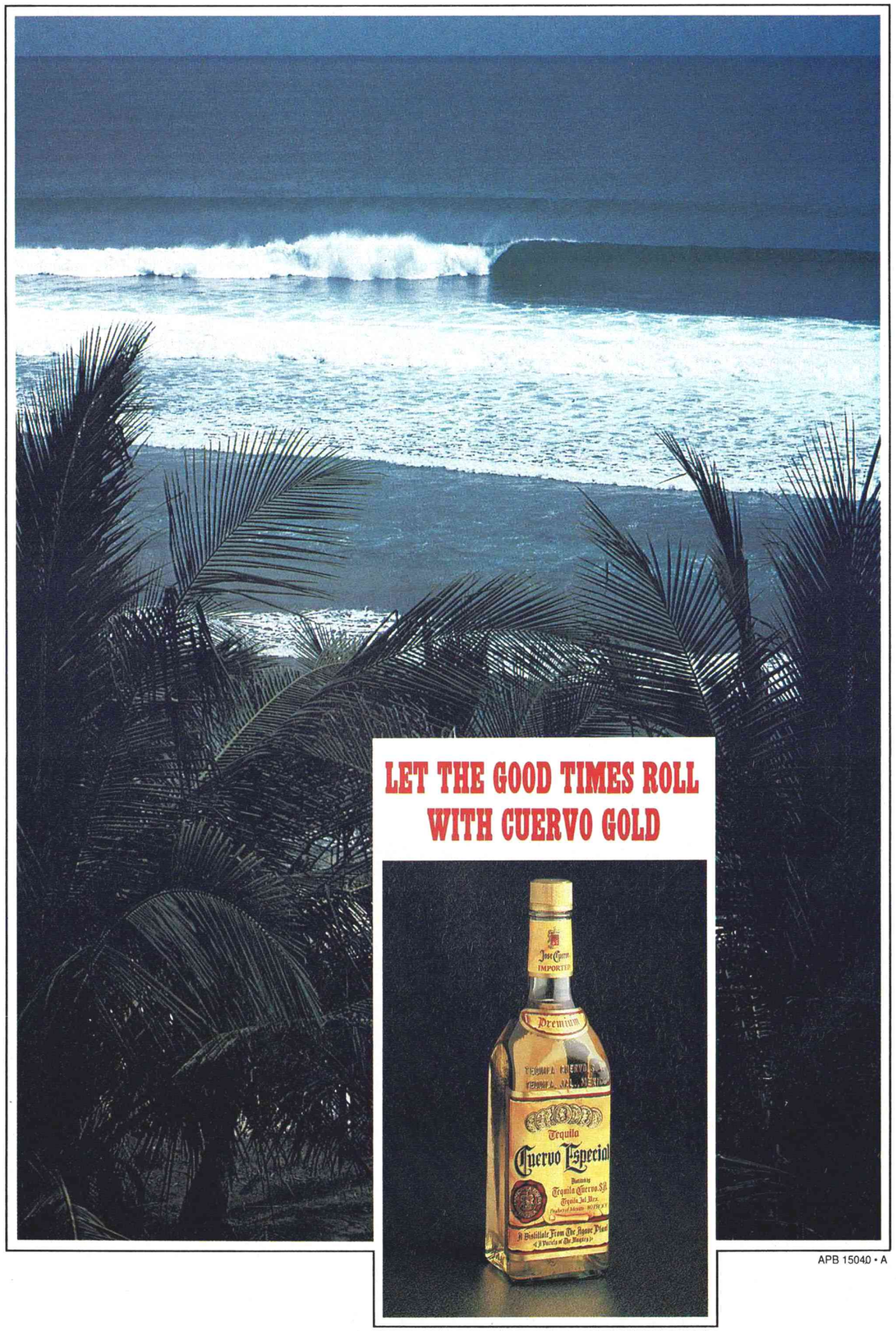
Ridiculous? You betcha boardwax. And also about as frenetic and directionless as a blowie in a bottle. But somehow the final product works in a goofy, action comic way that inspires a sort of rambunctious, Jaffa-rolling enthusiasm. In fact, the film's one wild and beautiful free-fall parachuting sequence may crank up adrenalin enough to justify the price of a ticket . . . Another ingredient in a guaranteed recipe for young bums on velour cinema seats wherever *Point Break* gets a showing. **½

From young flesh and Californian sunshine to dead flesh and the black pall that hung over Nazi-occupied Paris, where a certain Dr Marcel Petiot carved his eternal infamy by robbing, dismembering and incinerating 24 people. French film-maker Christian de Chalonge recounts the mad doctor's grisly deeds in **Docteur Petiot**, a dark work which, though splendidly evocative of European wartime atmosphere, overwhelms with unconventional stylistic touches at the expense of the character development which might have rendered it a truly satisfying chiller. Not for most tastes. **

Paddling even further out of the mainstream you may encounter **Joudou**, a sumptuous-to-behold Sino-Japanese production that picked up a nomination for Best Foreign Film at this year's Oscars. Cinematography and art direction star in this tale of a young bride bought by an elderly tyrant in a Chinese village in the Twenties. Beyond its visual and undoubted cultural interest, however, this one's pure old-fashioned melodrama. ** — *C. J. Mackay*

Harrison Ford has come a long way since his days as Han Solo, although he still likes roles which cast him as an outsider. His latest film, **Regarding Henry**, tells the story of Henry Turner, a sophisticated, highly successful — and ruthless — lawyer practising in New York. He has everything — beautiful wife, top job, fabulous apartment, network of glossy friends. But something happens, and Henry suffers brain damage. He wakes from a coma unable to move, speak or remember anything, and has to start his life again from scratch.

Ford gives a consummate performance as Henry, first as a mean bastard and then as a bewildered innocent. Annette Bening (*The Grifters*) plays Henry's wife, Mikki Allen his daughter and Bill Nunn his physiotherapist — all demanding roles. Directed by veteran Mike Nichols (*Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf, The Graduate, Catch-22, Working Girl*), *Regarding Henry* is a quiet but powerful film. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. **** — *Trish Murphy*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DIZZY WORLD

Only a fool would go to Disney World for the hookers, but I must confess that all my life I've been exactly that kind of fool.

Now, of course, I didn't go precisely to Disney World itself to find money-for-sex action, since the tame precincts of Mickey Mouse and Company are much too well-policed to allow vamping on the premises. But the hookers are there in Orlando, nonetheless, and they are there because Walt Disney has attracted over 13 million people to his little concern in central Florida.

The Disney folk don't want to know about them. They hire publicists and media moguls to make sure your image of Orlando, Florida, is one of pure family entertainment. With other Disney Worlds in Europe and Japan (and soon, perhaps before the decade is out, in Sydney), the company has a vested interest in keeping quiet about the inevitable baggage that its amusement parks haul along with them.

Orlando is a place where reality has gone a little haywire. Disney's being there has spawned a whole host of other amusement parks, so that it's difficult to figure out where the fun ends and real life begins. There's Wet 'n Wild, an aquatic funhouse; Universal Studios, for the touch of Hollywood; Sea World and Cypress Gardens and Disney-MGM Studios and Epcot Centre and Gatorland. A couple more amusement parks are in the planning stages: Perestroika Place, which will be a little bit of Russia in the USA; and Vedaland, a Hindu-ish theme park.

With all this weirdness around, it's almost comforting to swing down the Bee Line Highway in your rental car and see a few ladies of the evening prancing beside the road, pushing their big, silicone-inflated breasts into the faces of the drivers passing by. It's good to see something that isn't so antiseptic, that hasn't been planned and controlled and executed by a bunch of arseholes in three-piece suits.

Not that the ladies aren't clean. A woman who told me her name was "Honey" was the picture of perfumed, sultry Southern American womanhood. She had blonde hair and a white halter top that set off her breasts nicely. She thought it extremely suspicious that I wanted to pay her just to talk. I asked her who her customers were.

"Put yourself in their shoes," she said, suddenly $60 dollar chatty. "They come down here with the old hag wife and whiny kids. It's costing them an arm and a leg, and they're not enjoying it at all. So they say to themselves, 'How about a little something for me?' That's what we are. We're like Disney World for the crotch."

A lot of people don't know this, but the original plan for Epcot Centre, the newest addition to the Disney complex, was to have a whole city under a glass dome. Walt Disney wanted it all in there: shops, schools, churches,

"Orlando is to the American Dream what Nuremberg was for the Nazis."

theatres and golf courses — everything that makes a modern community happen.

The Epcot Centre didn't happen the way Walt Disney planned it. It turned into a sort of ersatz world fair instead. But it doesn't matter, because the citizens of Orlando are living a giant, sprawing version of Walt's dream. It's a city under a glass dome of conformity.

But the dream has begun to fray along the edges, as the lines of hookers along the Bee Line Highway attest. You can't contain human life in neat, orderly boundaries. The Nazis tried to do it, but that's the closest anyone has come. Humans create a gross and reckless disorder that sooner or later will wreak havoc on any vision of Utopia.

Orlando is to the American Dream what Nuremberg was for the Nazis. It is the ultimate expression of a capitalist, materialistic mindset that has been building since the Industrial Revolution began. Everything is surface, surface, surface.

But down on Sand Lake Road, off Interstate Highway Four, you can feel the traffic start to build about four o'clock. The drivers caught in the traffic jams become a little testy in the high heat and humidity. There's nothing for them to look at. The whole strip is an ugly conglomeration of billboards and power poles.

People are a little lost and surly in Orlando because they think they're living in paradise and wonder why they aren't having fun. At night the girls come out on Bee Line to soothe those frustrations away. Honey and I never did get it on. "You're a strange guy — all you want to do is ask questions," she said. "What are you, religious or something?"

Nope, I told her, a writer. "Yeah, we get that type all the time," she said. "Usually they ask questions, then have a blow job. If you want a blow job it'll cost you extra."

I declined. She gave me a kiss on the cheek before she went out into the neon-colored night of Florida.

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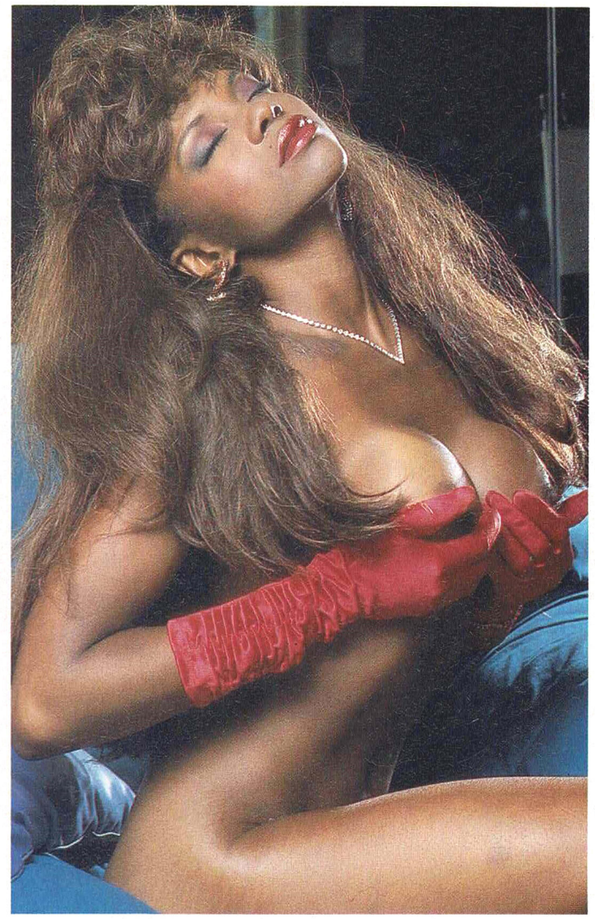
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

"People always ask me if I was named after Billie Holliday," says Billy, 24. "But I wasn't. My full name is Belize — I was born there. But I became Billy when I was a kid, and Billy it is." Billy is a dancer and part-time comedienne. "I like night life. I like to sleep all day and then dress up to the nines and go partying."



NIGHT OWL

"I spent some time in Tokyo working as a singer, which is crazy because I can't really sing at all. But it paid well, so I thought, what the hell. I'd like to get into business, when I'm older, and make a top living for myself. I'd like a little red sports car and a house in Hawaii, and although I travel a lot now, I'd like to do it in real style in the future."

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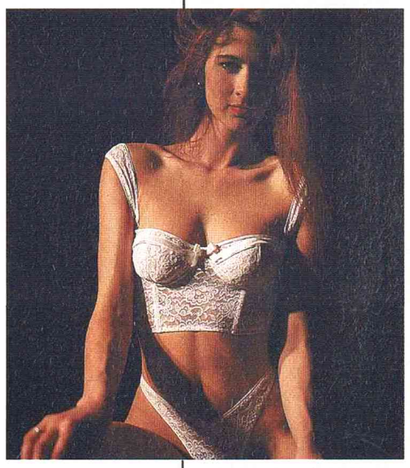

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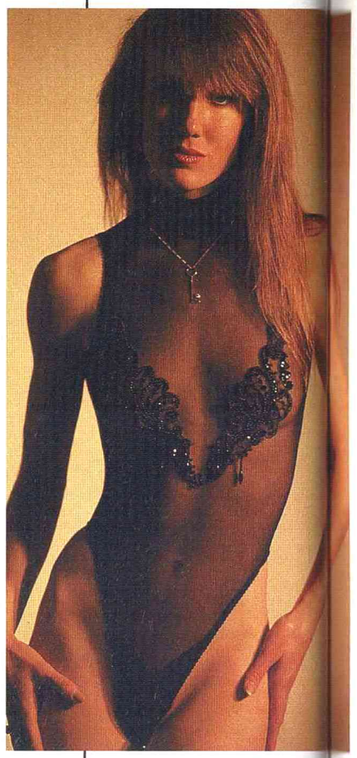

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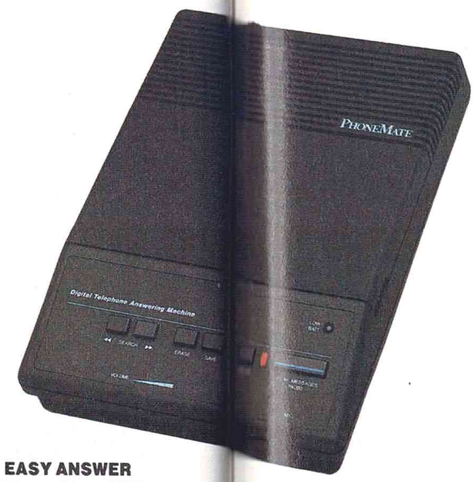

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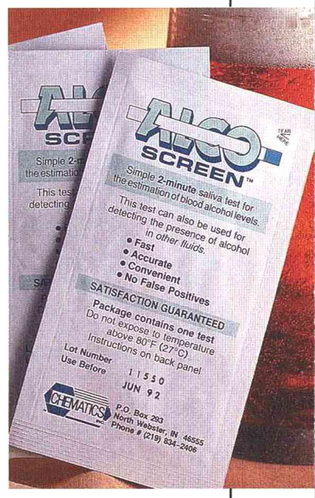
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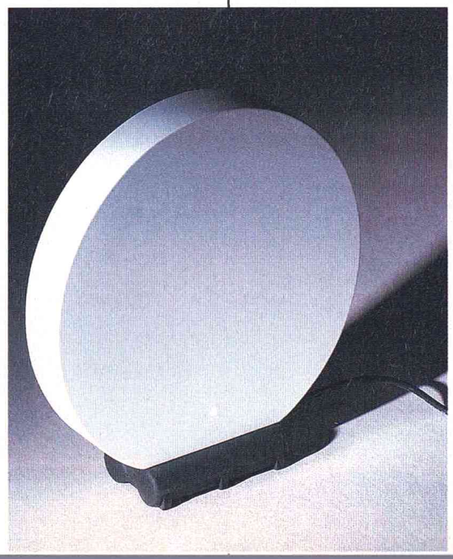

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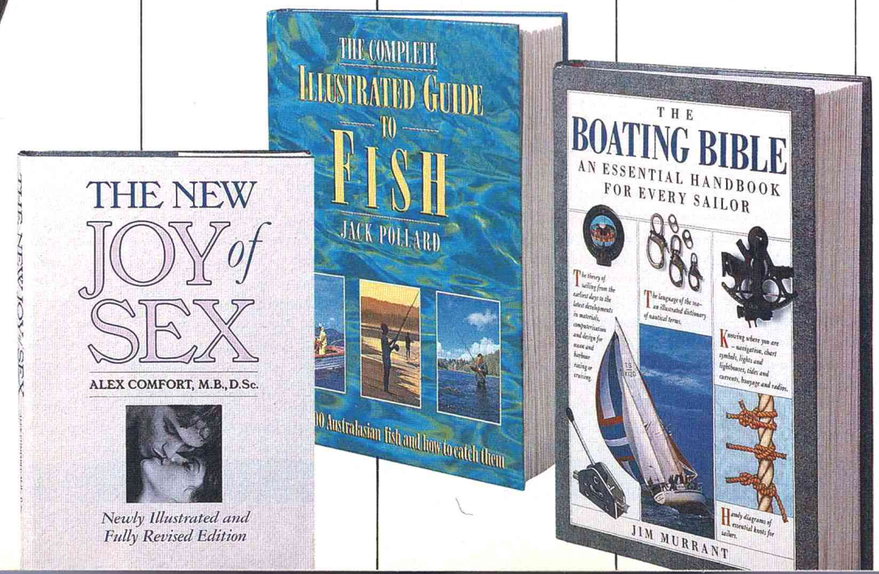
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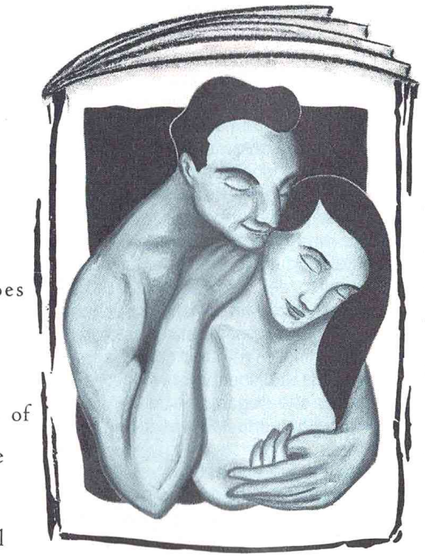

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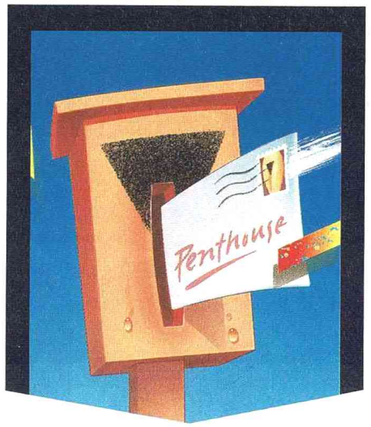

forum

Continued from page 8

as she related a story about her first screw. I was getting quite turned on by this stage and could feel my own nipples beginning to stiffen. It was then that Mr B suggested that we all take a dip in their bedroom spa. I surprised them — and myself — by agreeing.

Now there was no mistaking what was going to happen and my pussy began to throb at the thought of what lay ahead. Mrs B asked me to follow her upstairs and I couldn't keep my eyes off her well-developed arse as it moved from side to side under the flimsy material of that teddy. When we arrived at their bedroom Mrs B began to undress me slowly while Mr B stood watching at the door. As each garment fell to the floor, they would both murmur approvingly. I turned my back to them as Mrs B's strong hands removed my panties and I heard both of them sigh. I half-walked, half-ran to the spa and after stepping into the warm water I sat back and watched Mrs B disrobe.

Mrs B had very large breasts (44D) which were topped with big brown nipples, a nicely shaped stomach and a dense patch of hair which fully covered her pussy and arse. After climbing into the spa she immediately moved next to me and I felt her hand gently traverse its way up my thigh towards my anxious pussy. I reached over and began to fondle those huge tits which were so big I couldn't get my hands around them. Mrs B began to moan loudly and soon manoeuvred her mouth to my breasts, sucking my nipples for all she was worth. I closed my eyes and let her mouth and hands do their work on me. In a matter of moments I sensed another presence in the water and soon had male and female mouths sucking on my sensitive boobs.

It wasn't too long before Mr B grabbed my hand and placed it on his submerged cock. It was huge! Long and thick and hard (just the way I like them). I began to jerk him off slowly under the water and could hardly wait to feel that piece of meat inside me. Meanwhile, Mrs B had moved her hand down to my pussy, and was dipping her strong fingers into my cunt. I spread my legs wide and she thrust with three fingers. Then she began to tickle my arse, and slip a finger into it. It was fucking fantastic.

Eventually we climbed out of the spa and slowly dried each other off. I grabbed Mrs B's hand and led her to the king-size bed, where I laid her down. Her massive tits were sitting up invitingly, so I began to knead and suck on them before gently lowering my pussy on to hers. God, she was so big down there my own cunt was literally swallowed up. As we began to gyrate our hips in unison, I could hear Mr B in the background mumbling over and over: "I can't believe this!"

I looked over to see him sitting in a chair jerking his 10-inch monster up and down. His huge balls were slapping against the material of the chair as he watched us fuck each other silly. One by one, Mrs B and I reached shuddering orgasms and our screams almost brought the house down.

As we were recovering I felt two large hands separate the cheeks of my arse and a practised tongue began to flick at my arsehole. I was in heaven. Mrs B beckoned me to her waiting pussy as Mr B pushed the knob of his huge cock into my soaking snatch. I began to buck backwards, trying to get the entire length of that thick tool into me, but he refused to play my game. Gail's father may have been old but he sure knew how to work a fanny over and I wondered how many times he had buried his pole into a willing cunt while his wife looked on.

Smoothly I licked and sucked Mrs B's clit while her husband teased me with his cock. Using my fingers, I did to her exactly what he did to me. He nudged his knob just inside, and I pushed my fingers in a little way. Then he pulled out and did it again. So did I. Mrs B began to groan and push her hips towards me. "Deep," she begged. "Go deep."

Mr B took the hint and suddenly drove his monster in deep. He began to fuck me furiously, grasping my hips to hold me steady. I did my best for Mrs B, but my fingers couldn't match her husband's pile-driver. I concentrated on her clit instead. She had grabbed my head and was grinding her clit against my mouth, shouting that she was going to come. So was her husband. He pumped faster and faster until he stiffened all over and let out a yell. I felt his come pulsing deep inside me, and his big dick begin to slacken. At the same time, Mrs B had a mighty orgasm and collapsed, breathless beneath me.

I thought that might be the end of it, but not with these two. When we had recovered a little, Mrs B laid me on my back and knelt on all fours over me. She began licking my pussy, at first avoiding my clit and then homing in on it ever so softly — enough to really turn me on and want more. I didn't think I would come again, but it felt nice anyway so I submitted to her skilful mouth. Mr B was sitting to one side, watching. He began to pull on his dick and soon it was standing up again, as hard as before.

He knelt behind Mrs B and thrust it into her — I could feel her hot breath on my fanny as she gasped. He began fucking her slowly but strongly, and she in turn began to do the same to me with her fingers. Then she thrust a finger into my arse. She suddenly lifted her head and let out a cry before burying her face in my fanny and licking and sucking me wildly. I lifted my head to see and realised that Mr B had now buried his huge pole in his wife's arse, and was fucking her like there was no tomorrow. For a second I was shocked, but the effect of seeing him do this, along with Mrs B's continued work on my clit, drove me to one of the wildest orgasms of my life. A short time later Mr B blew off another load, and Mrs B followed. We all collapsed in a sweaty heap together.

These two really showed me the ropes that night and I stumbled out the next morning feeling sore but satisfied. Every now and then I think about them. I've an open invitation to visit them the next time I travel north, and I just can't wait. — *Name and address withheld*

Penthouse on the park

She: He had been away too long. The thought of again resorting to my vibrator disinterested me. I needed to feel his strong arms around me, the warmth of his body against mine and his hard, gorgeous cock entering my silky cunt. He would be here soon and the anticipation alone was making me wet. I could tell that just inside my sweet spot the juice was ready to drop.

I could feel it moistening my lips as I eased myself into my brief white shorts — his favorites, which I knew would turn him on the instant he arrived. My whole body ached for him. His muscular, lean build and rugged good looks made me the envy of every female who knew him. The scene was set in my apartment overlooking parklands across the city skyline. Our "penthouse" on the park we, would often joke. I heard his key in the lock, my heart raced. . .

He: I stepped inside and could smell her special fragrance in the air and I grew hard as I recalled the sweetness of her taste on my tongue. I entered her bedroom to find her sitting in her customary way — her legs apart with one pulled up just enough to dislodge her shorts and expose her wet, glistening cunt — just waiting for it. No words were exchanged. I loved her boldness. I spread her legs a little more so I could kiss that beautiful, hot wetness I loved so much. She loved it too, so I slid her down on the bed and kissed her open mouth. The taste and smell of her juices turned her on too. I felt her search my mouth to suck it off my tongue. She whimpered as I grabbed her and pushed her hot box up towards me. My balls were tight. I unzipped her little shorts, peeled them off, then stripped myself. She couldn't wait any longer and neither could I. . .

She: I loved to watch him strip down and see his great cock pushing to get out of his jocks. As he spread my legs with his hips I grabbed his tight arse and with one deep thrust he was back where he belonged — deep inside me. My fingernails dug into his arse as I begged for more. I could feel the head of his cock pulsating and decided to take him in my mouth. . .

He: It never ceased to amaze me how much cock she could take and no-one I'd ever known could give head with such affection and real desire. She loved it. Anywhere, any time, she'd go down on me, craving always to drink the last drop of come. I was experiencing every man's dream, made more exciting because she'd get off on it herself. She loved to lick her sweetness off my balls after sex and to bathe them in her juices when we fucked. I was ready to explode. . .

She: I knelt up on all fours and raised my arse in the air as I found the best angle to suck him out. My need was urgent. I started to quiver and squeezed the lips of my cunt between my legs, sending shivers through my clit and feeling my body surge. He could read my moves and, knowing how much I liked cock in me, he plunged his fingers deep inside and played with my clit until he took me right over the edge. As I lay spent, on my back, he straddled me. Tonight I would watch him gently pull himself, and I would melt as he spurted his come all over me. . .

He: She lay underneath me, her nipples still hard and erect as she came down from her high. My cock was bursting to release its steam. It was time. In one mighty rush I pumped my come all over her tits and saw drops running down the wall behind her. She glistened in the half-light, running her fingers over her breasts to her mouth. We were both spent now, all fucked out. At the same time we whispered: "A day apart is far too long." — *Names and address withheld*

One night on the sofa

My flatmate, Tanya, and I were buying shoes in Surfers Paradise. There was a guy in the same shop, also buying, and we all got talking. He told us his name was Chris, and after a while he asked us out to lunch. Afterwards we arranged to go back to his apartment to watch videos.

That night a few of Chris's friends also came around for dinner. After the meal, and after Chris' friends had all left, his flatmate, Greg, arrived home. Unexpectedly, Chris had to go out for a few hours. So there we were, just the three of us — Greg, Tanya and myself.

We were drinking quite heavily and began to watch raunchy videos while we waited for Chris to get back. After a while we decided to pull the lounge down into a double bed and get more comfortable, which involved removing our jeans. When we saw Greg's taut and tanned body, Tanya and I must have been thinking the same thing and we exchanged smirking glances.

Greg slowly put his hand on my by-now-wet pussy, fondling my clitoris. I soon found out from the little moans from

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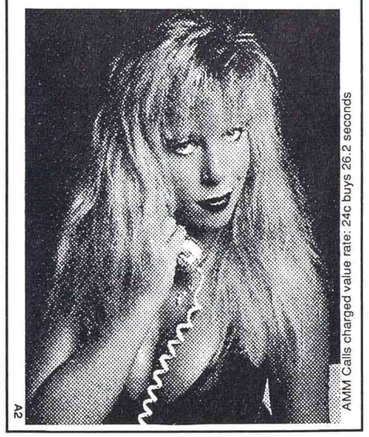

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Girl Talk

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A3

forum

Tanya's side of the bed that she was getting a hot hand from Greg too. Greg moved his hand from my clit and slid his hot, wet tongue into my throbbing pussy.

Tanya moved around and started sucking on Greg's red-hot hard shaft. She was on all fours, and when I looked up I found her wet pussy staring me right in the face. When I saw this I started quivering and it made Greg's tongue feel better than ever. The only thing left for me to do was to aim for Tanya's wet vagina and drive my tongue deep inside her to give her the same pleasure I was receiving.

Before long I realised I couldn't hold back any longer. All this cunt licking was making me come, so Greg quickly turned around and rammed me with his hot, throbbing penis. I moved my fingers into Tanya's hot pussy and started finger-fucking her as she rubbed her clit and nipples. Greg turned his head and saw my fingers up Tanya's love tunnel, by now dripping wet, and he became wildly excited, pumping even harder into my steaming cunt.

At this, Tanya started to come as well, all over my fingers, her juices running down my arm. A master of timing, Chris chose just this moment to come back, and once he'd opened the door it took him only milliseconds to take in what was happening. Greg and Tanya lay back together on the bed, very satisfied. I had become very horny again.

Chris quickly shed his clothes and his raging hard cock was staring me in the face. I took it all in my mouth and began to suck long and hard. As I was doing this, Tanya rolled back up and sat on Greg's hard shaft again, pounding away like a wild dog. Greg's hands were pulling at her erect nipples and soon they were both in a state of absolute frenzy.

Meanwhile, I was still mouth-fucking Chris's cock. He had moved his head down to my wet pussy and was sucking hard on my clit. At that moment he closed his eyes, gasped, and started pumping his salty cream all over my face and boobs. As some of his creamy come slipped into my mouth, my body started dissolving into a sea of ecstasy.

Tanya and I still share smirks and laughter at the memory of our decadent night on the sofa in Surfers. — *Name and address withheld*

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Movie buffs

Hi. My name is Charlie and I would like to share an arousing experience that my girlfriend and I had. Since we both have really kinky natures, our sex life is nothing short of inventive — it receives constant exercise, like training for the Olympics.

Arian has long, luscious legs, lovely breasts and a beautifully rounded arse. I'm athletic-looking with a muscular body that women seem to enjoy, especially when it's wet and barely clothed. Together we make a hot and always willing couple.

This particular close encounter occurred one cold winter's evening. Arian phoned and told me to meet her at our usual place — being into the movies, we often relax over a good flick. I walked into the cinema lobby and nearly burst the zipper in my fly when I saw what Arian was wearing. She'd been on job interviews that day, and judging from her apparel, she was obviously out to impress. And impress she did — just ask my cock, which was desperately soaring for air!

We decided on a movie and purchased the tickets. To be quite honest, I can't remember — nor did I care at the time — what movie we saw. On our way upstairs I had to go to the loo. While I was in there I noticed that the rest room was empty. I impulsively ushered Arian into the men's room — the feminine click, clack of her heels on the tiled floor aroused me no end. It seemed to take forever to get into a cubicle.

Arian arched her back as I pulled the top of her dress down. The sensation of squeezing her tits made my mouth water. I imagined that I was sucking her nipples when I licked her neck and pressed my iron penis against the wet warmth of her cunt. Rubbing it up and down, I teased her, heightening our desire. Without hesitating I brushed her nipples, moved my hands to her shoulders, then — with all the control that I could muster, dived into the centre of her womanhood. With slow, forceful, sustained jerks we worked together in mutual lust. Hearing her voice calling my name, asking me to fuck her, mesmerised me, pushing me over the edge, sending my hot come deep within her.

With sweat glistening on our bodies and our hearts still racing ahead of our minds, Arian eased herself free. Moving in a sexual trance, she lowered herself to her knees and engulfed my cock, licking our juices from my simmering flesh. I brought her back to her feet, kissing her passionately — boy, do I love this woman!

In the midst of our passion, we heard movement in the men's room. The fear of getting caught always inspires us. We adjusted our clothing and I poked my head out of the stall. The area was clear, but a couple of stall doors were closed. I went first and Arian followed, her heels playing their rhythm on the floor as we ran out. — *Name and address withheld.*

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forum

Pleasing the public

I am a police officer working in a small country town in NSW. One night while working dog watch, I was patrolling down a side street at about 2am when I noticed a young lady who was visibly upset, sitting in the gutter.

I pulled up and asked her what was wrong. She said she had just gone home and found her boyfriend screwing her best friend. I consoled her and asked her back to the station where we could talk her problems over. Little did I know that the problem was over for her as soon as I had arrived.

I made her a cup of coffee and asked her where she would be staying the night. I then noticed that she appeared to have cheered up and was becoming less inhibited towards me. She was a rather pretty girl — about 5'9" with a very athletic build and firm breasts. She was wearing a flannelette shirt and a tight pair of Levis.

She asked for a tour of the station and I obliged, especially the old cell complex. She seemed interested in my handcuffs, which were attached to my belt. "Let's try these," she said, brushing her fingers against them, and against my thigh at the same time. Then she turned around, holding her hands behind her back.

I handcuffed her and while doing so, surveyed her tight, firm arse. I could feel the blood rushing to my cock, which was at an angle. I was surreptitiously adjusting it when she turned quickly, grinning, her arms moving behind her back. Somehow, she managed to wriggle free of the cuffs. She strode boldly towards me and thrust her hand between my thighs, stroking my balls and grabbing my now bulging member through my pants. She undid my fly and started stroking my penis gently while ramming her hot tongue down my throat. Being a good honest officer, I obliged this young lady in her hour of need.

My hands slid down to her arse and, eventually, around to her bulging mound of pubic flesh. I peeled her jeans and panties off, revealing her perfect blonde snatch. She then slid down and took my throbbing cock into her warm, hungry mouth. She licked the purple head and rolled her tongue along the length of my shaft, now and again sucking my balls.

But I wanted more. I lifted her up and sat her on the charge counter and having been a police diver, I went down without hesitation. I licked the insides of her thighs and then my tongue gently caressed her clit.

She arched her back, threw her head back and pushed my head hard against her, moving her hips slowly and sensually back and forth.

I then reached for my baton — 26 inches of cold aluminium — which I placed at the opening of her love hole. As I licked her lips and sucked her love button, I gently moved the baton deep into her tunnel. I thought her moans of ecstasy would wake the people next door, but nevertheless, I carried on, always diligent while on duty.

She gasped and bucked, pushing herself against my tongue and the baton, gyrating wildly. "Harder," she yelled, and I increased my pace and pressure. She came in a series of wild jerks, spurting her juices all over my weapon. When she had calmed down a bit, I extracted the baton and rolled her over so that she was bent over the charge counter, her round arse showing her soaking pussy between her cheeks. She grinned over her shoulder and wiggled her arse at me. By now my dick felt as though it was going to burst, I had such a huge hard-on. Freeing it from my jocks, I quickly rolled on a condom — practise what you preach, and all that. Then I leaned forward and plunged my thumper right into her juicy hole. She quickly became heated again, and gripping the edge of the charge counter, groaned in time to my deep strokes: "Fuck-me-fuck-me-fuck-me!"

"Shit," I thought, "I hope no-one calls."

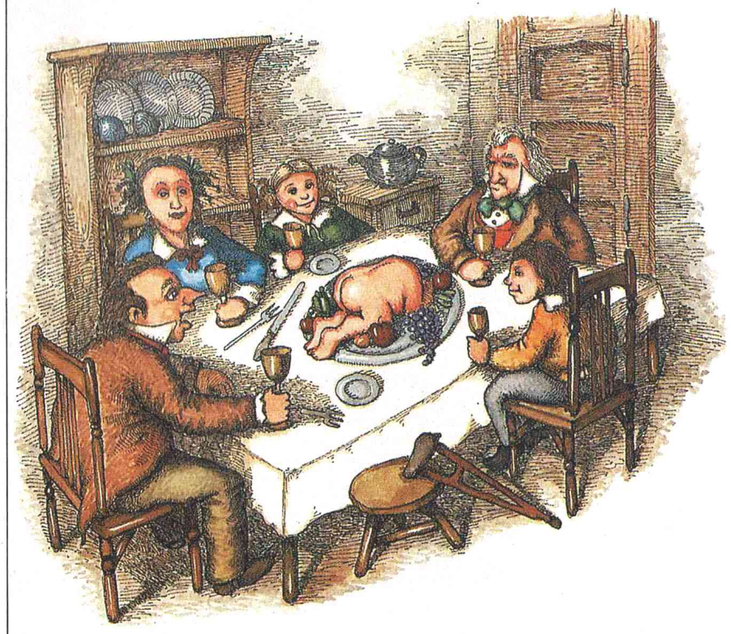
I soon felt the urge arising and within seconds, I shot off a creamy load of spunk. I withdrew and she removed the condom and sucked the remaining juices from my glistening pole. Then she pulled her clothes on, gave me a lasting tongue kiss and left without saying a word. As she left, I thought to myself, "what a great job", as I am always happy to serve and please a member of the public. — *Name and address withheld*

When Jo Met Suzy

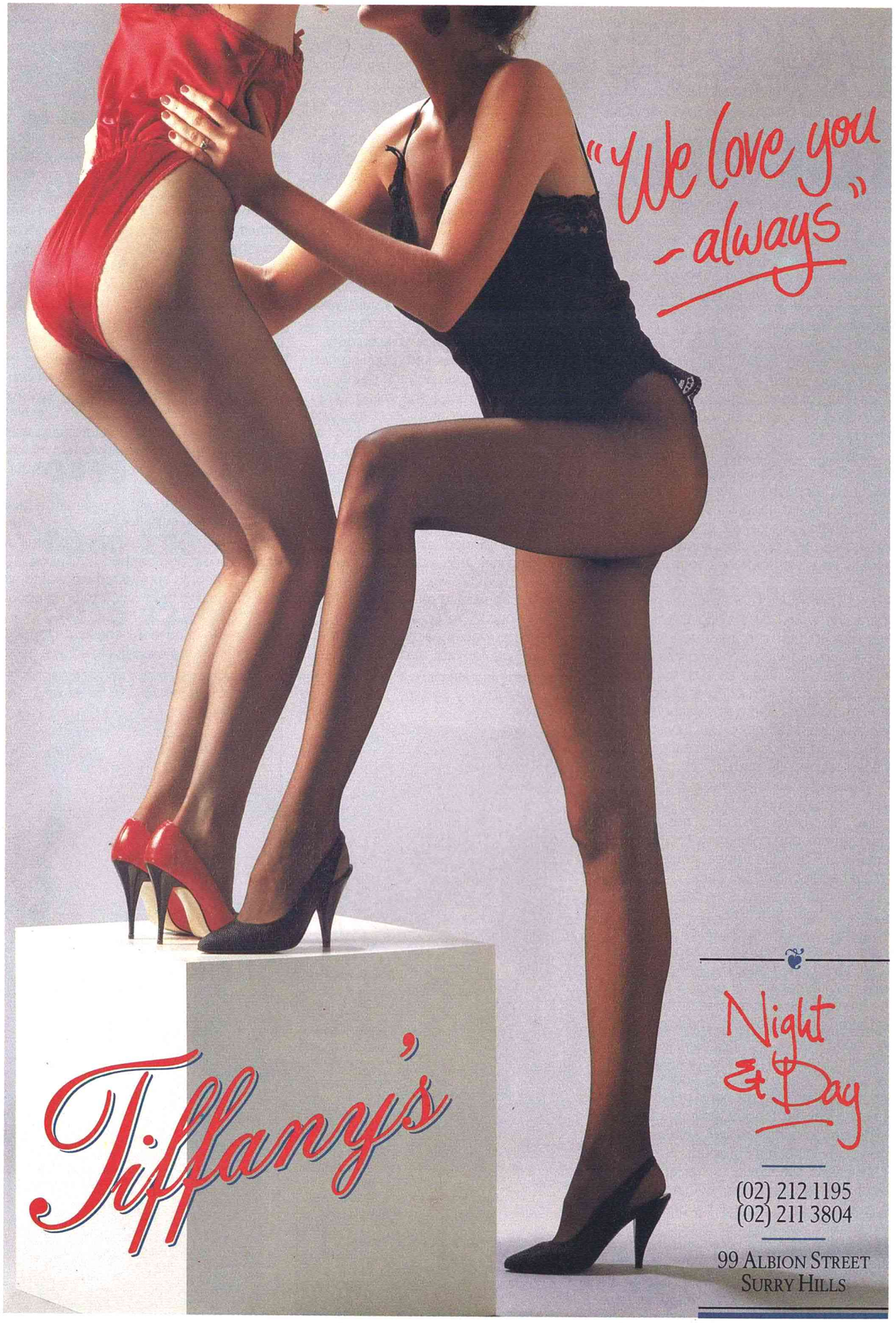
She came into our lives via a local contact magazine in which Jo had answered an ad without my knowledge. The first hint that something out of the ordinary was going to happen was when Jo told me we were having a guest for dinner on Saturday night.

Our guest turned out to be an attractive lady in her early thirties named Suzy. After dinner we sat around and enjoyed some of Noosa's finest and chatted until about 10 o'clock. Then Jo suggested we watch an adult movie. We have a collection of about 90.

"I want to choose it," she said. I topped up our drinks and sat back to enjoy a good



". . . and God bless Tiny Tim."



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porno film in the company of two supercool ladies.

Boy, was I in for a surprise! Talk about the magic of home video! The movie started with Jo lying on our bed dressed in black lingerie and gently running her hands up and down her long legs, every now and then slipping a finger under her G-string to tease her pussy and sighing in obvious pleasure. I nearly fell out of my chair when Suzy slipped on to the bed and took over from Jo's hands. Up until now, my wife's greatest deviance from the norm was an occasional threesome with a close friend of ours.

Now she was with Suzy, slowly slipping her G-string off and replacing it with her tongue. I was so engrossed in what I was watching on the TV that I didn't notice they were now sitting on either side of me. But when they started with their hands on my legs I soon got back to reality.

"We made this for you last Tuesday when you went to Sydney," Jo breathed. "Do you like it?"

Fuck, did I like it? Do politicians major in bullshit at uni?

The women then got up and headed for the bedroom. "You just sit there and enjoy," Jo told me. "We'll be back in a few minutes." On the TV, Jo was by now crawling up the walls as Suzy's tongue worked its magic on her pussy. She exploded as one orgasm after another shook her to her very soul. Suddenly they were in the 69 position and I couldn't sit still as I watched my wife eating her first pussy.

The door opened and Jo and Suzy returned to the lounge, wearing the same gear as they had on in the video. It was like having two sets of identical twins in the same room. I must have been drooling something fierce because Suzy laughed and said: "We'd better not keep him waiting too much longer or he'll have a heart attack!"

They smiled as they modelled their playsuits for me. Jo had on black stockings and a garter belt with a slinky black satin top that hid nothing, and Suzy wore a red creation that was two sizes too small for her. They were both stunning. Slowly they danced around the room with their hands all over each other. I was trying to watch them and the TV at the same time — not easy, let me tell you.

Suzy kissed her way down Jo's body and gently spread her legs wide, her tongue finding its way to the danger zone. Jo, gasping, asked me if Suzy met my approval.

"Yes," I replied.

"So, would you like to fuck us both?"

"Christ, yes."

Jo was having a hard time standing up and she collapsed into my arms. Just then on the TV Suzy slipped a big white vibrator between Jo's legs. In real life Jo ripped my jeans off and sucked my cock while I watched Suzy lap at Jo's pussy both on the TV and in our loungeroom. I couldn't take it and pumped what felt like gallons of come into my wife's mouth. Jo went very tense as Suzy took her past the point of no return and a huge orgasm shook her body. On the TV she was also coming from the dual sensation of the vibrator and Suzy's tongue.

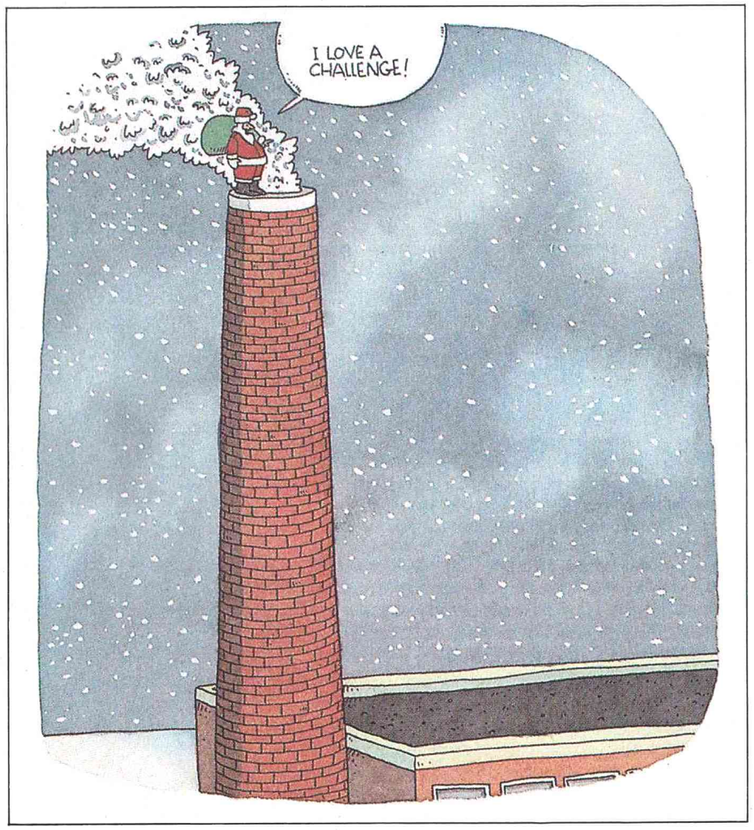
It took about ten seconds for my cock to recover and I slipped in behind Suzy. I buried my tongue deep in her dripping pussy, licking the juices from her thighs on the way. She ground her arse back into my face as Jo gave me detailed instructions on how she wanted me to eat Suzy. God, the feeling was out of this world, eating Suzy while I could see her eating Jo and listening to them both on the TV! Fucking unreal.

I ran my tongue from the tip of her spine to her clit again and again. I just couldn't get enough of it! Paying special attention to her tight arsehole brought deep moans of joy, and she held my head tight against her as she screamed her pleasure.

After we all relaxed with some more smoke and a long Scotch, Jo suggested we head for the bedroom. Fine, I was all for it. I took the tape with us and put it back on in the bedroom (having two VCRs has its advantages). No way was I going too far from that movie. But there were still further surprises. Our video camera was set up in the bedroom.

"We thought you'd like to tape us all to go with that one," Suzy said as she pulled me down between them. Jo hit the remote on the camera as they started nibbling their way down my body. God, it was an incredible feeling watching them eating each other on TV and feeling them sucking my cock and balls in real life. Jo swung her legs around and sat on my face, blocking my view of the TV, but I could still hear them clearly. I buried my tongue as far as I could in her cunt as Suzy climbed on and slipped my cock deep into her very wet pussy. The moans and groans coming from us and the TV gave the impression of an all-out orgy.

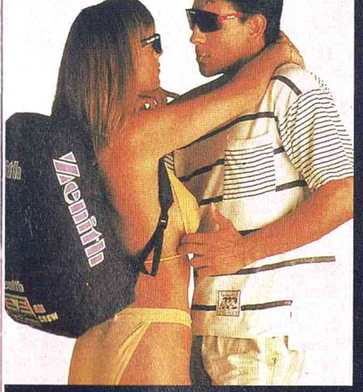
Jo leant forward and her tongue found both my cock and Suzy's clit as we fucked. That was enough to send us all into orbit! They almost smothered me in their passion, but hell, what a way to die. We fucked and sucked ourselves into oblivion. It was the best night of our lives. — *Name and address withheld*



loose ends

monk's secret

Made by hand since about 1510, Dom Benedictine is among the most popular of the world's classic liqueurs. A combination of 27 herbs and spices and a three-year maceration and ageing process make for a liqueur that works perfectly not only after dinner, but also in cooking. A dash enlivens soups, casseroles, sweet vegetables like carrots and pumpkin, and desserts like crepes and icecream. A perfect Christmas gift, Dom Benedictine is available at all better liquor outlets.



AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The winners of the Zenith Competition featured in the August '91 issue were: G. Ross, Townsville, Qld; J. Shearman, Hobart, Tas; A. Pollard, Wodonga, Vic; G. Bachl, St Marys, NSW; G. Van Buinen, South Melbourne, Vic; C. Trevisiol, Panania, NSW; A. Campbell, Edgecliff, NSW; L. O'Keefe, Manly, NSW; A. Smith, Huntingdale, Vic; W. Jones, Nedlands, WA. The winners of the Proton competition featured earlier this year were: M. Jekabsons, Shepparton, Vic; K. Scambler, Upwey, Vic; P. Flentjar, Wangaratta, Vic; M. Pinnock, Newman, WA; J. DeStage, Mt Isa, Qld; J. Bell, Turramurra, NSW. The winner of the Sony Search Party competition in the July '91 issue was P. Turner of Bondi Junction, NSW.

ON YOUR BIKE

The Lifecycle 5500 is the latest model from Body Mechanics, makers of the most popular electronic cycles in the world. The 5500 offers the same motivating programs as the previously available Lifecycle, but its price tag is $1000 lower. Ride the manual, fit test or hill test programs, or for extra challenge try the random option with over a million combinations of hills and valleys. Digital display gives continuous feedback of time, total calories, calories per hour, distance, pedal rpm, LED simulation of upcoming terrain and more. With a three-year warranty, the Lifecycle 5500 is available to hire for less than $20 a week. Call Body Mechanics on (02) 906 2211 or toll-free on (008) 257 119.

WIN WITH MANZ

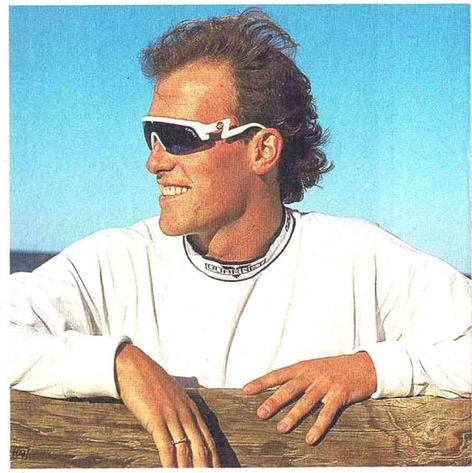
This month, the fragrance house of Manz is giving away 20 men's gift packs to *Penthouse* readers. Winners will receive either Manz Musk or traditional Manz aftershave, along with matching roll-on deodorant. To win a pack, simply write your name and address on the back of an envelope and send it to Manz Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close Friday, December 20, 1991.

MARTINI TIME

Martini Vermouth is the epitome of the European aperitif and all three varieties are perfect for the Australian summer. Martini Extra Dry is great taken straight or with ice and a twist of lemon. It's also mandatory in a dry martini. Bianco (sweet white vermouth) is also superb alone or mixed with fruit juice or lemonade. Martini Rosso (sweet red vermouth) is excellent over ice with a twist, and it's an essential ingredient in the famed Manhattan cocktail. Look for all three at most liquor outlets.

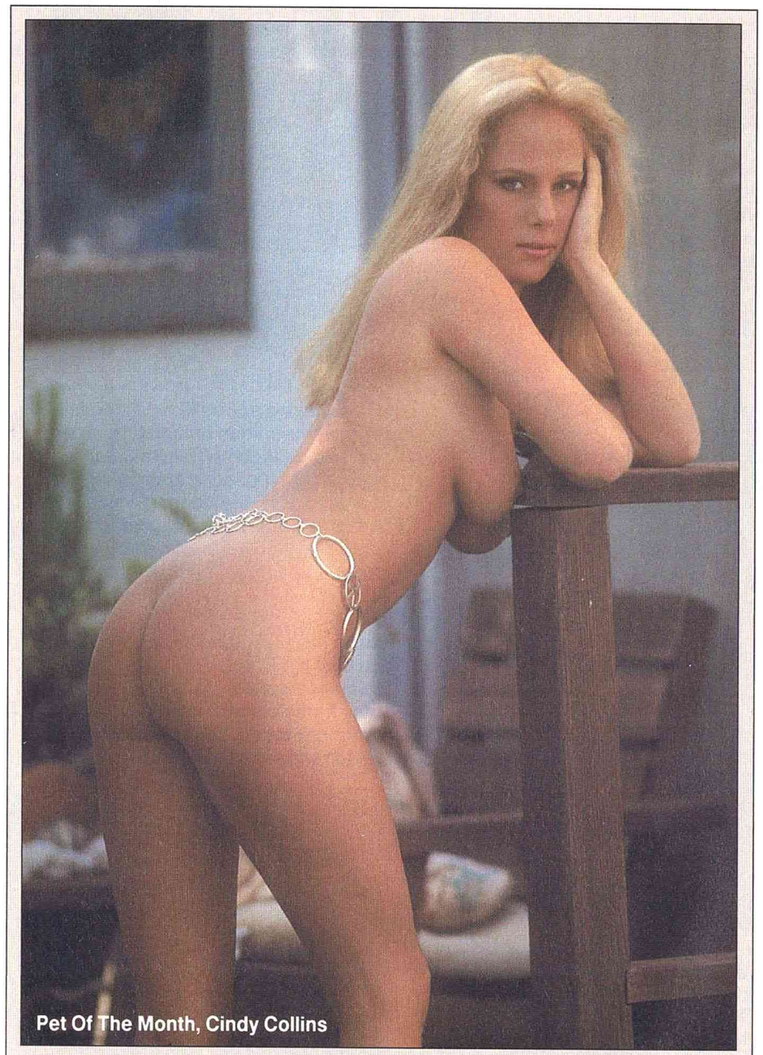
SHIELD YOUR EYES

In fast moving sports like cycling and skiing, evaporation of moisture on the eyes is a painful problem that can lead to eye damage. For such sports, Vuarnet has introduced the Vuarnet Shield, featuring a one-piece polycarbonate lens with both a horizontal and vertical curve for optimum aerodynamics which also eliminates turbulence and fogging behind the lens. The lens blocks out all known harmful radiation, visible glare and blue light and is highly scratch resistant. Available in two sizes and many frame colors, with mirror flash or non-mirror lens, prices of the Vuarnet Shield range start at $150.



WIN WITH CHINON

The Chinon Genesis III from Kodak Australasia is a clever little operator that is ideal for those who like the camera to do all the work. To compose your shots, more than 3200 potential picture scenarios are stored in the camera's memory to automatically operate the Genesis III's zoom, focus and auto-exposure settings. The streamlined outfit boasts 38-110mm zoom, automatic flash and LCD display, and reflex viewing lets you see what you're going to get. To win this $600 beauty, write your name and address on the back of an envelope with the answer to this question: What company distributes the Chinon Genesis III in Australia? Post your entry to Chinon Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. The winner will be the first correct entry drawn. Entries close Friday, December 20, 1991.



Pet Of The Month, Cindy Collins

INSIDE JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Fauna For Sale — Australia's illegal wild animal trade is booming. Northern Territory-based smugglers, tempted by prices like the $250,000 recently paid in Japan for a pair of frill-necked lizards, are going to incredible lengths to export local wildlife. And customs and quarantine authorities are in a no-win situation in their efforts to curb the illegal animal trade. January *Australian Penthouse* exposes the extent of wildlife smuggling in the north.

Helicops — Helicopter air-support patrols are an integral part of the American police force. And Australians are becoming more accustomed to the sight and sound of circling Polair units. *Penthouse* takes a hair-raising ride with Australian and Los Angeles police air crews next month. Get a bird's-eye view of crime in January *Australian Penthouse.*

Gunning For Glory — Wayne Gardner set the pace for Australian contenders for the world 500cc crown. Doohan and McGee followed hot on his heels. Now there's a new kid on the starting grid and even the cynics have been quick to praise the young Queenslander's talent on two wheels. Find out why everyone is talking about Daryl Beattie in next month's *Australian Penthouse.*

Pet Of The Month — Cool, calm and collected she may be on the outside, but Cindy Collins enjoys life best when the heat is on. Her style, she says, is high temperature, high pressure, high jinks. Let Cindy take you into the tropical zone in next month's edition of *Australian Penthouse.*

CURVES

Continued from page 90

the 929, at $55,480, is about half the money of the standard Mercedes-Benz 300E, which is priced at $112,900, and the $105,000 Lexus LS 400. The higher-grade 929 SL, stacked with all manner of accoutrements and engineering features, is still only $65,965. It is already belting the Honda Legend, released earlier this year and priced at $80,000.

Comparisons with the Lexus are inevitable. Few would deny the Mazda is the more attractive car. But it cannot match the performance and incomparable refinement levels available in the Lexus LS 400. Then again, look at the huge price difference.

A conventional, elegant approach to luxury is obvious throughout the cabin. Chrome, widely ignored since it fell from favor in the Seventies, has been revised for the inside door handles (and outside around the glass areas). Leather trim and power front-seat adjustment are features of the more expensive of the two 929 models, which also gets ABS anti-lock braking, an infra-red keyless entry system and a 12-speaker sound system. Both 929 models come equipped with full-logic electronically-controlled air conditioning, a compact disc player and "fuzzy-logic" cruise control.

The latter ensures the auto transmission doesn't change prematurely from third to fourth while cruise control is engaged, say while climbing a hill. Here the transmission would wait until the car reaches the top before slipping into the higher gear.

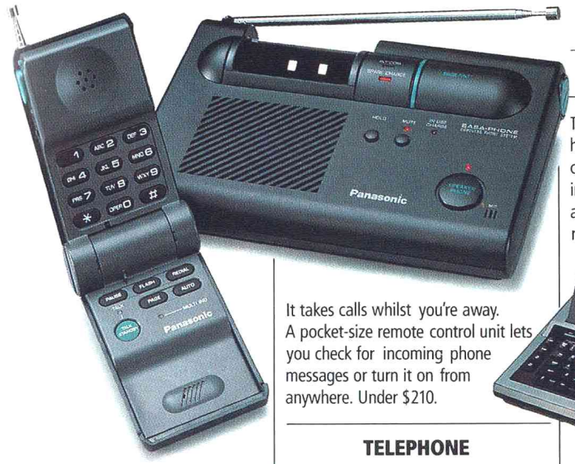
Finally, a tale which suggests that even Mazda doesn't get it right all the time. The 929 is the first Mazda model to wear the new corporate badge. The story goes (and I stress that it may be apocryphal) that the Mazda designers were asked to come up with a series of different motifs, for the consideration of the president of the Mazda Motor Corporation.

The lads stretched their imaginations for some weeks and finally produced five designs of which they were mightily proud. Then word came down that the boss wanted to look at a choice of six. So a sixth one was dashed off in a matter of minutes. No prize for nominating which one Mr Furuta picked. You can see it front and rear of the 929, looking much like a diamond shape that has warped in strong sunlight.

It is but a tiny pimple on the gorgeous face of the model of the year. It won't prevent the 1991 Mazda 929 being remembered as the car that heralded the coming of age of Japanese car design. The miracle is that it is Mazda's first real foray into the luxury car market. What its engineers and designers will manage after some practice is anyone's guess. ○+

Panasonic AT HOME

Panasonic's At Home electronic helpers make your home easier to run saving time and energy.



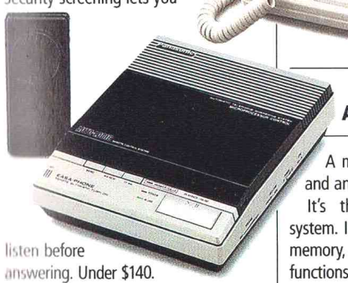
POCKET CORDLESS PHONE

Home, but not near your phone? You won't have to run to answer it with the folding KX-T3000BA remote phone.

The base station featuring hands-free speakerphone operation and the compact handset combine to give you two-way intercom. Under $400.

ANSWERING MACHINES

Two Panasonic answers to not being at home when the phone rings. Firstly, the KX-T1006BA phone answering system, featuring one-touch operation. You phone in to check your messages – even those left for you by your family. Security screening lets you

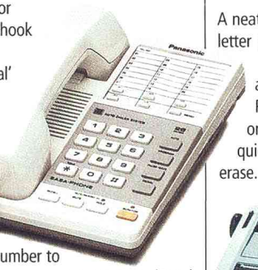


listen before answering. Under $140.

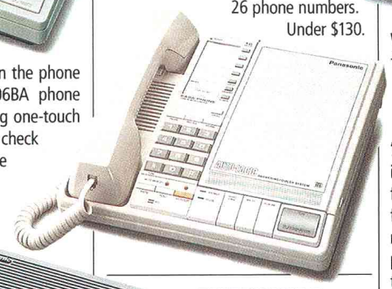
You might consider the KX-T1418BA. It takes calls whilst you're away. A pocket-size remote control unit lets you check for incoming phone messages or turn it on from anywhere. Under $210.

TELEPHONE

The KX-T2322A handles the needs of the busiest family. The monitor allows on-hook dialing. 'Memo-Dial' lets you enter



a phone number to memory during a conversation. 'Save' and 'Re-Dial' functions are a time saving way of dealing with dialing a line that's busy. 'Auto-Dial' memory stores 26 phone numbers. Under $130.



TELEPHONE & ANSWERING MACHINE

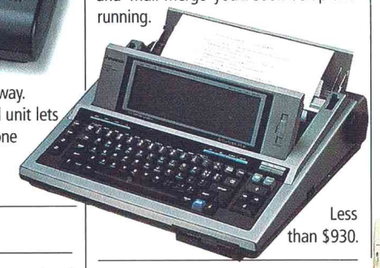
A multi-function electronic phone and answering machine in one.

It's the KX-T2427BA integrated system. Includes 12 number 'Auto-Dial' memory, and 11 answering machine functions activated remotely.

Less than $350.

WORD PROCESSOR

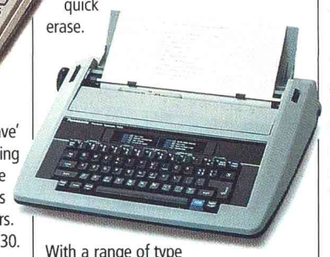
The KX-W1000 gives you specialised high quality word processing in one compact portable unit. With easy-to-use in-built software including 'Thesaurus' and 'Mail-Merge' you'll soon be up and running.



Less than $930.

PERSONAL TYPEWRITERS

A neat general purpose typewriter with letter perfect daisywheel printing and simple operation for students and adult beginners. The Panasonic KX-R305 features a one-line correction memory and quick erase.



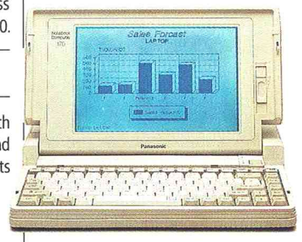
With a range of type formatting functions. Under $260.

Need more sophistication? Here's a great buy in a liquid crystal display electronic typewriter. The KX-R540. 'Accu-Spell' Plus function checks for spelling errors and even offers alternatives from its 63,000 word dictionary. The four-page memory stores work for later revisions. Also works as a letter quality printer for your personal computer. Less than $420.

NOTEBOOK COMPUTER

First grader to university student can make the most of a computer. So choose one that's not only powerful, but simple to use with sufficient built-in memory. Your family's computer should be portable – no bigger in fact than a phone book. So we suggest a CF-170 notebook computer.

For the computer 'whizz': the CF-170's CPU is a 10MHz CMOS power-saving version of the potent V20 processor. RAM is 640KB-1.6MB. The hard disk, 20MB. Under $3,600.



DOT MATRIX PRINTER

And the printer that's very much at home, in the home? The KX-P1180, 9-pin. Four-way paper feeds. Easy-set operator panel with simple controls. It comes with four near letter quality print typefaces. Great value. Less than $330.

Phone **008 022 211** during business hours for the address of your nearest Panasonic outlet.

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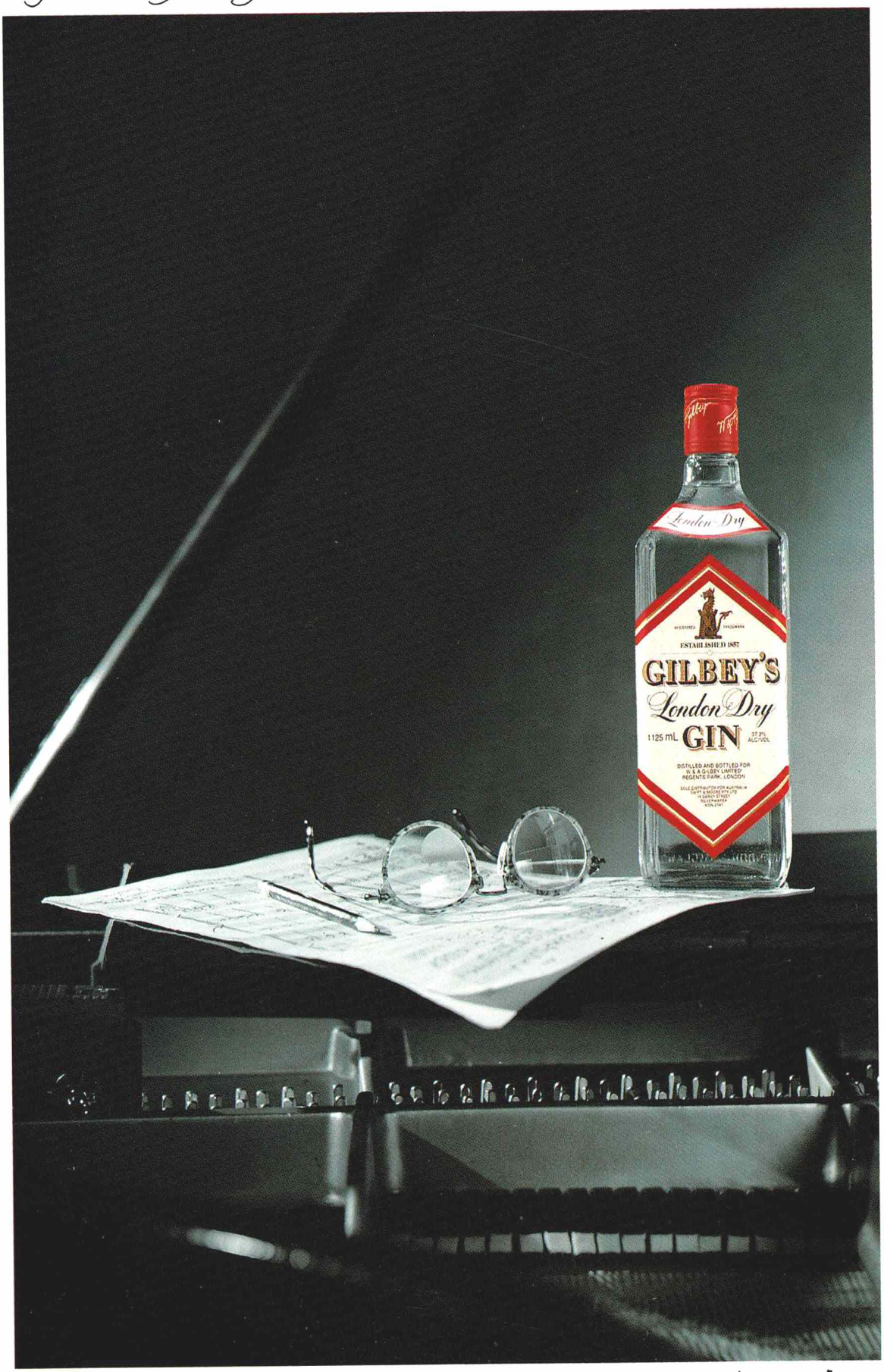
Keyboard by Billy Lewis.



Gilbey's by choice.